

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1868.

VICTOR COUSIN.

WE must hasten to pay our homage to the dead, for the jealous and impatient critic awaits his prey; or, rather, does not even await it. In his delight at the fall of something great, he already brands the scarcely cold ashes. Let us quickly free ourselves from a troublesome admiration, spoil and unmask our idols. Let us prove that we are no longer a nation of children, carried away by splendor and glory, but a nation of old men, icy and without illusions, who understand the depth of things—that is, the emptiness of all. Charming and beautiful wisdom which promises to crown so nobly this century, which began in intoxication and illusion! For us, we belong to another age, and this wisdom is not ours. An illustrious adversary has just died. Our first word shall be one of respect, or we will keep silence. But we need no longer speak of sad caprices; let us ignore them, and speak of those who are dead, without concealing our prejudices, but with that just mixture of respect and freedom which alone is worthy of them.

Besides, with what a fearful weight do these great deaths leave the survivors loaded! As we see the faces which have glorified the cradle of our century fall one by one, the responsibility of succeeding generations increases and deepens. Accustomed to admire these men, the pioneers of our age, and to develop under their protection, we see with sadness the void before us. Happy are those who in this void see only the success of their own glory, or the assurance of their future power! Let us hope with them, that they may be strong enough to replace what has departed!

M. Victor Cousin must then depart in his turn, he who might have been believed immortal, so much did his nature contain of sap and manhood. His exhaustless youth aston-

ished and charmed all who approached him; an ever-burning flame illuminated that powerful organization. Physically, as well as morally, his was a nature of fire. If death had attempted to conquer him by one of those slow maladies which, little by little, undermines the system, he would still have overcome it as he has so often done. Men of this sort can not lose their life drop by drop; they perish by a single blow. This physical energy was only the symbol and expression of a more universal strength, that which a soul ever in motion, a burning imagination directs constantly to the most diverse objects, but which, to this wonderful mobility, united an inflexible tenacity, an unconquerable rule, and designs conceived with the highest wisdom and unswervingly pursued. He had been, if I may so express myself, forged upon the anvil of the Revolution. Born in '92, in the heart of Paris, of an obscure family, he inherited from the people impulsiveness, finesse, gayety, passion, and lack of reflection. The Revolution endowed him with a sort of violence, a bold familiarity, and that spirit of propaganda which has made him the head of his school in our age. The fire which animated him was so superabundant that it shed itself over all who approached him. Even of those who opposed him, how many have received from him the first glow! His public eloquence, we are told by those who were so happy as to have heard him, was incomparable; his private eloquence was not less so. An inexhaustible fluency, a strength full of grace and bitterness, an unequalled richness of remembrances, a quickness of sight, a grandeur of gesture, and with all this a magnificent head and eyes whence the mind gushed like a torrent—such was M. Cousin when seen in private life, as he must be seen if one would understand fully the exalted place which he has occupied in our age, and the noise which his name has made.

Let us take the portrait which I have just sketched as a center in order to understand thoroughly the divers aspects of this man, the professor, the philosopher, the writer.

I.

M. Cousin began his course as professor at the Normal School, having entered there as a pupil in 1810, the first in the first promotion of this celebrated school. In 1812, 1813, and 1814, he taught in the school itself as tutor, and his first functions were to take the place, in the chair of Literature, of him who was afterward his colleague at Sorbonne and at the Academy, M. Villemain. Thus the first French philosopher of the nineteenth century began by teaching Latin verses. However, letters did not long hold this ardent genius; philosophy drew him to itself. There was there a great master, of a totally different temperament, austere, abstracted, eloquent also, but with a geometrical and inward eloquence, meditative and logical, hardly known then, and on whom was afterward reflected the glory of his illustrious pupil. This was M. Royer-Collard, afterward one of the greatest political orators of France, and one of its best citizens.

This teaching of the Normal School, whence was to issue so vigorous a movement of thought and research, possessed advantages which are only found where all is new and unfettered by tradition, liberty, spontaneity, research in all directions. The teaching was exclusively in the form of conversation, for M. Cousin, contrary to the habit of his master, Royer-Collard, thought and invented while talking. What was the bearing of these inexhaustible conversations? What was the object of the laborious efforts of these young working minds? M. Jouffroy has told us, in the memorable story of his youthful years, so pathetic and so powerful, which remind us, though with more eloquence and poetry, of the philosophical confession of Descartes in his Discourse on method. The only problem which then exercised the young Professor, was the problem of the origin of ideas, and to this he held the eager and impatient imaginations of his young disciples enchained. Jouffroy, of a religious and meditative disposition, wounded by the attacks of doubt, disenchanted from his youthful faith, suffered to see himself inclosed by the narrow horizon of a metaphysical problem, and aspired, as he had done during his whole life, to give his soul peace by a religious solution in harmony with the logical requirements of his severe and luminous mind. The master, on the contrary, of an eager and restless nature, inaccessible

to the soft melancholy of the age, and whom the wind of René had never touched, little disquieted by the anxiety of doubt, and always thoroughly engrossed by the passion of the moment, sounded "this hole," as he called Jouffroy, with obstinate pertinacity, and already showed that remarkable trait of his character, the power to inflame and to restrain at the same time, to set minds to work, but within the limits fixed by a severe and even harsh hand, uniting thus two species of influence, of which one usually excludes the other—discipline and excitement.

Soon the events of 1815 having called M. Royer-Collard to the government of public instruction, M. Cousin went from the Normal School to the *Faculté des Lettres*, which was then situated, not at Sorbonne, but in the Rue Saint Jacques, in the old buildings, now destroyed, which were afterward devoted to the Normal School before the regular school edifices were erected. It was there, in the walls of the old ruined chapel, that M. Cousin began, with brilliant success from the very first, his public career as Professor of Philosophy.

If we believe report, M. Cousin was the greatest professor ever known in France, at least if we measure his genius by what we know of the grandeur of his eloquence. The power of his language, of his gesture, and of his looks, was such that the auditors were fascinated by it. There was in him, they say, something of the prophet, and, if his good sense and his natural tact had not found a counterpoise to the influence of his fire and ardor, it would only have rested with himself, in this age when so many minds are in quest of a new religion, to make himself its high-priest like some of his contemporaries. The metaphysical school, accustomed to the abstract language and the algebraic method of Condillac, understood nothing of this burning and enthusiastic language. At the same time, by a contrast of disposition always to be met with in this complex nature, he bent himself to the struggle with the most arid and abstract subjects. Thus it was that he first brought before the French public the profound and abstract philosophy of Kant, and engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with the cold and serious philosophy of Locke, so little fitted to call forth eloquence. In spite of the intoxication of his language, M. Cousin never lost sight of the grand design of founding a new philosophy on the ruins of sensualistic metaphysics, by forming an alliance with the new German philosophy, then so little known among us.

I will not enter into the details of the course

which M. Cousin made at the *Faculté* in his double department of instruction. But how can we fail to recall the memorable course of 1828, which is one of the most brilliant dates of the literature and even of the history of our age? For eight years M. Cousin, as well as M. Guizot, had been reduced to silence by the suspicions and backward policy of the restoration. In 1828 a reaction took place in the counsels in power. The overturned ministry of M. de Villèle gave place to a liberal ministry, that of M. de Martignac. One of the first acts of the new ministry was to send word to the deposed professors. This M. Cousin has often related. It was in April. Neither he nor his illustrious colleague were prepared for such important instruction. There was very little time, two or three months at furthest, before the vacation. The two professors hesitated for a while, and thought of deferring the opening of their course till the beginning of the next term. But who could be certain that the liberal movement would last till that time? Ought they not, then, on the contrary, to seize the advantage of the moment, profit by the concession of the government, and use the power which had been tendered them? M. Cousin and M. Guizot took this resolution. They would not even delay the opening of their course, and trusted to improvisation, which was rendered easy to them by their former studies. To this boldness we owe two fine works—Guizot's "History of European Civilization," and Cousin's "Introduction to the History of Philosophy." At the same time a third professor, whose success had never ceased, undertook his portraiture, now become classic, of the French literature of the eighteenth century.

At this day we can form no idea of the excitement and feeling which this triple instruction produced in France, and even in Europe, where all the modern ideas were for the first time brought forward in public, urged by the most eloquent and passionate voices. The old Goethe himself was moved by it in his majestic retirement. He applauded this young liberty, this noble audacity of thought, these beautiful novelties of criticism. Europe saw in them the symptom of a new era. It was a happy and unique moment, in which one could believe that the past and the future were about to be reconciled in a common intent, in a common spirit of sacrifice and devotion. The joy and hope which were in their hearts added to the eloquence of the professors and the confidence of the public. It was only a dream; but of this dream three noble works remain.

It is true that the course of 1828 still retains

the evident traces of the circumstances which gave birth to it and the first precipitation. The vagueness and temerity of its doctrines have since been severely condemned by M. Cousin himself; yet I must confess that I have a sort of weakness for this book, in which is displayed such fire, such youth, such thought! How many of the views, which have since been universally adopted, owe to it their origin! What a deep and vivid feeling of the power of ideas, of their part in the march and progress of civilization, and of the legitimate empire of philosophy over human society! I do not mean that every thing in this ideal philosophy is to be accepted, and in this no one was more severe than the author himself, for he was even too much so. But if M. Cousin was afterward right to disembarass himself of what was shadowy and untenable in his ideas of 1828, completely impregnated with his intercourse with Hegel, perhaps at the same time we may be allowed to regret that he has sacrificed a little too much, and that he has clipped too closely the wings of the speculative genius which shone in these first lessons with a brilliancy so spontaneous and so entrancing.

It is only possible here to give a brief outline of events. But for this I would call back the memory of the course of 1829, a summary of the whole history of philosophy, which has become one of M. Cousin's dearest books, one of those on which he has labored most earnestly, and to which he will owe a great part of his fame. This is the "General History of Philosophy." I would also speak of the course of 1830, which produced the most solid and severely scientific work which he has written, the "Examination of the Philosophy of Locke." Then going back I should also have had to speak of the course of 1818, which originated the celebrated book "On the True, the Beautiful, and the Good;" of that of 1820, whence came the work on the Philosophy of Kant. In order to appreciate the value of these different works we must do what critics do not usually do, transport ourselves to the times in which they were written. How many ideas, since become common property, were then new, audacious, fascinating! We have a spite against them precisely because they have become our own—because they have formed our minds. We hold them guilty of our own sterility, and accuse them of not being new. Ungrateful and jealous, we carp at those who have preceded us with their glory and their power, and our mediocrity consoles itself by insulting them.

It is, besides, one of the characteristics of our times—and in this it is distinguished from

the classical age, and is inferior to it—that the minds which have most distinguished it are more remarkable for the influence which they have exerted over their contemporaries than for the amount of fixed and eternal thought which they have bequeathed to posterity. Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Cousin, are striking instances of this law. Great promoters, great instigators, great movers of ideas, they have introduced into the current of the mind of their times a crowd of thoughts which are all mingled together and confounded, the origin of which is no longer recognized, and which are often given back, under the belief that they are newly created, to those who were their first authors.

I have not been so fortunate, nor has any of my age, as to hear M. Cousin in his professorship, since he ceased to speak in 1830; but I have been permitted to hear, as it were, the echo of these eloquent courses which have become the despair of his successors. I was with him when, in 1845, he set to work to revise his first course, and especially that of 1818, on "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good." I wrote it under his dictation, and I compiled it from his conversation. These conversations, in which he abandoned himself to every whim and gave free rein to his imagination, were admirable lessons. The most brilliant traits and the noblest impulses that can to-day be found in the printed book, escaped him in the inspiration of an absolute improvisation. Reproduced and fixed by a pen which forced itself to be faithful, they were afterward corrected and developed by a cooler and more reflective labor. Well do I remember how many admirable pages were thus produced in those beautiful Spring evenings, under the majestic trees of Saint Cloud and of Sèvres, by the light of the setting sun! I see still that sparkling eye, I hear that thrilling voice, those passionate accents—what needed they a platform or an audience? Nature was the theater, and a single hearer was enough to excite the enthusiasm of the professor. It was Socrates, but Socrates speaking alone and in one of those enthusiastic moments which Alcibiades describes in Plato's Banquet.

II.

It has never been denied that M. Cousin was a professor, but his philosophy has often been contested. This suit will long be argued. Let us content ourselves, while avoiding profitless discussions, with gathering up the most brilliant and incontestable traits of his philosophical career. Now by unanimous consent M. Cousin has done two things in philosophy; he has founded its history in France, he has up-

held and defended for fifty years with indomitable energy spiritual ideas. Those to whom these ideas are disagreeable must hold him in distaste. As for the first of these two works it is of such evident utility, all sectional disputes apart, that disinterested minds will not hesitate to recognize in it a real and solid victory for the human mind. We have already, in this very magazine,* defined with exactness the services which M. Cousin has rendered to the history of philosophy. We need not go back to it, our object being less to analyze, closely and accurately, the works of M. Cousin, than to give a true and faithful sketch of his philosophical attitude.

Through all the vagaries of mind, which drew him at different times in the most opposite directions, from Scotland to Germany, from Athens to Alexandria, and which finally fixed itself upon the French literature of the seventeenth century, we much perceive, whatever may be said of it, a persistent link, a dominant idea—that of the mind. The distinction between reason and sense, law and duty, right founded on moral liberty, finally political liberty inseparably connected in his mind with the mental, in one word the deism of J. J. Rousseau expressed in a more learned manner by a disciple of Plato, of Descartes, and of Kant, such is the doctrine which M. Cousin has never ceased to maintain since 1815, and even as early as 1812, till the later time when he read to the Academy an eloquent conclusion to his "General History of Philosophy," all imprinted with these noble ideas.

Of course I can not affect to ignore or to forget that, at a certain period of philosophy, M. Cousin has been suspected and even violently accused of inclining toward the German idealism of Schiller and of Hegel. I might reply to this accusation that every thing is not as bad as is supposed in the German philosophy, and, for my part, I consider it a glory to M. Cousin that he has been the first to initiate in France the philosophical thought of Germany. It remains for Time to separate the true from the false in this vast metaphysical edifice, raised beyond the Rhine by so many great thinkers, from Kant to Hegel, but that all can be false, useless, and completely unproductive in this great total of speculation we can not allow. M. Cousin himself, who afterward separated himself from them so earnestly, never ceased to consider this period one of the greatest of humanity, and till his latest day I have heard him express as much veneration as admiration for Hegel.

* *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

But we must not forget that philosophical questions change their aspect with the age. At the time of which I speak, from 1815 to 1830, the contest was not, as it has since become, between the idealistic pantheology of the Hegelian school and the psychological spiritualism of the French school. It is we who in our entrance into the philosophical career have found the combat waged on this ground. Under the Restoration the only adversary for the French school was the sensualism of the eighteenth century. In this conflict Germany as an ally was very far from being a new enemy, for she was engaged in exactly the same struggle. Fichte (read his books) expressed himself with as much eloquence and passion as M. Cousin has done since, against the philosophy of sense and matter. Germany, like France, translated Plato in order to awaken the feeling of the ideal. Schelling and Hegel believed each other and were in certain points Platonics. In France the obstinate adversary of the new school, the violent but convicted apostle of materialism, Broussais, whose name has become a signal and a standard, called his adversaries Kanto-platonics, including, by a singular misunderstanding, Kant and Plato in the same accusation of mysticism. Can we then be surprised that M. Cousin, entirely absorbed in his purpose of struggling with the philosophy of the last century, had seen then in the German philosophy only the analogies of its thought, which, moreover, was shadowy in the extreme, with his own ideas?

Later, when the Condillacism had been completely extinguished, when the last metaphysician had disappeared with Tracy, and the last materialist with M. Broussais, and when this double cause appeared forever victorious, the philosophical alliance of Scotland, Germany, and France, hitherto apparently so close, began to dissolve. The last great Scotchman, Hamilton, urged the mind of his school to the last point, the absolute negation of metaphysics. The last great follower of the German system, Schelling, protested against the French interpretation of his doctrine, and disputed with M. Cousin the predominance of metaphysics over psychology. By this double attack, courteous as ever, and as noble in the expression as he was profound in the depth of his knowledge, M. Cousin was led to explain and circumscribe with precision his own philosophy, and to separate it at once from the Scotch and the German; from the Scotch in maintaining the legitimacy of metaphysics, and from the German in sustaining the necessity of founding metaphysics on psychology. It was then that he held more strongly

than ever to the theories of Maine de Biran and of Descartes. It was thus, also, that, provoked by the objections of the theological school and by the growing accusation of pantheism which enveloped him from day to day, he energetically took sides for the double personality of man and of God, a question which, till then, had occupied only a secondary place in his thoughts.

I obey here, in some sort, the last wishes of M. Cousin in specifying as one of the points to which he held most firmly and with which his name should be connected, the idea of founding metaphysics upon psychology. Here is what he wrote me a year ago, in a letter in which was evident a sort of presentiment of his approaching death, in connection with the work referred to above:

"In laying aside among my papers," he said, "the funeral oration for which I have already thanked you, the somewhat modest idea has struck me that something is needed in regard to psychology and the psychological system. If on this point I had not sufficient strength of imagination to come after M. Royer-Collard and Maine de Biran, I deserve a little gratitude for having maintained this system as the point of departure, the rule and measure for all the other philosophical parties. If, then, you ever reproduce your article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, my vanity begs a few more lines that my shade may be entirely satisfied, and that, in the abode of the manes, Socrates may greet me without too much repugnance, and may give me a humble place among his last scholars."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA."*

THE author of the *Schonberg-Cotta Family*, in her last work, seems to have excelled herself. If her fame can be enhanced, "On Both Sides of the Sea" will fling around her name a greater interest. Though written in the style of fiction, as are all her works, the story is a mere thread—though a golden one—on which to hang the historical incidents and gems of thought. The scenes are laid in the times of the Commonwealth, and the accession of Charles II, giving a very clear idea of the different political and religious sects of the time. But apart from the merits of the book as a historical record, the beauty and richness of sentiment with which it abounds make it well

*ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA: A story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. By the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: M. W. Dodd.

worth perusal. No mere lover of *light* literature would be attracted by it; there is too much of grave thought, too deep an undercurrent of religion, though these are not inaptly found side by side with love and romance. One great beauty of the book is the force with which its thoughts come home to you. You have felt all this before, but now it is expressed, and that with a singular grace and vividness. Every one, for instance, has admired the virtue of constant and unobtrusive patience, but who would have thought of putting it thus: "It is such a help to 'crosses,' in the work they have to do for us, when they have no chance of looking grand enough to be set up on pedestals and adored; and it is such a blessing for 'graces' when they are not clothed in Sunday attire, so as to have any opportunity of looking at themselves at all."

Those who have suffered bereavement can appreciate the portraiture of feeling contained in this passage from the diary of "Lettice"—a most beautiful character—when her mother's death had darkened the world for her: "I, too, from my childhood had delighted in those fair pictures of a Paradise—a city with gates of moonlike pearl, and walls of radiant gems; of trees whose leaves were healing, and whose fruit was life; of 'crystal waters able to satisfy immortal thirst. But now all this was changed. What were fair pictures to me, brought face to face with this visible, terrible fact, that my mother herself had gone where no agony of prayer could avail to win the faintest sign that she heard, cared, or existed? A few hours since she had said, 'Throw my warm old mantle around thee, Lettice, the nights are chill;' and now the farthest star that sent the faintest ray from the utmost verge of the universe was near, compared with the impassable gulf of distance between her and me." How many have felt just so at times when the receding footsteps of Death, carrying away his victim, were yet faintly heard! In the beautiful language of our author, "Fancy, being of the brain, lay dumb and motionless, her fairy wings folded, as they ever must be, at the touch of real sorrow. Imagination, being of the heart, sank blinded by the effort to gaze into the blank out of which she could shape nothing but emptiness and darkness."

But after intense sorrow comes a subdued and trustful joy; so it came to Lettice, for "Faith, turning away from the sepulcher, looked heavenward, and heard the living words,

'Thy mother is with God.'"

So silently, so softly fell the words, like melting music on her heart, that, in the calm which

stole over her, earth and heaven seemed filled with silence, and her chastened spirit now at rest could only picture heaven itself as "a vast snow-white mountain of God, silent and spotless, where the white-robed angels silently came and went on ministries of mercy, and the white-robed human creatures neither came nor went, but rested and adored." Then the words, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord," changed the silence into music, and she felt that, "If the heavenly visions of the Apocalypse had been blotted out to-day, they must have sprung up spontaneously around the Apostles' Creed to-morrow." So a deeper love came into her heart; indeed, her life seemed to be, as she quaintly expressed it, "one long course of conversion. Is not the sun always converting the sunflowers by shining on them?"

This Lettice is a most noble character. Her adhesion to the Royalist party caused a separation for a number of years from her lover, who was an adherent of Cromwell, but in all those long years she never faltered. True to him in her affection, the scaffold of Charles I rose—a black funeral pile between them; and when Roger sought an interview, she told him, in her firm but gentle way, "Right and wrong are right and wrong forever." But when in agony he wrung her hand at parting, and replied, "And love is love forever," her true woman's heart made answer, "Forever."

"Placidia," another character, is entirely different—one of those beings whose only center is self—grasping and mean; but a change is wrought in her by the influence of a little child, who leads her into a higher life. Her boy becomes her teacher; and she is not the only one, I wot, who has sat at the feet of one of these little ones and learned wisdom. In his unconscious innocence he daily teaches her a new lesson. Take this touching example. He wishes to give his girl-playmate, Madie, a hen; but Madie, much younger than he, flies in affright; whereat, to soothe his distress, Placidia suggests he give Madie a gilt toy. "It is of no use to you now, and would be nice for her"—which idea he repels with scorn—"That would not be giving, that would be only leaving. There is no pleasure in throwing old things away. It is giving that is pleasant." The author's comment is, "The touch of a little child's hand has opened many a door through which the Master has afterward come in, sat down, and supped."

But these imaginary characters by no means form the chief attraction of the book. Cromwell, Milton, Baxter, and numerous other great

men of the age, are delineated with such clearness they seem to live before the reader. Of Baxter's preaching the author says, "One felt not so much as if one had been in a Church where something good had been said, as in a battle-field where something great had been done." Olive, Rogers' sister, seems to have been sorely puzzled by the voices which came up on all sides; from Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and Bishop Hall, and others, who met secretly to use the Liturgy; from Mr. Baxter, and Joseph Alleine, and John Howe; from the Puritans and the Quakers, the Lutherans and the Catholics. To her too many of the prayers sounded like "anathemas," too many of the psalms like "war-cries," "till," she says, "as I listened, the roof of this vast cathedral of Christendom seemed to melt away into the firmament of heaven. Then I found there was a hight whence all discords which were not music fell back to earth, and whence those discords, without which the music could not be, flowed up in one grand river of praise in at the gates of pearl." One thing she saw clearly, that the imprisonment or silencing of such men as Bunyan and Howe, was giving them "a planet to preach from instead of a pulpit." Of the latter, after giving some fine passages from his sermons, the author says: "These extracts give as little idea of his preaching as a vial of salt water of the sea; you perceive from it the nature of the sea is salt and clear, but of the sea itself, heaving in multitudinous waves from horizon to horizon, you have no more idea than before."

More vividly she brings Bunyan before the reader, and as you traverse her pages you have the delicious sensation of listening to the immortal tinker, and feel with her, "From hight to hight these great souls respond to each other like bonfires carrying the good news from range to range." Half-way down the hight there are others laboring at elaborate erections, while below, in the valley, "the reapers reap, and the little children glean, and the women work, and weep, and wait, and wonder at the skill of the builders on the hill-sides;" but when they want to learn the good news "they look not to the hill-sides, but to the hill-tops where the bonfires flash the Gospels. And when the night comes on the ingenious builders on the hill-sides have, too, to look to the mountain-tops, where the watch-fires burn, and the sunset lingers, and the sunrise breaks."

But space will not permit us to give more of these glowing passages; one of the finest of which is a little child's reverie on the music of Westminster Abbey, which is so exquisitely described that the melody wreathes itself around

you, and trills through all the fibers of your being, till you float in a mystic air of sweetness. When a little child's artless pathos can weave such a spell around you, you feel with the author how much better it is not to have the singers gathered into a choir, "but scattered in Christian homes, where the pauses of the psalms are filled up with family joys and sorrows, and the voices and laughter of little children."

We can not close this article without a sketch of "Aunt Dorothy"—a strange mixture of austerity and kindness, a rigid adherent of the King and of Baxter, bitter in her denunciations of what she considered wrong, letting the offender have the full benefit of her wrath in words that fairly scorched, then sending him on his way with provision and wine—fierce, indeed, against all who were not of her way of thinking, till the restoration of the king, when she could afford to be magnanimous, and acknowledged Luther to be right in the main, though "great allowance should be made for one so recently set free from Popery." It is curious to note the reasoning by which she readmits a Quaker girl to her house whom she had banished: "On the one side there is the heretic the apostle John spoke of, but that heretic was a tempter and a man; now Annis is tempted and a maid, which makes a difference to begin with. Then, on the other hand, there is the man who fell among thieves; now I consider Annis has fallen among thieves, and I don't think one of Mr. Baxter's people, in this year of our Lord, 1651, ought to be outdone by an ignorant Samaritan who lived in no year of our Lord at all."

Before closing, the book transports several of its characters to the other side of the sea among the colonies of the Puritans, of whom we have glimpses all along, and from whom we learn sweet lessons of that kind Providence who guides the footsteps of his people on "Both Sides of the Sea."

SYSTEMATIZED activity is one of the best preservatives against "dull care." Leisure is but a sauce of life which helps to make work more palatable and digestible—the one apart from the other soon becomes disgusting. Men of leisure, as they are called, are most commonly restless, fidgety, and unhappy men. The kindest thing which can be done to them is to deprive them, if possible, of the greater part of their leisure. At first sight it does not seem so, but a very short experience will prove that it is so. Much leisure infers the absence of a purpose, and life without a purpose is a perpetual burden.

THE OLD BROWN HOUSE.

IT was very old, low-roofed, and weather beaten, standing quite a little stretch from the road, and you might have supposed it deserted but for the thin column of smoke that wound slowly above the roof, so desolate did it look. But it was inhabited, and could you have pushed aside the creaking door you might have seen an old woman, wrinkled and gray, sitting by the silent hearth, stirring the dull fire, or looking absently from the window. It was Aunt Ruth Jones, as the neighbors called her, of whom little was known, except that she was a queer old woman—a sort of hermit, living all alone in the old neglected house. It had come into her possession, with the small farm adjoining, some thirty years before, by the death of her parents. At first the neighbors were curious to see the new occupant; they found a tall, spare woman, then thirty-four, little given to gossip, shy and cold; proud, as some affirmed, and others said she had been disappointed in love. But none had succeeded in drawing out her story, and gradually the old brown house was left to itself. The years had wrought changes, for the walls were now darkened with smoke, the windows dingy, the floor sunken in; there was nothing cheery in the ill-kept room, or in the face of Aunt Ruth. This ought not to have been so, but remembering how isolated her lot was, there is not much room for wonder. There are some natures that become shriveled and cramped left to themselves, and hers was such a one; I am afraid it was also narrowed and hardened. Even such as we might come to be thus, shut off from humanity, with none to share our joys or grief, none, indeed, to care if we had any.

As the days came and went they brought nothing to her but a little round of chores, a bit of patchwork, or straw braiding, and occasionally a walk to the village store to buy the few articles she required. The gay dresses and pert stare of the village girls, the glimpse of happy homes caught through the windows, and the noisy stir of life, only made more evident her own lonely lot. Gladly would she hasten back to her own silent fireside, where the cats, at least, were glad of her presence. Old brindle knew her step, and tossed her head impatiently for nubbins of corn, or pail of slop with which she was wont to be treated. The hens cackled merrily, and scarcely stirred from their tracks, as her dress brushed their shining feathers. The care of these was sort of company, and on frosty mornings she might be seen watching them so greedily eating, her own breakfast yet

untasted, and her feet and fingers benumbed with cold.

Though, as we have told you, none shared her heart or home, yet there was sometimes a bright presence within those dim walls, a childish, questioning voice, and sweet laughter. It was Bessie Lane, who had stumbled on the lone old woman, one June day, bound for school, when a dash of rain suddenly coming had driven her in here for shelter. And ever since the happy little girl, with flaxen hair and clear eyes, would go to the forsaken old house to chat with Aunt Ruth. As that springing step was heard, and the latch lightly lifted, there would come a gleam of brightness to the faded eyes, and a smile to the thin mouth. The child found ready entrance to the lonely heart; children will, you know, they are so "queer," as wise old heads sometimes affirm.

"What in the world makes you visit that old hermit?" said Eliza Ray, her schoolmate, one morning. "Bridget, our hired girl, says she is sure such a looking old hag must be a witch."

"Witch or not, I like her;" and Bessie Lane tossed up her shaker, and pranced off after a fox squirrel just down the road.

So Bessie kept up her visits, and by the hour they would sit and talk together, Aunt Ruth showing her long-treasured trinkets, relics of years gone by, and detailing their history, till Bessie's eyes would dilate with wonder. On this Wintery morning, in which we have introduced her to you, sitting by the dull fire, and looking from the dingy window, the time of Bessie's absence had been longer than usual. The sky was leaden, and the wind whistled down the chimney and shook the casements. But suddenly she starts and peers through the window. There is a bright little hood and blue cloak approaching; she sees that, but not the carefully wrapped parcel Bessie is carrying, for Aunt Ruth is hurrying to brighten the fire and brush the hearth.

"Good morning, Aunt Ruth. It has been ever so long since I have been here, has n't it?"

"Yes, a long time for a lonesome old body like me, but it is no place for the young and happy here, I know."

"O, yes it is, dear Aunt Ruthie. You must not say so. I like to come real well. But uncle Jake has been so sick; he sent for pa and ma, and I went with them. It is such a long way off, I thought we never would get there. And O, Aunt Ruth, I have not told you yet;" and the chubby face sobered down.

"What is it, child?" picking up bits of litterings from the floor. Somehow she always did

so when Bessie was around, the hands involuntarily moved in little touches of order and neatness. The room was good enough for her; for the child it seemed dismal and must be brightened a little, unconscious that she was being called to a better life, or that, in her weary heart, there was awakening a love for light and beauty.

"Well, I will tell you; we are going to move away. I declare, I think it's too bad, to leave all the girls just as I began to like them, and you, too, Aunt Ruth. I do n't want to go one bit," tears rolling down her face.

"Going away, my little girl going off," said Aunt Ruth, looking closely at her.

"Yes; and mamma said we could n't move Chip, it would be such a bother, so I have given poor birdie away to Allie Smith," tears flowing afresh. "I let Amy Wells have my kitten, but I have n't found a place for my poor little rose. See," said Bessie, going to the table and removing the wrapper, "is n't it a beauty? You will keep it to remember me by, and take care of it always, won't you, Aunt Ruth?"

The little blossoms were out in full, and seemed to smile a benediction upon the old woman as, looking earnestly at it, she said, "Yes, yes, child, I will keep your rose; no harm shall come to it." The little flower plant seemed to carry her thoughts away, for she began talking absently to herself, then recalling her musings, she said,

"So you are going away; and you'll forget all about poor Aunt Ruth with so many new ones. Well, well, it's natural."

"No, no, indeed I shall not," said Bessie, giving a hearty hug, "and sometime I will come to see you." A long time they talked, but at last Bessie recollected her mother did not know her whereabouts, and with a good-by kiss, first to Aunt Ruth, then to the pet rose, she was gone like a flitting sunbeam.

Then the shadows seemed to come back to the inmate of the old house, but as her glance fell upon the little flower she commenced clearing a place for it to stand in the warmest corner, musing to herself the while, "Just such roses I used to carry in my hand to the old stone church in Amsden when no bigger than Bessie. It seems like yesterday, but ah! it is a long time. May be if I could do like that again it would not be so dark and lonesome like." Then a grim smile overspread her wrinkled face. "Would n't the fixed-up folks stare to see me in their fine churches? No, old Ruth won't trouble you as long as this old hovel will shelter her. I think I'll put the rose here by the south window, then if the child ever does come, she will see it from the gate."

Bringing a little pine stand, and carefully placing the plant upon it, she chanced to glance at the window. "Bless me! it never looked quite so dirty before;" and the woman moved with new life, as she cleaned, rinsed, and polished the glass. But the old muslin curtain seemed dingier than common, shading the clear glass, and it was taken down, and another finer than the first unpacked from a drawer and put in its place. The next morning, as she ate her lonely breakfast, she placed her chair to face the window and the rose. The sun was shining, and as the rays streamed across the room to the opposite wall she marked the cobwebs. That day the webs were swept down, the other window washed, and the floor cleansed. Cheer up, lone woman, the angel of peace and comfort is drawing nigh, for long years the old house has not been so neat and cheery.

As the week drew near its close, she again went to the village, putting on this time a dark delaine, instead of the snuff calico with the yellow flower. Somehow the gay dresses and curious glances did not disturb her as much as usual. A pleasant recognition was passed with a neighbor whom she had not spoken to for a year. Something had come over her, that she was one of the great human family after all, and the icy mountain of reserve began to thaw just a little. The purchases made, she concluded to take another route home, as it was the same distance. This route lay past a church. It was lighted, though early, and a few real worshippers had met to pray before the regular service. They were singing now, and Aunt Ruth paused, as some clear, triumphant voice was bearing up the strain,

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair."

Spell-bound, she listened to its close, never stirring from her tracks till a group of people passed near, then slowly walking on, you might have heard her talking again to herself. "O, Ruth Jones, where are you? I used to sing that, too, in the same old church when I carried the roses, only it was years after. I used to pray, too. I wonder if God would hear me now."

That night, and many nights after, she could not sleep; the words of song kept ringing in her ears, bringing up the old scenes and associations, till the great deep of her soul was broken up. In her darkness she felt gropingly, feebly for the old paths, and the good Spirit was all the time leading her back to the light. I can not retrace to you all the way that she came. I only know that gradually, surely, the night wore away, and the sun of peace shone upon her soul. She went to the church, where the

song had that night staid her footsteps, and listened to the words of life. Broadened, deepened, purified, her life became a blessing. The sick and needy learned to be glad at her coming, and little children ran to meet her.

"And did Bessie Lane ever come again?"

Yes, when June smiled upon the earth the childish figure once more paused at the gate, but the blue eyes gazed bewildered around. "This is n't the place. Aunt Ruth must have moved away." Well might she think so; the house was neatly painted, the yard fence repaired, and up and down the path all sorts of flowers were blooming. Just then Bessie descried a neatly dressed old lady tying up some vines.

"Can you tell me where Aunt Ruth Jones has gone that used to?"—Bessie stopped, and with one bound sprang into the woman's arms, for it was Aunt Ruth herself.

"It is so beautiful here! how did it all happen?" cried the delighted child.

Aunt Ruth smiled brightly, and, taking Bessie by the hand, passed into the neat, cheerful room, up to the south window, where the carefully tended rose was putting forth new beauty and fragrance. Bessie fairly danced with delight at sight of the rose, but Aunt Ruth seated the child gently by her side, and told how it had happened; how the little flower had at first whispered to her heart of the long ago, of the holy song that would not let her sleep, and, lastly, of God's good Spirit that had so tenderly led her straying steps to the sun-gilt path of peace.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

IT is a beautiful custom to crown the bride with gifts that come from loving hearts, sacred gifts that have a speech and language all their own, irrespective of any mercenary value. Such gifts are pure in their suggestions, as the little shoe which the mother weeps in secret over, after her darling has gone beneath the daisies to find her way to heaven.

But we lift up our voice in behalf of a great army—and this great army quakes with the fear of being thought mean—mark, not always with the fear of *being* stingy, but of seeming so. This vast army is composed of a thousand different characters. Let us illustrate them: A lady is to attend a wedding; she purchases a silver basket for a bride whom she cares little about, and then says to her sister, "I can't afford to make Biddy a present of five dollars, as I intended to, because this cake basket has

cost so much." And so Biddy, who is the truest object of charity, is neglected, her mistress saying to herself, "Every body will see my present to the bride, and I can not, of course, give any thing that would look cheap or shabby."

Is not this the reasoning of a shabby spirit, and would it not be more royal to do one's actual duty? We owe a duty to society which is as imperative as patriotism. When we see, after some careful observation, that a custom is baneful, it is right to protest against it. Our American society is living more and more in reference to what others think, rather than in reference to the cultivation of a noble individuality. It is not pleasant to step aside from the beaten track, and receive blame therefor, but would to God there were more who would be true to themselves—who would measure in God's light all that they are, and that which they can best do—and then keep steadfast irrespective of outside voices.

Every family has its secrets; almost every family has some secret drain upon its charity, and costly bridal gifts are often made with a sighing look toward some aged relative, who needs the oblation far more than the happy new wife. Many a generous bride would repel some of her offerings with a shock of pride, could she know their history. A pale girl sat stitching far into the night for many weeks to earn herself a merino dress—a dear friend who was in better circumstances was to be married and chose the seamstress for a bridesmaid; besides the expense of her toilet, which consumed her merino dress, she feels that she must make a present becoming to her position: poor girl, she can not live above the world more than others—she toils harder, she goes in debt a little, and buys some pretty trifle that is earned out of her tears and life-blood: after the wedding she works to make up the deficit, and the lack of moral courage and independence which made her decline saying, "I can not afford to be your bridesmaid!" plunges her into fresh sacrifices for show—she loses her health for show, whereas, had she been truthful and strong, the good tides of her life would have poured forth a better type of living for others to follow.

A mother made the remark, "I had an evening wedding for my Catherine, because I knew she would be apt to have a great many presents." This is the gist of the matter. It is not the presents that we war against, but the display of them with prices attached, that people may be deterred from getting small gifts. We know that there are thousands of instances where the thought does not enter: a rich, generous, poetic nature would look upon the fair

offerings with heart-felt emotion, and would treasure them merely for the association's sake—loving best the *little* token that indicated a great love. But the world is not made up of rich, generous, poetic natures. The fashion of *displaying* wedding presents is oppression to the poor; every bride has poor relations who would enjoy the wedding, if not tortured to get the wherewithal to buy a gift—and then these poor relations find that the cake will not digest, when with sorrowful eyes they see how inconsiderable their token looks beside others.

Why is it so necessary to let people know how munificent we are? if it were not the custom, we should blush at the childishness of the thing. A great grandfather gives a farm to the bride, but he can not possibly get it into the house and lay it on the table or piano; he does not exactly like to rap for silence, and make a speech, saying, "Friends, I gave a farm! it is a solemn fact, though you do not see it here!" What does he do? it must be told; why, he puts the deed on the table where the guests can see it. No, not he, after all, but some of the young people coax him for the deed, and he has judgment enough to feel humiliated at the ostentation, though he is too good-natured to refuse assent.

If there is ever a time in the life of men or women, when the soul should be kept unsoiled by sordid feelings, it is when they stand upon the brink of a great change. It can not but degrade the emotions of a new husband and wife to come down from the exaltation of pure resolves, to count the cost of their presents, and compare the amount with that received by Mr. and Mrs. Smith at their bridal. If any gift should be regarded with a sacred delicacy, they are wedding gifts; a public exhibition of them will wash the dew from the finest nature; it is such natures that should lead, instead of following custom. That coarse natures are corrupted by the fashion, is proved by the acted lie of hiring silver for pretended presents—a thing which is done in cities.

It is not generosity which is cultivated by the exhibition, but an unhealthy love of approbation is stimulated. This propensity has its uses, but its abuses also: when human nature is so weak, it belongs to the strong to guard from customs which must sweep away the virtue of many. A young couple who have not money enough to pay a month's board in advance, are loaded with silver plate, which is the only stock ready for housekeeping, and wholly unsuited to their circumstances. A barrel of flour would be of more service than a gold-lined soup ladle, but common-sense is one of the most prepos-

terous things to be found in polite society, and its monitions have grown so ludicrous that one dare not venture upon the eccentricity of exhibiting them. We do not want to go back to the condition in which our grandparents lived—a condition of undue physical toil without relaxation or intellectual development, but we want people simple, brave, and true; increased culture should develop individuality; instead of this, the tendency seems to be to do every thing after the same pattern, and to allow nothing to be done differently.

When people meet together and think of the "cloud of witnesses" who observe them from above, rather than from the dressing-room, they will conduct with such a true transparency that there will be no social lives revealed at the judgment-seat. Life is made up of little things. There is a minority of persons who take genuine pleasure in the custom we condemn; these are some of the recipients, and those related to them, and such individuals as may possess ample means, and generous hearts, and desire to publish the fact. Many sensible persons have given allegiance to the fashion from mere thoughtlessness; every person has a responsible influence, and does something toward strengthening or weakening the prevailing habits of the age.

Women are not yet allowed to vote, but every one who sets herself against a bad habit, and uses her heart and mind in favor of all that is truly benevolent and sensible, does a service to her country. Nothing adds such absolute strength and beauty to the character as to have the standard of fashion supplanted in the mind by that of purest and highest right; the very pain it costs us to withstand allegiance from the standard of our companions, is mellowing and elevating. We can differ from others with few words and soft words; we can even see clearly that others can do conscientiously and innocently, things which have become totally wrong for us to do.

I AM not what I ought to be! Ah, how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be! I abhor what is evil, and I would cleave to what is good. I am not what I hope to be! Soon, soon I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection. Yet, though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say I am not what I once was—a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

AN ESSAY ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

THE discovery of a gray hair when you are brushing out your whiskers of a morning—first fallen flake of the coming snows of age—is a disagreeable thing. So is the intimation from your old friend and comrade that his eldest daughter is about to be married. So are flying twinges of gout, and shortness of breath on the hill-side. These things are disagreeable because they tell you that you are no longer young—that you have passed through youth, are now in middle age, and faring onward to the shadows in which, somewhere, a grave is hid.

Thirty is the age of the gods—and the first gray hair informs you that you are at least ten or twelve years older than that. Apollo is never middle-aged, but you are. Olympus lies several years behind you. You have lived for more than half your natural term; and you know the road which lies before you is very different from that which lies behind. You have yourself changed. In the present man of forty-two you can barely recognize the boy of nineteen that once was. Hope sang on the sunny slope of life's hill as you ascended; she is busily singing the old song in the ears of a new generation—but you have passed out of the reach of her voice. You have tried your strength; you have learned precisely what you can do; you have thrown the hammer so often that you know to an inch how far you *can* throw it—at least you are a great fool if you do not.

The world, too, has been looking on and has made up her mind about you. She has apprised and valued you as an auctioneer appraises and values an estate or the furniture of a house. "Once you served Prince Florizel and wore three pile," but the brave days of campaigning are over. What to you are canzonets and love-songs? The mighty passion is vapid and second-hand. Cupid will never more flutter rosilily over your head; at most he will only flutter in an uninspired fashion above the head of your daughter-in-law. You have sailed round the world, seen all its wonders, and come home again, and must adorn your dwelling as best you can with the rare things you have picked up on the way. At life's table you have tasted of every dish except the Covered One, and of that you will have your share by and by. The road over which you are fated to march is more than half accomplished, and at every onward stage the scenery is certain to become more somber, and in due time the twilight will fall.

To you, on your onward journey, there will

be little to astonish, little to delight. The Interpreter's House is behind where you first read the poets; so is also the House Beautiful with the Three Damsels where you first learned to love. As you pass onward you are attended by your henchman Memory, who may be either the cheerfulest or gloomiest of companions. You have come up out of the sweet-smelling valley-flowers; you are now on the broken granite, seamed and wrinkled, with dried-up water courses; and before you, striking you full in the face, is the broad disk of the solitary setting sun.

One does not like to be an old foggy, and still less perhaps does one like to own to being one. You may remember when you were the youngest person in every company into which you entered; and how it pleased you to think how precociously clever you were, and how opulent in time. You were introduced to the great Mr. Blank—at least twenty years older than yourself—and could not help thinking how much greater you would be than Mr. Blank by the time you reached his age. But pleasant as it is to be the youngest member of every company, that pleasure does not last forever. As years pass on you do not quite develop into the genius you expected; and the new generation makes its appearance and pushes you from your stool. You make the disagreeable discovery that there is a younger man of promise in the world than even you; then the one younger man becomes a dozen younger men; then younger men come flowing in like waves, and before you know where you are, by this impertinent younger generation—fellows who were barely breeched when you won your first fame—you are shouldered into old foggydom, and your staid ways are laughed at, perhaps, by the irreverent upstarts into the bargain.

There is nothing more wonderful in youth than this wealth in time. It is only a Rothschild who can indulge in the amusement of tossing a sovereign to a beggar. It is only a young man who can dream and build castles in the air. What are twenty years to a young fellow of twenty? An ample air-built stage for his pomps and triumphal processions. What are twenty years to a middle-aged man of forty-five? The falling of the curtain, the covering up of the empty boxes, the screwing out of the gas, and the counting of the money taken at the doors, with the notion, perhaps, that the performance was rather a poor thing.

It is with a feeling curiously compounded of pity and envy that one listens to young men talking of what they are going to do. They will light their torches at the sun! They will

regenerate the world! They will abolish war and hand in the millennium! What pictures they will paint! What poems they will write! One knows while one listens how it will all end. But it is Nature's way; she is always sending on her young generations full of hope. The Atlantic roller bursts in harmless foam among the shingle and drift-wood at your feet, but the next, nothing daunted by the fate of its predecessor, comes on with threatening crest, as if to carry every thing before it. And so it will be forever and ever. The world could not get on else. My experience is of use only to myself. I can not bequeath it to my son as I can my cash. Every human being must start untrammelled and work out the problem for himself.

For a couple of thousand years now the preacher has been crying out *vanitas vanitatum*, but no young man takes him at his word. The blooming apple must grate in the young man's teeth before he owns that it is dust and ashes. Young people will take nothing on hearsay. I remember when a lad of Todd's Student's Manual falling into my hands. I perused therein a solemn warning against novel-reading. Nor did the reverend compiler speak without authority. He stated that he had read the works of Fielding, Smollett, Sir Walter Scott, American Cooper, James, and the rest, and he laid his hand on his heart and assured his young friends that in each of these works, even the best of them, were subtle snares and gilded baits for the soul. These books they were adjured to avoid as they would a pestilence, or a raging fire. It was this alarming passage in the transatlantic divine's treatise that first made a novel-reader of me. I was not content to accept *his* experience. I must see for myself. Every one must begin at the beginning, and it is just as well. If a new generation were starting with the wisdom of its elders, what would be the consequence? Would there be any love-making twenty years after? Would there be any fine extravagance? Would there be any lending of money? Would there be any noble friendship, such as that of Damon and Pythias, or of David and Jonathan, or even of our own Beaumont and Fletcher, who had purse, wardrobe, and genius in common? It is extremely doubtful. *Vanitas vanitatum* is a bad doctrine to begin life with. For the plant experience to be of any worth a man must grow it for himself.

The man of forty-five or thereby is compelled to own, if he sits down to think about it, that existence is very different from what it was twenty years previously. His life is more than half spent to begin with. He is like one who

has spent seven hundred and fifty pounds of his original patrimony of a thousand. Then, from his life, there has departed that "wild freshness of morning" which Tom Moore sang about. In his onward journey he is not likely to encounter any thing absolutely new. He has already conjugated every tense of the verb *to be*. He has been in love twice or thrice. He has been married—only once let us trust. In all probability he is the father of a fine family of children. He has been ill, and he has recovered; he has experienced triumph and failure; he has known what it is to have money in his purse, and what it is to want money in his purse. Sometimes he has been a debtor, sometimes he has been a creditor. He has stood by the brink of half a dozen graves, and heard the clod falling on the coffin-lid. All this he has experienced; the only new thing before him is death, and even to that he has at various times approximated. Life has lost most of the unexpectedness, its zest, its novelty, and has become like a worn shoe, or a threadbare doublet. To him there is no new thing under the sun.

But then this growing old is a gradual process; and zest, sparkle, and novelty are not essential to happiness. The man who has reached five-and-forty has learned what a pleasure there is in customariness, and use, and wont—in having every thing around him familiar, tried, confidential. Life may have become humdrum, but his tastes have become humdrum, too. Novelty annoys him, the intrusion of an unfamiliar object puts him out. A pair of newly embroidered slippers would be much more ornamental than the well-worn articles which lie warming for him before the library fire; but then he can not get his feet into them so easily. He is contented with his old friends—a new friend would break the charm of the old familiar faces. He loves the hedgerows, and the fields, and the brook, and the bridge which he sees every day, and he would not exchange them for Alps and glaciers. By the time a man has reached forty-five he lies as comfortably in his habits as the silk-worm in its cocoon.

On the whole, I take it that middle age is a happier period than youth. In the entire circle of the year there are no days so delightful as those of a fine October, when the trees are bare to the mild heavens, and the red leaves bestrew the road, and you can feel the breath of Winter morning and evening—no days so calm, so tenderly solemn, and with such a reverent meekness in the air. The lyrical upburst of the lark at such a time would be incongruous. The only sounds suitable to the season are the rusty caw of the homeward sliding

rook—the creaking of the wain returning empty from the farmyard.

There is an “unrest which men miscall delight,” and of that “unrest” youth is for the most part composed. From that middle age is free. The setting suns of youth are crimson and gold; the setting suns of middle age

“Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o’er man’s mortality.”

Youth is the slave of beautiful faces, and fine eyes, and silver-sweet voices—they distract, madden, alarm. To middle age they are but the gracefulest statues, the loveliest poems. They delight, but hurt not. They awake no passion, they highten no pulse. And the imaginative man of middle age possesses after a fashion all the passionate turbulence, all the keen delights, of his earlier days. They are not dead; they are dwelling in the antechamber of memory awaiting his call; and when they are called they wear an ethereal something which is not their own.

The Muses are the daughters of Memory; youth is the time to love, but middle age the period at which the best love-poetry is written. And middle age, too—the early period of it, when a man is master of his instruments and knows what he can do—is the best season of intellectual activity. The playful capering flames of a newly kindled fire is a pretty sight; but not nearly so effective—any housewife will tell you—as when the flames are gone, and the whole mass of fuel has become caked into a sober redness that emits a steady glow. There is nothing good in this world which time does not improve. A silver wedding is better than the voice of the Epithalamium. And the most beautiful face that ever was is made yet more beautiful when there is laid upon it the reverence of silver hairs.

There is a certain even-handed justice in Time; and for what he takes away he gives us something in return. He robs us of elasticity of limb and spirit, and in its place he brings tranquillity and repose—the mild Autumnal weather of the soul. He takes away hope, but he gives us memory. And the settled, unfluctuating atmosphere of middle age is no bad exchange for the stormful emotions, the passionate crises and suspenses of the earlier day. The constitutional melancholy of the middle-aged man is a dim back-ground on which the pale flowers of life are brought out in the tenderest relief. Youth is the time for action, middle age for thought. In youth we hurriedly crop the herbage; in middle age, in a sheltered place, we chew the ruminative cud. In youth, red-handed, red-ankled, with songs and shout-

ings, we gather in the grapes; in middle age, under our own fig-tree, or in quiet gossip with a friend, we drink the wine free of all turbid lees. Youth is a lyrical poet, middle age a quiet essayist, fond of recounting experiences, and of appending a moral to every incident. In youth the world is strange and unfamiliar, novel and exciting, every thing wears the face and garb of a stranger; in middle age the world is covered over with reminiscence as with a garment—it is made homely with usage, it is made sacred with graves. The middle-aged man can go no where without treading the mark of his own footsteps.

And in middle age, too—provided the man has been a good and an ordinarily happy one—along with this mental tranquillity there comes a corresponding sweetness of the moral atmosphere. He has seen the good and the evil that are in the world, the ups and the downs, the almost general desire of the men and the women therein to do the right thing if they could but see how—and he has learned to be unensorious, humane; to attribute the best motives to every action, and to be chary of imputing a sweeping and cruel blame. He has a quiet smile for the vainglorious boast; a feeling of respect for shabby-genteel virtues; a pity for the threadbare garments proudly worn, and for the napless hat glazed into more than pristine brilliancy from frequent brushing after rain. He would not be satirical for the world. He has no finger of scorn to point at any thing under the sun. He has a hearty “Amen” for every good wish, and in the worst cases he leans to a verdict of “not proven.” And along with this pleasant blandness and charity, a certain grave, serious humor, “a smile on the lip and a tear in the eye,” is noticeable frequently in middle-aged persons—a phase of humor peculiar to that period of life, as the chrysanthemum to December. Pity lies at the bottom of it, just as pity lies, unsuspected, at the bottom of love.

Perhaps this special quality of humor—with its sadness of tenderness, its mirth with the heart-ache, its gayety growing out of deepest seriousness, like a crocus on a child’s grave—never approaches more closely to perfection than in some passages of Mr. Hawthorne’s writings—who was a middle-aged man from earliest boyhood. And although middle-aged persons have lost the actual possession of youth, yet in virtue of this humor they can comprehend it, see all round it, enter imaginatively into every sweet and bitter of it. They wear the key Memory at their girdles, and they can open every door in the chamber of youth. And it is also in virtue of this peculiar humor that—Mr. Dickens’s *Little Nell* to the contrary—it is only

middle-aged persons who can, either as poets or artists, create for us a child.

There is no more beautiful thing on earth than an old man's love for his granddaughter; more beautiful even—from the absence of all suspicion of direct personal bias or interest—than his love for his own daughter; and it is only the meditative, sad-hearted, middle-aged man who can creep into the heart of a child and interpret it, and show forth the new nature to us in the subtle cross lights of contrast and suggestion. Imaginatively thus, the wrinkles of age become the dimples of infancy. Wordsworth was not a very young man when he held the colloquy with the little maid who insisted, in her childish logic, that she was one of seven. Mr. Hawthorne was not a young man when he painted "Pearl" by the side of the brook in the forest; and he was middle aged and more when he drew "Pansie," the most exquisite child that lives in English words.

And when speaking of middle age, of its peculiar tranquillity and humor, why not tell of its peculiar beauty as well? Men and women make their own beauty, or their own ugliness. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton speaks in one of his novels of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and, if we could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men, and of white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than I ever saw on a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with grandchildren around its knee, than in the ball-room or the promenade.

Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance, and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's *alter ego*. He has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood. Beautiful are they in life, these pale Winter roses, and in death they will not be divided. When Death comes, he will

pluck not one, but both. Together they climbed the hill, and together they will sleep at the foot.

And in any case, to the old man, when the world becomes trite, the triteness arises not so much from a cessation as from a transference of interest. What is taken from this world is given to the next. The glory is in the east in the morning, it is in the west in the afternoon, and when it is dark the splendor is irradiating the realm of the under-world. He would only follow.

CHRIST'S WORK IN THE SOUL.

MODERN unbelief, although formidable, need not be deemed so full of menace to the future of the kingdom of our Lord as may sometimes be apprehended by the nervous timidity of Christian piety. This will appear if we examine the intensive side of Christ's work among men. For indeed the depth of our Lord's work in the soul of man has ever been more wonderful than its breadth.

The moral intensity of the life of a sincere Christian is a more signal illustration of the reality of the reign of Christ, and of the success of his plan, than is the territorial range of the Christian empire. "The king's daughter is all glorious within." Christianity may have conferred a new sanction upon the civil and domestic relationships of men; it certainly infuses a new life into the most degraded society that the world has yet seen. Still this was not its primary aim; its primary efforts were directed not to this world, but to the next.

Christianity has changed many of the outward aspects of human existence. But it has achieved these changes in the external life of Christian nations only because it has penetrated to the very depths of man's heart and thought, revolutionized his convictions, tamed his will, and then expressed its triumph in the altered social system of that section of the human race which has generally received it.

How complete at this moment is the reign of Christ in the soul of a sincere Christian! Christ is not a constitutional, he is emphatically an absolute monarch; and yet his rule is welcomed by his subjects with more than that enthusiasm which a free people can feel for its elected magistracy. Every sincere Christian bows to Jesus Christ as to an intellectual master. Our Lord is not merely held to be a teacher of truth, he is the very absolute truth itself. No portion of his teaching is received by true Christians merely as a "view," or a "tentative system," or as a "theory" which may be

entertained, discussed, partially adopted, and partially set aside. Those who deal thus with him are understood to have broken with Christianity, at least as a practical religion. For a Christian, the words of Christ are, one and all, an absolute rule of truth. All that Christ has authorized is simply accepted with the whole energy of the Christian reason. Christ's thought is reflected, it is reproduced in the thought of the true Christian.

Christ's dictatorship in the sphere of speculative truth is thankfully acknowledged by the Christian's voluntary and unreserved submission to the slightest known intimations of his Master's judgment. High above the din of human voices the tremendous self-assertion of Jesus Christ echoes on from age to age—"I am the truth." And from age to age the Christian responds by a life-long endeavor "to bring every thought into captivity unto the obedience of Christ."

But he is Lord also of the Christian's affections. Beauty it is which provokes love, and Christ is the highest moral beauty. He does not merely rank as a teacher of the purest morality, he is absolute virtue itself. As such, he claims to reign over the inmost affections of man, and he secures the first place in the heart of every true Christian. To have taken the measure of his beauty and yet not to love him is, in a Christian's judgment, to be self-condemned. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha." As ruling the affections of the Christian, he is also king of the sovereign faculty in the Christianized soul—he is master of the Christian will. He has tamed its native stubbornness, and now teaches it, day by day, a more pliant accuracy of movement in obedience to himself. Nay, he is not merely its rule, but its very motive power. Each act of devotion and self-sacrifice of which it is capable is but an extension of the energy of Christ's own moral life. "Without me," he says to his servants, "ye can do nothing," and with St. Paul, his servants reply, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

This may be expressed in other terms by saying that, both intellectually and morally, Christ is Christianity. Christianity is not related to our Lord as a philosophy might be to a philosopher; that is, as a moral or intellectual system thrown off from his mind, resting thenceforward on its own merits, and implying no necessary attitude toward its author on the part of those who receive it beyond a certain sympathy with what was at one time a portion of his thought. A philosophy may

thus be abstracted altogether from the person of its originator with entire impunity. Platonic thought would not have been damaged if Plato had been annihilated. The utmost stretch of personal allegiance on the part of the disciple of a philosophy to its founder consists, ordinarily speaking, in a sentiment of devotion "to his memory." But detach Christianity from Christ, and it vanishes before your eyes into intellectual vapor. For it is of the essence of Christianity that, day by day, hour by hour, the Christian should live in conscious, felt, sustained relationship to the ever-living Author of his creed and of his life.

Christianity is non-existent apart from Christ; it centers in Christ; it radiates now, as at the first, from Christ. It is not a mere doctrine, bequeathed by him to a world with which he has ceased to have dealings; it perishes outright when men attempt to abstract it from the living person of its founder. He is felt by his people to be their living Lord, really present with them now, and even to the end of the world. Christ is the quickening spirit of Christian humanity. He lives in Christians; he thinks in Christians; he is indissolubly associated with every movement of the Christian's life. "I live," says the apostle, "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

This felt presence of Christ it is which gives both its form and its force to the sincere Christian life. That life is a loyal homage of the intellect, of the heart, and of the will to a Divine King, with whom will, heart, and intellect are in close and constant communion, and from whom there flows forth through the Spirit, the Word, and the sacraments, that supply of light, of love, and of resolve which enriches and ennobles the Christian soul.

IN the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindnesses are forever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that, whenever a great sacrifice is called for, he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, he will not make it; and if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's. Many persons, indeed, are said to be penny-wise and pound-foolish! but they who are penny-foolish will hardly be pound-wise, although selfish vanity may now and then for a moment get the better of selfish indolence, for Wisdom will always have a microscope in her hand.

THE TOKEN-BIRD.

THE distaff trembles within my hand ;
 Margaret, set the wheel away ;
 Loosen the spindle, and slip the band,
 For granny will spin no more to-day.
 It was never my habit to lounge in the sun,
 And surely my work is almost done,
 For how to live idly were hard to learn :
 Well, well, we have never our ways to choose,
 When God sends the darkness we can not lose
 The glimmer of stars that He makes to burn.

He sent me a token but yesternight ;
 As I sat by my wheel, in the twilight dim,
 A gray, gray bird, with an eye of light,
 Flew in, and perched on its quiet rim :
 It perched, and ever it looked at me.
 I waited as still, with my hands on my knee,
 Till it wandered away on a noiseless wing ;
 And I knew, with a quiver of sweet content,
 Ere many more days and nights were spent,
 Slowly, for me, the bells would ring.

Let them ring ! the village was poor and new,
 And no bells were a-chiming, when I was wed ;
 They will ring for my marriage and burial, too,
 The bells that ring over me when I am dead.
 I measured the linen, long years ago,
 For a shroud, and a sheet as white as snow—
 There is rosemary in it to make it sweet :
 I would like to lie at the window west,
 Where the chirping of swallows is heard the best,
 And the voices of children in the street.

They will carry me down the church-yard rows,
 To the place which has long been kept for me ;
 Where the feverfew, in the long grass, blows,
 And the locust pipes right merrily.
 I shall lie with my nearest, my dearest kin,
 Husband and children will close me in,
 With the baby, that lived but a year, at my head ;
 Ah, I wonder if she has outstripped us quite,
 Reached to a full-grown angel's hight—
 The little one garnered away with the dead ?

'Sturtiums and buttercups over me sow,
 Such as your father, when I was a lass,
 Coming to meet me at sunset's glow,
 Gathered for me, in the meadow grass :
 In the harvest sun, and in April rain,
 The flowers shall be for a sign, to us twain,
 That the world has not spotted our love with grime ;
 And under the bitterest snows and sleet,
 Like us, they 'll be waiting, to rise complete,
 With glistening raiment, in God's good time.

The flails in the barn are a-dropping fast,
 But the first of the wheat will not go to the mill
 Till my season of labor and life is past,
 Till my wheel, in the garret, is standing still.
 Where 's little Ruth ? hold her up for a kiss,
 'T is the last I ever will give her, I wis ;
 For the end, that the token foreshadowed, is nigh—

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Hark ! there 's a footstep upon the floor,
 Some one is calling me at the door—
 Yes, Father !—Margaret—Ruth—good-by.

ON A VIEW OF MONT BLANC.

A THOUSAND ages past the mighty seal
 Of God, the universal Father, stamped
 The indelible glory of his majesty
 Upon thy shining brow ; since then how oft
 Adown thy bleak and rugged cheeks have rolled
 The icy tear-drops of the clouds ! how oft
 Have pitilessly, pelting tempests beaten
 Upon thine aged, thin, and wintry locks,
 And in their mocking fury crown'd thy head
 With crowns of flame, that thro' the howling night
 Fell flickering ! how oft, O, giant frame,
 Hast thou been racked with the fierce pain that shoots
 Along thine iron ribs, when earthquakes stir
 The central fires of the deep-groaning earth,
 And from the slimy bottom of the deep
 Wonderful islands rear their smoky front
 To the astonished stars ! how oft hast thou
 Been stunned with avalanches, whose dull roar,
 Like muffled thunder heard among the hills,
 Rolled o'er the answ'ring valleys at thy foot !
 How oft—how oft ? No human tongue may tell.
 Upon thy glinting, cloud-o'er-topping peaks
 The feet of passing ages fell, and fall,
 As oft as twilight dew drops on the flowers—
 Whose blushing cheeks have felt the Summer's touch,
 And gayly turn their young lips to the moon—
 Impairing not, but nourishing thy strength,
 While at thy base proud empires rise and fall,
 And thrones sink noiseless in the waves of time.
 Oblivion, like the wing of some dread Fate,
 Shall cast its shadow o'er the rayless past ;
 And names of heroes, that were once the wonder
 Of gaping millions, and the theme of bards,
 Shall be effaced as utterly from earth
 As frost-work fading in the fiery sun.
 But thou, stern watcher of the cloudless stars,
 That never hide from thine unflinching eye,
 Shall stand unmoved amid the mingling wreck,
 Nor dread the mandate of the passing years.
 One thing, alone, on earth, can be thy peer,
 And is by God's omnipotence decreed
 Sublimier, and more glorious than thou
 In all thy massive majesty canst be—
 My soul ! the immortal Spirit, which is part
 Of the eternal essence that created
 Thyself and me ; that spark of vivid flame,
 Whose parent and interminable fire
 Warms with sweet life and beauty yon wide world ;
 Whose wondrous tones, on echoing winds upborne,
 Amid thy soundless chasms faint and die ;
 This shall be throned among the stars when thou
 Art like the dust I trampled 'neath my feet ;
 This shall sing praises to eternal God
 When all thy greatness, like an echo, drifts
 Away from the dead glory of the world !

WOMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.*

(CONCLUDED.)

IT is not necessary to adduce further proof of the eminence to which, morally, woman was exalted. Her empire was notorious and unchallenged. All writers of those times celebrate it, and in recent times it has been attested by the charming pen of Scott and by the sneer of Gibbon. The theory of the worship is beyond dispute; but it may be interesting to examine how the practice of chivalry accorded with its profession, and whether the power and position of the sex were substantially as dazzling as speculation represented them. Upon reflection we shall probably all admit that they were so. For, though the phase of lady-worship most familiar to us is seen in the practice of the knights-errant, to whose vagaries a certain amount of ridicule attaches, there is ample evidence of a real, practical, established female ascendancy.

The challenges of the wandering soldier-knight would vaunt the charms and virtues of a mistress whose favors he might or might not wear, and enforce the acknowledgment of them at the point of his lance; he would draw his sword for the deliverance of a captive lady, or to redress a lady's wrong; but independently of the effects of real or fancied passion, independently of acts of individual compassion, or generosity, or condescension, the sex, as such, undoubtedly did experience and exercise the benefits and the powers which the knight's profession assigned to it.

In proof of this, be it remembered that a lady never hesitated to lay her commands upon a knight, whether specially devoted to her service or not, and that it was imperative upon the knight to obey her, except the command should unfortunately be incompatible with his devoir to his own elected lady, to his sovereign, or to a brother in arms. Conflicting orders and duties thus sometimes placed an unhappy knight in a "fix;" and so delicate an affair was it that when he had an opportunity of obtaining advice, he generally submitted himself to the decision of a court of honor. The expressed approbation of a noble or beautiful lady, whether dame or demoiselle, was fame. The ladies could and did soften and exalt the characters of knights and the sentiments of knight-hood generally. "They can even impart," says Digby, "noble and generous sentiments, so

that their power exceeds that of kings, who can grant only the titles of nobility."

The excessive exertions of this power by vain or indiscreet women are proofs of the reality of the power, if not very creditable to the ladies concerned. The well-known story of the knight bringing a lady's glove out of the den of lions, and other anecdotes scattered about the annals of chivalry, and setting forth most perilous adventures wantonly imposed by ladies on knights, illustrate the argument. It is consolatory to know that in these last instances the knights, after performing their devoir, renounced the service of the exacting ladies, and obtained the general approbation by so doing; for these merciless ladies were not in harmony with the true spirit of chivalry, which "even gave warning to women not to forget the softness and humanity of their character in requiring any unreasonable service of danger from a knight." But, to pass beyond instances of the abuse of the power of the sex by individuals, we have historical evidence that the peril or requirements of ladies were sufficient to interrupt military operations, and temporarily to unite, for their special service, contending armies.

But, though possessed of such great and arbitrary powers, woman was not a wholly irresponsible despot. She had her duties as well as her privileges, and, notwithstanding that here and there a saucy sister strained her power to the utmost while taking little thought of her own obligations, yet with the sex generally it was not so; indeed, it could not have been so without breaking down the system, which rested as much upon the fitness of women to be loved and served as on the merit of man in loving and serving them. To justify this extreme idolatry, it was necessary that the idol should be worthy of such worship, and a very high standard indeed was set up. The dame and the demoiselle were eminent for courtesy, affability, and grace, while at the same time they cultivated all useful arts which were proper to their sphere. They were emphatically *feminine*. *Fast* and *mannish* ladies were not, as we shall see, wholly unknown, but they were non-conformists, dissentients from the pure faith of chivalry, women who did not perceive their true mission nor the real source of their strength. That source was, as has been said above, undoubtedly their weakness, and the absence of all pretension on their part. Any thing like self-assertion or competition would, in those blustering ages when their influence began to bud, have been fatal to the tender plant. Woman became the arbitress of

*In concluding these articles from Blackwood's Magazine we have continued to exercise the same editorial liberty as in the former article, omitting many parts not adapted to our pages.

men's deeds because she refrained from meddling in the affairs of men; she ruled because she did not rival.

Chivalry passed its meridian and began to decline. Of course, a system which was so firmly rooted gave way slowly and imperceptibly. Still it did give way. Sir Walter Scott, in his essay on the subject, has explained the causes and manner of its decay. Of course, woman's ascendancy was weakened with the other parts of the system. Yet still in theory she remained Divine, and no man dared openly to question her prerogative. The enemies of the old regime attacked it and her with the greatest caution. As Plutarch before, in the days of her humility, gently insinuated a word in her favor, so Cervantes, when her tyranny was established, endeavored to undermine her by the indirect attack of satire. He sought to show what sort of creatures the indiscriminate worship of the sex might deify; he resorted to the demonstration known to mathematicians as the *reductio ad absurdum*, but he did not assail her openly. And as the doctrine of Divine right is made somewhat ridiculous by the reflection that it hallows the office of a parish constable, so the Divine right of the ladies is made contemptible in the person of Dulcinea del Toboso. But it took a long time to wean men from their old ideas and ways. When lances and armor were no longer in fashion, the spirit of chivalry was not altogether lost; and as lately as the days of Henry IV and Louis XIV, warriors exchanged pistol-shots for the love and honor of their ladies. After sieges began to be made in modern style, an officer wounded to death was seen to write the name of his mistress on a gabion as he uttered his last sigh.

By a train of reflection like the above, we arrive at a few important facts regarding woman:

1. We find her *natural* relative state to be one of subordination to men both in ancient and modern times.

2. We find this natural condition reversed at a particular period in one quarter of the world, but reversed by a particular combination of circumstances.

3. It was not any effort of her own which emancipated and exalted woman; it was rather that her inability to help herself and her withdrawal from competition with the stronger sex, induced the latter to espouse her cause.

By keeping these facts in view while considering the pretensions which some women, professing to act on behalf of their sex, are putting forward in the present day, we shall be assisted in speculating on the character and prospects of the movement.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that her descent from the position which chivalry assigned to her has something to do with woman's discontent. We retain the language of times past while our practice does not correspond, so that we continually force upon her the contrast between what she was and what she is. The leaders of the movement probably think that she has been unjustly deprived of a prerogative which was hers by right. They perceive that the old ascendancy has gone. The imperial mantle has been soiled and torn; so they fling away the rags and tatters and seek to found another empire on a new foundation. If this hypothesis be correct, we must look to find the discontent greatest where the old regime has been most determinedly abandoned. Accordingly, we find its head-quarters in America, where, notwithstanding a certain pretentious outward deference to her, woman is socially in a position far below that which the women of Europe still enjoy. The design of the movers is hazardous and astonishing. The chances of its success, and the consequences if it should succeed, are difficult to predict; yet the announcement that such a revolution is contemplated forces us to speculate.

We do not pretend to be in the confidence of the reformers, but, as we gather from report, they have scheduled their grievances and published their demands, the principal being—

That women shall possess the same political rights and powers as men.

That the law relating to marriages shall be altered, so that women may be on a perfect level with their husbands.

That facilities may be afforded for divorce, so that idle, intemperate, and indifferent husbands may be got rid of.

That women shall be allowed to follow any of the professions of men, and be eligible for any of the offices which, according to the present scheme, men reserve to themselves.

That women shall dress like men.

The advocates of these doctrines have found out, after much labor and a long succession of preliminary discoveries, that woman is the superior creature, and ought to enjoy a supremacy as such. But why take all this trouble to arrive at a conclusion which, in another form, has been a received and acknowledged creed for centuries? What else has chivalry been preaching since the fall of the Roman Empire? What else has every true man believed since the days of chivalry? and what else does every true man profess to-day? For our own part, we not only say in justice, but we proclaim with pride and delight, that in the highest, best,

divine part of our nature woman is immeasurably our superior, and as such is entitled to our respect, our service, and our love. Her instincts and emotions are not alloyed as ours are by the contaminations of the world. Her affection and her sense of right are simple and strong. In her we desire to enshrine that which is most honorable in humanity. To her we owe it that, while we are through the heat of the day worshiping idols of gold, or iron, or clay, a pure and holy altar is all the time preserved in the sanctuary of each man's home, upon which, at the time of the evening sacrifice, the celestial fire descends, and reminds us, day by day, how the course which our necessities and the worse demands of our nature force us to follow, diverges from the holy, and noble, and true one.

Woman as she should be, and as she often is, is a perpetual homily to man, reminding him that charity, patience, devotion, and truthfulness are not mere names, but existences, and gently exhorting him to keep himself, if it be possible, unspotted, notwithstanding that he must walk through ways that are unclean. Infancy delights to hear from her those lessons of a higher life which take root in the mind, and, though choked and overgrown by the weeds of earth, revive and bear fruit after many days, whenever sickness or old age shall withdraw us from the strife and turmoil of the world, and purify our minds, and assimilate them once more to hers. She is a link—the link between the gross humanity of males and the glorified humanity which, our trust is, will one day be perfected. We write this, be it remembered, of woman—true, feminine woman—not of a female creature in trowsers, a miserable caricature of a man, a being that seeks by every means to subdue the most lovely yearnings of her nature, and to cultivate all that depresses ours.

The woman to whom we would do homage must be a woman in very truth, and we would serve her *because* she is a woman. We would obey her because she would know her province and her duties as well as her rights. If she is to be sovereign she must maintain a queenly dignity, and carefully separate herself from all that would degrade her mind, body, or estate. But these, we fear, are not the terms on which the sticklers for female superiority would desire that woman should reign. They would not have her deferred to for that she is on a higher level than that of men—far above, out of men's sight, in a region of purity, and love, and peace—but as a being that, after descending into the same arena with men, after throwing

aside her native modesty and delicacy, enters into all the grossness of man's existence, examines and boasts that she knows, and shrinks not from, the details of his traffic and his science, his folly and his vice; thinks no idea too gross and no sight too shocking for her, and everywhere vanquishes him on his own ground. Perhaps if she could do all this she might subdue man by superior force, energy, and intelligence, as a strong, willful man overmasters a weak and timid one.

But we need not speculate on such a result, because an insuperable power has interposed and decided the question. Nature has said emphatically, No. It is not a question of intellect, but one of nerve and muscle. Till woman can cope with man in physical strength, in endurance, and in will, she can not hope to beat man in his own proper field. Neither can she, without an abdication of all that entitles her to respect, enter upon the contest. The sights, the ideas, the work to which she would thus render herself liable are too revolting for us to contemplate in connection with her, and, we should hope, too shocking for any right-minded woman to think of. The moment that she abandons the object of raising man to her level, and lowers herself to his level, she throws away the real talisman through which alone she can command. We have said above that her power is in her weakness and her womanliness.

But, suppose she does not absolutely subdue and control man, still, it may be urged, she may hold her own, and get her share of the world and the world's goods without having to thank man, or fortune, or any thing but her own energy and industry. Again we say, No. Man can be a very tractable and docile subject in a constitutional government, where every power is kept within its proper sphere, and general accord is necessary to the scheme; but he is likely to prove a rough customer when challenged by women in matters with which he does not desire to see them conversant, and opposed, thwarted, and impeded in his pursuits and interests. The feelings which have grown with him, the traditions of centuries, may keep him for a time patient and tolerant; but remember that woman by her acts and her proclamation is to fling away her sword and shield, her old prescriptive homage and position, and sooner or later man will forget that she ever possessed them. Then where will woman be? She must find herself where evermore the weakest has been, and will be, found. She will be where she was before the enthusiasm of chivalry lifted her out of the mire: not condemned, perhaps, again to bodily drudgery as

of old, but to intellectual toil for the benefit of him who will once more be properly her *master*.

All history goes to prove that woman can not control or maintain an equality with man, except with man's consent and by his coöperation. He has made no demand for woman's participation in his business and duties, and he can not spare her from her own. He is not likely to—he *will* not—concur in her degradation; and if she persists in making herself vile in spite of him, he will cease to respect her as a being that has ceased to respect herself.

Let us now glance at the complaint about marriage. The grievance in this matter has been found out to be so great that many ladies—principally in America—have come to the determination not to be married legally, or according to the forms of the Church, because the terms of the contract, as set forth by the Church and by the statute-book, are so manifestly oppressive toward women. The husband is installed as absolute irresponsible lord—lord of the person and of the substance of the wife, who, on her side, is to enjoy the infinite honor of serving and obeying him! Can this be tolerated? Can any sentient, intelligent female so far forget her dignity as to subscribe such an agreement? Now, we can not say that the bargain, as set forth in the marriage ceremony, has ever appeared to us such a one-sided engagement as the reformers represent it; if the concessions be unequal, that made by the bridegroom is the greater. The little word "obey" sticks, it seems, in the ladies' throats; but what say they to "with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow," which the husband has to repeat? Is it not a stiffish article? But, say the reformers, it is mere moonshine, and practically inoperative. To which we reply, that the obedience promised by the wife is not always seen in practice. Either party that has no conscience may not adhere to the vows, but that does not show the vows to be unfair; it only proves the faithlessness of individuals.

The contract should be viewed according to its whole spirit, which certainly does not intend, and, when rightly understood, can not be charged with unfairness to either side. It has been admirably calculated to yield an equality of advantages, to give to each sex freedom for its own proper powers and talents, while securing to it the greatest amount of assistance from the other sex, although, from the difference of the sexes, it can not promise each party absolute equality in every thing. It is to be feared that many, very many, enter this estate without

duly considering the real rights and obligations of the contracting parties; and it is to be feared that thousands in the present day are caught by the specious objections of the reformers, from not being fortified by a due appreciation of the meaning and spirit of Christian matrimony.

As to the state of the law on the subject, we can not see any objection to revising it, now that so many ancient statutes are receiving attention. The enactments, we presume, were to a great extent arbitrary, and framed to suit the times in which they were made. And, as we permit any pair on the eve of wedlock to make, by special settlements, a disposition of property other than that which the general statute would prescribe, and every pair might resort to such settlements if they were so minded, and thus make the common law of none effect, we presume that in altering the statutes so as to suit the general convenience, we should do nothing repugnant to the spirit of the English code. Let woman's grievances be looked into by all means; or rather let us, by all means, examine and ascertain whether woman is aggrieved by the law or no. For really we have our doubts not only as to the extent of the grievance, but whether there be any grievance.

In times past, the very fact of such complaints as these finding a voice would have proved that at any rate a respectable number believed themselves to be aggrieved; but in these days, when the ear of the public is so readily obtained, a handful of dissentients can raise as much clamor as a million. The appearance of the manifesto is no sort of voucher that it is numerously subscribed; and as the non-reforming ladies are, from their nature, not likely to disturb the eternal silences by a counter declaration, we can form, after all, but a very vague idea of the movement's strength. In some of the regions of America, it would seem, the males greatly outnumber the females, and the latter are using the opportunity to drive exceedingly hard matrimonial bargains. Well, let them. But they surely will not complain if, when the tables are turned, and man shall get the dominion, he shall break their yoke from off his neck.

We have implied a doubt as to the real numerical strength of the movement, because the latter lies open to the suspicion of being, after all, only an association of the disappointed females, one or two of whom are to be found in every community. All of us are familiar with the unattractive and sometimes repulsive woman who, feeling that she has not a chance of admiration or attention from the other sex, rates men

for their blindness and perversity, rails at beauty and feminine charms, and labors to excite a comparison of intellectual gifts, in which she hopes beauty will be found wanting, and in which she herself may bear away a prize. Therefore it is very desirable that it should be ascertained what manner of women the foremost reformers are—whether the movement is an effort of desperation or not. If it be so, the mischief will be comparatively small; yet, even then, womankind are much endangered by it, and would do well to denounce and repudiate the whole affair. They can gain nothing; they may lose a great deal.

Provoked to speak by the many observations which have been submitted to the public since we first addressed ourselves to the subject, we have been led away from our intended track, and find that we have left the middle ages far behind. It was an almost inevitable digression. Yet, linked as they are, what a contrast between the shrouded glories of the past and the restless realities of to-day! Five centuries ago such a future as is now around us could not have been believed in. We to-day find it hard to realize the world which existed five centuries ago. The difference in external things is, no doubt, marvelous; and so, perhaps, is the difference in the sum of human knowledge and the attainment of human intellect. But human nature has *not* changed; it is the same to-day as it was yesterday. We trust, therefore, that we have not unprofitably turned aside from the contemplation of what woman was, and how she ruled of old, to a review of what has been said professedly on her behalf in these latter days. She did once achieve the subjugation and subordination of men, but she has forgotten her spells, and her influence is waning. Blind guides incite her to a course the very opposite of that whereby she formerly prevailed. We believe that if she follows this course she will fail; but that if she remain true to herself, her reign may last.

THE end of the work is to enjoy leisure, but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how bright it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness around to make its presence felt.

WE WANT SOMETHING.

WHAT means the hurrying of eager faces along the street? what mean the printing-presses, the art galleries, the crowded theaters? what mean the struggles, the throes of humanity? These are but the index to the want, the terrible want of humanity. The eager gaping after novelty is but an attempt to appease this want; we have tried the old things, and they do not touch the soul; perhaps this new thing will. The pavements of our towns are worn smooth with the "soles of unblest feet" seeking that which satisfieth not; the country roads are dusty from the rolling wheels bearing along those that are on the same quest. All the crimes that have startled the world—and it must be a tremendous crime that will startle this world of ours—have been the result of this want. It is sad to view the multitudes that never find that which they rush after, but, instead, certain ruin, that lies in their way, like the concealed road that became the death-trench of Napoleon's soldiers at his fatal Waterloo; but it is heart-rending to think of the hunger cries of these souls throughout endless ages; to think of the eternities in which they must feel this terrible want, and have but an empty, illimitable space from which to appease it.

But we need not look at the crowds, at the hurrying multitudes, at the eager faces in the street to see the expression of this want; our own looking-glasses reflect, or have reflected, as hungry faces, and each one of us can remember when this want has made his soul a living agony. You say, "I know I want something, but I am just about to grasp it." Think you that this something within your embrace can satisfy you who have yearnings after the Infinite? "I know I am hungry and thirsty, but I am just about to be filled." Filled you may be, glutted, but satisfied never with earthly food.

Poor, sad humanity, drinking the vinegar and gall because you thirst, listen to the words: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Poor, weary humanity, wearing out your life in a phantom-chase, why do you spend your labor for that which satisfieth not? Poor, dying humanity, seeking life and finding the grave, hear the words, "I am the life." Poor, orphaned, home-sick humanity, have you forgotten to say, "Our Father?" and do you not know that all heaven yearns to take you into the Father's house, and there is no envious brother there to begrudge you the feast prepared for you?

We want something, though we may have friends who are as our own soul; all that wealth, taste, genius itself can bring; our life may be aromatic with poetry; we may be "an abyss, a bottomless pit of knowledge;" we may have home, father, mother, all that heart could wish except this something that we want. Yes, we may have friends, true friends, whatever misanthropes may say; yet there is an untouched place in the soul, an aching void in the heart, a yearning of the whole being for something. My highest idea of heaven is expressed in the words of the Psalmist, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Satisfied—the deep rest that is expressed by that word; we search in vain for earthly emblems of it. The babe, just going to sleep on the bosom of its mother, is satisfied because stupefied; it seems an utter impossibility for any thing human to be thoroughly awake, alive, and satisfied; but "when I awake with His likeness," with soul, mind, heart all aroused, I shall be satisfied. As I say the word over to myself, I linger to taste each syllable. Since the death-frost, there have been the frosts of many Winters to chill that bosom on which I took my infant sleep; never such rest can my weary head and heart find again; but infolded in the bosom of Infinite Love, I shall be satisfied.

I am glad that we feel this want; the attempt to satisfy it has built our bridges, dug our canals, made our country a net-work of railroads, has spun our telegraph webs in the air, has whitened every sea with our sails, has built our seminaries and colleges; and every soul that has sought Christ has been impelled by it. Besides, this "want that hollows all the heart" is a hint at the divinity of our nature; coarse meats and drinks are not our proper food and drink, but ambrosia and nectar, the food and drink of the gods.

"In those that are born blind," says Montaigne, "who, we know, wish that they could see, it is not that they understand what they desire; they have learned from us that they want something." With the words of Montaigne are associated in my mind these of another old writer: "The blind born so renowned in the sacred Scriptures, having at his choice to ask whatever he would from Him who is almighty, and whose word in an instant is effectually performed, asked nothing else but that he might see."

Surely, could the poor, blind, groping multitudes learn from us what a glorious thing sight is, what a world of light and beauty it reveals to us, what a heaven of stars, they would not ask for wealth, for honor—would ask nothing

but that they might see. But the truth is they have not learned from us what it is to see; they, many of them, doubt the reality of sight. We, that have had our spiritual eyes opened to behold the King in his beauty, are yet dazzled with the glitter of gold; we pursue the phantoms that they chase as though we saw no more glorious realities; we, too, seem unsatisfied. It should not be thus. O, were every Christian "filled with all the fullness of God," how soon would poor souls still their importunate hunger clamors! What do I want, who have the Almighty for my Father, Christ for my Savior and elder brother, the Spirit for my comforter, the triune God for my strength, heaven for my home?

REV. SAMUEL Y. MONROE, D. D.

ON the 9th of February, 1867, the telegraphic wires bore to large portions of our Church the startling intelligence that on that morning Dr. Monroe, Corresponding Secretary of the Church Extension Society, had been killed on the railroad near Jersey City. He had left his home in Camden, New Jersey, on that morning for New York, having an appointment for Sunday at Sands-Street Church, Brooklyn. When near Jersey City—at the Point of Rocks—he stepped out upon the rear platform of the middle car in which he had been sitting—probably on account of faintness caused by a momentary nausea—and it is presumed he was thrown off the platform, while the train was passing round a sharp curve, against a wall of jagged rocks, causing, it appears, instant death. His body was found soon after the train had passed, and was taken to Hudson City. Certain papers found upon his person led to the supposition that he might be a Methodist minister; and notice of that fact was given to Rev. M. E. Ellison, of Hudson City, by whom the deceased was identified, and to whose residence the body was at once removed. On Sabbath afternoon a funeral service was called at the house of Rev. Mr. Ellison; but so large was the attendance, that the house would not contain the multitude, when the services were removed to the Baptist church, near by, which was kindly offered for the occasion. At six o'clock on Sabbath evening the remains were sent to the home so suddenly made desolate by the death of a husband and father. On Wednesday, the 13th, from before the altar of the Third-Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Camden, after most impressive services, in which many distinguished members of the Church, dearly beloved by the deceased, had participated, and

followed and mourned by a sympathizing multitude, his remains were borne by twelve of his beloved associates in the ministry to the Evergreen Cemetery, where they await the voice of God and the trump of the archangel.

Mr. Monroe was born at Mount Holly, New Jersey, July 1, 1816. In early life he enjoyed excellent advantages for acquiring a good English education. He was early the subject of deep religious impressions, and at the age of twelve was deeply convicted of sin, and bowed at a mourner's bench imploring pardon. The next day he felt that he had acted foolishly, as he was a mere boy, and had seen comparatively little of life. Afraid, however, to dismiss the matter entirely, he made a vow that he would give himself to Christ at the age of eighteen. He removed to Philadelphia and was fully converted to God in the Autumn of 1833, under the labors of Rev. Charles Pitman. He remained a member of the Church he had joined in Philadelphia for eight years, pursuing at the time the wholesale drug business, and acting as class-leader, Sabbath school superintendent, and local preacher in the Church. He entered the traveling ministry in 1843, having been recommended to the Philadelphia Conference from Union Church, Philadelphia, but because that body was already full, the recommendation was taken to the New Jersey Conference, where he was admitted, and within which, as it then was, he labored till called to the more general interest in whose service he died. He was eminently a model Methodist minister, and as such he gained and retained the confidence of his brethren to a marked degree. He was three times elected a delegate to the General Conference, in which body he was recognized as a wise and discreet counselor. At the General Conference of 1864 he received a highly flattering vote for the office of bishop, among the highest next to those that were elected. And all this was done as a spontaneous tribute to his fidelity and practical worth.

When the Church Extension Society was organized in 1865, the Bishops, to whom the General Conference had committed the duty of appointing a Corresponding Secretary, very wisely selected Dr. Monroe, as a man eminently fitted to discharge the duties of that important office. "He hesitated; there were many reasons, complimentary as was the call, and honorable as was the position, why he should not accept. But, waiving considerations of personal ease, and yielding, as he had ever done, to the call of the Church, he went to his work. Unlike the other agencies of the Church, then in successful oper-

ation, this Society had to be organized and set in motion to meet a wide-spread providential demand for aid. Upon this herculean task he entered with all the energies of his nature, devising large and liberal schemes of usefulness, and then engaging in their execution with a moral heroism which triumphed over many obstacles, and a devotion of purpose which secured for a new charity not only an unequalled measure of success, but the highest approval of the whole American Methodist Church.

"But the demands upon this new Society were too numerous and imperative. Large appropriations had been made; Churches, in view of these appropriations, had commenced building; the Centenary collections interfered with his success; money could not be obtained in sums sufficiently large to meet all the drafts upon the treasury, and the finances of the Society were most embarrassing. In the midst of this state of things the Secretary was daily in receipt of letters from every quarter of the land in language the most earnest that a stern and absolute necessity could suggest. Sometimes these letters were even threatening and denunciatory in their tone. His sensitive nature felt the whole responsibility. What could be done? Efforts for funds were made in all the large cities with but limited success. The waves were high; they threatened to engulf him. He did not say with David, 'All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me,' but his frequent heart-felt ejaculation, 'O Lord Jesus, O Lord Jesus!' by day and by night, for weeks and months, told how deeply he felt, and to whom in this hour of darkness he looked for help."

During this period his labors were undoubtedly excessive; and, in the opinion of those who had the best opportunity for knowing, were beginning sensibly to impair his health and vigor. In addition to an extensive correspondence, he visited and addressed some fifty Conferences upon the subject of church extension; preached once or twice nearly every Sabbath; organized his work almost over the whole Church; and raised and disbursed about \$60,000 during the first year of the Society's existence. The day before his death he said to his wife, "I have done all I can; I have traveled, I have written, I have begged, I have prayed; I now leave the Society in the hands of God." She said encouragingly, "That is right; it is God's work, and will go on when you are sleeping in your grave." Mrs. Monroe adds, "I think, then, when he gave up his will to God's will, to be successful or unsuccessful, his character was finished, and he was prepared for his heavenly home." She continues, "In the

evening we were sitting in the parlor; our daughter was on a stool at our feet. At my request he read the sermon he intended to preach at Sands-Street, Brooklyn, on the following Sabbath morning—"Let us not sleep as do others." Twice he stopped and said, 'I am afraid you are weary.' We said, 'O no, go on;' and so he finished. Thus was spent his last evening at home. He was not well on Saturday morning, and prepared to leave with great reluctance. Nothing but the imperative need of the collection would have caused him to go. He longed for rest. He said, 'On Sabbath I preach at Sands-Street, on Sabbath week at Third-Street, Camden, and then I mean to take one Sabbath's rest.' I went with him to the front door; he looked grave and sad, as though the shadow of his fate rested upon his spirit. He kissed me, and said, 'Good-by.' I said, 'Shall I expect you home to tea on Monday evening?' He said, 'If I can.' He then walked to the end of the piazza, came back the second time, kissed me, and said again, 'Good-by!'" "In a few hours, before these parting kisses were cold on affection's lips, his pure spirit went up to that Sabbath rest which knows no coming day of toil."

Dr. Monroe was a man of sterling integrity, of a pure Christian character, of a gentlemanly deportment, of firmness of purpose, of tenderness and gentleness of spirit, of sound judgment, and untiring perseverance in the discharge of duty. In every position that he occupied in the Church, as pastor, presiding elder, in the Book Committee, in the Missionary Board, as representative in the General Conference, and as Corresponding Secretary, every-where he was beloved for his personal deportment, trusted for the honesty and purity of his Christian character, and respected for the breadth of his views, the soundness of his judgment, and the sagacity of his counsels. In the General Conference he was numbered among the hardest-working members on the committees, and the most influential on the platform. His speeches claimed universal attention, and established him at once as a representative man. His first tendencies were always on the side of conservatism; he was not hasty in making conclusions; and though wise enough to perceive the necessity of progress, he preferred in great questions of society and the Church to "make haste slowly." Accordingly he was found, in the great agitation of both Church and State preceding the outbreak of the recent war, on the side disposed to pacify and conciliate. But when the first sound of actual war was heard, Mr. Monroe was instantly and unreservedly on the side of the

Government and of human liberty, and eminently distinguished himself throughout his native State and in the councils of the Church, as a sterling patriot and advocate for the freedom and elevation of the oppressed.

Dr. Monroe was a model minister of the Gospel. His attachment to the Church, her officers, ministers, doctrines, and the free salvation which he delighted to preach, amounted almost to a passion. He felt that his business in life was to work in his Master's vineyard so that he might render up his account with joy. On his first circuit four hundred persons were converted under his ministry. When stationed in the city of Newark he visited persons in every stage of cholera night and day, frequently closing their eyelids, and to the last moment whispering the name of Jesus in their dying ears. The poor in all his appointments were the chief objects of his attention; he sought them out in their humble homes; tried to cheer the discouraged, and to make them feel that they had a friend in the Church of Christ, and the best of all friends in Christ himself. The tenth of what he received he laid aside for God, so that he always had something for the Church and something for the poor and needy.

As a preacher he was able, earnest, evangelical, and edifying. In this respect he has been admirably sketched by his friend, Rev. E. H. Stokes, whose pen, though moving lovingly, has not praised too highly. "His whole time was devoted to the legitimate work of a Gospel minister. His highest ambition was to be useful. The result was in all his charges his ministry was a grand success. There were several reasons why this was so. His own soul was thoroughly permeated by the Gospel which he preached. The scheme of redemption as completed on the cross was with him not only a matchless theory, but a *felt power*! He knew the blood of Christ could—*did save*! In this assurance he was strong, nay, mighty. He grew in the unity of the faith, and in the knowledge of the Son of God, into a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ; so that his religious experience was ripe, and rich, and full. This, added to his strong and nervous sense, his sound judgment, his quick, natural, and spiritual perceptions, his extensive and ever-increasing knowledge of the Scriptures, his thorough mastery of the English language, his remarkable powers of persuasion, together with his warm and sympathetic nature, gave him the ability to present the truth with an almost irresistible force. His expositions of the Word of God were so rich in evangelical thought, and so

beautifully thorough in their grasp, that the hidden meaning of the sacred text often broke in upon the soul like the golden sunlight bursting from behind the clouds.

"Sometimes his discourses were filled with passages of sublimest eloquence—eloquence, not like the fitful gleams of light upon the foamy sea, but the solid granite of massive and rugged thought, or polished to highest luster by softest, sweetest words of gentleness and love. But there were other causes of success—causes which our young ministers would do well to study and imitate. *He was a pastor.* How much of excellence is centered in that word! In the midst of the world's waywardness how we need the steady hand of a confiding friend whose counsels rise above selfishness; the breathings of whose devout heart are for our eternal wellbeing; in whose benign countenance we see the blendings of Christian cheerfulness and the gravity of age; while we feel an influence accompanying all which belongs to wisdom's ripest years! He was such a pastor! patient, persevering, sympathetic, and thorough; counseling the wayward, encouraging the weak, sympathizing with the bereaved and sorrowful, till all, even the humblest, felt that they had in him not only a kind pastor, but a deeply interested personal friend. The ministry of such a man could not be otherwise than successful, and hundreds in every charge were added to the Lord."

In his domestic relations, as a husband and father, he shone not less brightly than in his public relations and duties. To his quiet home, the sanctuary of his purest earthly joys, he was fondly attached, and never was he more happy than when within its precincts, in the society of his wife and daughter. We will close this sketch with the picture of that home-life drawn by her who knew him best and loved him most. "In his family he was genial, confiding, and affectionate; always when absent taking time to write two or three letters a week; and when at home, on his return from his office, he would give us a full account of all that had happened through the day, and then say, 'Now give me your account.' On reaching home from the last journey from which he returned to us alive, he said, 'What a blessed thing it is to have a home; it is such a shelter, and such a rest!' His experience was that of the just, 'which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' He recognized God in every thing, in all the minute events of life, and never undertook any thing without asking to be guided by the Lord.

"During the last few weeks of his life both body and mind were overburdened with the re-

sponsibilities of his office. Feeling, as he did, intensely the great importance of the work of Church Extension, he spent nearly all his time in preparing documents, and writing letters to the ministers, endeavoring to arouse them to a corresponding sense of its importance. The Centenary collection interfered very much with the receipts, and, being very sensitive, he sympathized deeply with the struggling Churches which he was unable to aid. The last few days of his life he was almost constantly engaged in ejaculatory prayer. God was evidently preparing him for the change. As we recall the incidents of those last days now we can plainly see it. Frequently, night and day, I would hear him say, 'Lord Jesus.' He longed for rest, but felt that his duties would not permit him to take it. He has now entered into that rest for which he so much longed. We who knew him in the intimacy of the home circle, and were constant witnesses of his humility, his charity, his resignation, and his untiring labors for God in season and out of season, feel that he has a high seat in heaven, very near the throne of God. Like Paul, he counted all things but loss, that he might win Christ. He fought the fight well, and the victory is his."

NEANDER'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

(CONCLUDED.)

PROF. PIPER, Neander's enthusiastic disciple and quondam famulus of many years, favorably known as a Christian archæologist, teases in a witty, humorous toast his next neighbor, the gymnasial director, Ranke, whom he represents as the model of punctuality, but as being always too late in the social gatherings of friends.

Prof. Trendelenburg, Sachs, the humane director of the institute for the deaf mute, the flowery pulpit orator, Krummacher, author of *Elijah* and *Elisha*, councillor Eilers, the manager and protector of the higher school affairs of the kingdom, are among the guests.

Dr. Julius, who had for many years befriended the Neander family, is Hannchen's next neighbor at the lower end of the table, and for the time being the best-humored target of her wit. Dr. Julius is an enthusiastic admirer of the Pennsylvania system of solitary confinement. To Hannchen's tender heart this system appears cruel, and she improves, therefore, every opportunity to convert her friends to her view. At this very moment she directs her battery against him again.

"Dear me!" she exclaims, "our table looks

too bare; to be sure, I have forgotten the best." So saying, she leaves the room, and presently returning, she places "the best" on the table. This "best" is a large earthen pot with many holes, that a long time before had been filled by the Doctor with earth and flower-bulbs, and presented to Hannchen. But at this time there peeps through every hole, not a crocus or snow-drop, but the little head of some lilliputian in solitary confinement.

"What does this mean, Hannchen?"

"My Pennsylvania system, according to the prescription of my friend, Dr. Julius," says Hannchen gravely, and declaims with genuine pathos the following stanza:

"Laster wohnt auf allen Wegen
Tugend wohnt für sich allein,
Laster kommt dir schnell entgegen
Eingesperrt wird Tugend sein."

"Vice is established every-where,
Virtue only by herself;
Vice quickly meets thee every-where,
Vice confined is pure virtue."

Hannchen is to-day quite in her element. While at the other end of the table the conversation is of a rather literary character, Hannchen's neighbors are in a perfect glee. Hannchen loves, like her brother, the society of the young above every thing else, and "her students" are heartily devoted to the old, cheerful, and amiable lady.

Many a student or candidate of theology, that had no other idea, when he came the first time to Neander's house, than that he had to be here as grave as in the pulpit, has been most agreeably disappointed. While intently engaged in the study, what to say and how to deliver it, he was all at once surprised by Hannchen's question, "Mr. Candidate, you are, of course, betrothed? Not? I have always thought that it was a matter of course that every candidate was betrothed," and, *volens*, he has to be joyous with the rest.

"Revered lady," says a young Greek, who has studied in Berlin, and often incurred Hannchen's displeasure with his Hegelian philosophy, "have you been good enough to write a few lines for my album? I shall have to leave Berlin next week."

"Certainly, here it is."

Around Hannchen's lips there is playing, while she hands the paper to the Greek, a fine, satirical smile. The whole company insisting upon it, he reads aloud: "To be and not to be is, according to Hegel, one and the same thing; hence, to be here and not to be here is likewise identical; and yet you want me to write something for your album when you go away!"

"You will travel awhile for your pleasure, I

suppose, before returning to Greece," said a kind neighbor to the embarrassed disciple of Hegel.

"No, he travels for my pleasure," Hannchen whispered quickly into the ear of the querist.

Thus Hannchen's keen intellect and vivacity send, like a wheel of fire, sparks in every direction, and even the dullest is soon set on fire.

At the upper end of the table the glasses resound. Ehrenberg brings out in cordial, becoming words a toast to the indefatigable and fruitful author, Neander, referring to the recently published editions of Neander's monographs, St. Bernard, Chrysostom, and Tertullian, and setting forth that the works of the noble theologian of the heart reach even beyond the ocean and help to build in America a new shining Church on the firm foundation of Christianity.

But the speaker has scarcely finished when the unanimous call is heard, "Strauss, the toast! the excellent toast!" Even Neander's sober face is lit by a gentle smile, but Hannchen clasps her hands in rapture. Many years before Strauss had risen at Neander's table on the latter's birthday, had touched his glass and said with a gravity peculiar to himself, "Friends, our revered host has given to the world a work, by dint of his indefatigableness and rare learning, that will dispense blessings and will be eagerly read as long as books are appreciated—his History of the Church, which is based upon the most thorough study of the original sources and the purest love of truth, and may be called with the same propriety a history of practical Christianity as a history of the Church. In this work the author reinstates a truly Christian Church-historiography; penetrated by its author's firm faith and amiable mildness, it both instructs and edifies. By his Church History our Neander enters as a peer the shining phalanx of Church fathers. Yet all this is not new to you; but I have my doubts," he says, with a rising voice, "whether you know that our revered friend is the sole author of 'Neander's Church History.'"

Here the speaker made a pause; the guests looked in astonishment, yea, in amazement at each other. Neander himself was restless on his chair, while Hannchen cast looks full of wrath at the bold speaker, and it seemed as if she would not content herself with mere looks.

With marked solemnity Strauss continued: "Yes, my friends, I am proud that I have made the discovery that Neander's Church History owes its origin to the cooperation of a very worthy assistant."

The general uneasiness increased. Neander

moved about more restlessly; Hannchen's look was more fierce and defiant.

"And this as yet unknown assistant is in our midst."

"Strauss, no, that is too bad, that is mean," Hannchen here burst forth.

But with a beaming countenance Strauss went on: "I take pride in bringing now to the coöperator, or rather to the coöperatrix of the Church History a thankful vivat—Hannchen Neander, the most faithful of sisters, who devotes her whole life to her brother, who keeps away from him with anxious solicitude every thing that might disturb or disquiet him—Hannchen Neander, who is so intimately interwoven with the life of August Neander—Hannchen Neander, whom I call for these reasons very justly the coöperatrix of Neander's Church History—may she live long and happy!"

A storm of applause now burst forth, while the "Neander children," with the utmost tenderness, looked at each other, and Strauss laughed that the table shook. This toast has become a regular one on Neander's birthday. "Strauss, now the toast!" is the regular call, and, although every one is acquainted with it, yet it is received every time with the same eclat.

The simple meal is ended; leaning on the arm of Strauss, Neander goes to his study, and the older guests follow him.

This circle of friends is still large and glorious, although many noble spirits have left it. Wilhelm Neumann and Adelbert von Chamisso have been called away by death; but August Varnhagen von Ense has left it because he loved the joys of this world more than those of religion. The Norwegian, Henrich Steffens, and others, have slept these many years by the side of Schleiermacher and Marheinecke in the Dreifaltigkeitskirchhofe.

But of all the deaths of dearly beloved friends none affected Neander so painfully as that of his disciple and intimate friend, Hermann Rösse, who in manly beauty, by his speculative and poetical genius, by keenness of intellect and depth of feeling far overtopped all his fellow-students. He was called hence four years before Neander, who had ardently wished to hand to this "*princeps juventutis*"—this "prince of youths"—the torch to let it shine before men. To him he had transferred every thing that was "the soul of his life." Yet even in this case Neander did not lack all consolation; "it is from God, and we must thank him for it."

Meanwhile Hannchen has taken her company likewise to her room. This room contains a thousand wonderful and strange things, for the most part presents of friends, and is as

variegated as the dress of its mistress. Many a one of these presents of foreign friends has a story of its own about the cunning which its owner had to practice in passing the different borders, as Hannchen prides herself to be the inventrix of the Zollverein. Among these playthings there is preëminent a beautiful marble bust of Neander, one of Drake's finest works, and presented to Neander by the students on one of his birthdays.

Some of Hannchen's female friends, generally young girls, join the company, and lively scenes now commence. Various diverting plays are played, riddles and poems improvised, adages quoted, and in the dimly lit room the most horrible hobgoblin and ghost stories related, and Hannchen is the leading spirit in all these diversions.

All at once the light of a hundred torches rises from the street below, and by as many clear, youthful voices the beautiful Psalm—xxiii—is sung: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." They are the students that as usual have formed a torchlight procession in honor of their most dearly beloved Professor on his birthday, and now make the welkin ring with their vivats.

A committee of students enter the room in order to congratulate, in the name of all, their dearest Professor on his birthday, and, especially, to thank him that he has not suspended his lectures, notwithstanding his sore ocular afflictions for the last three years. In former years the students used to make a present to their revered Professor, on such occasions, of some superbly bound Church father, but of late Neander has declined these presents. But the students have, notwithstanding this, collected among themselves, and now hand to him the large collection, praying him to receive it for his foundation, the institute for the relief of sick students.

Deeply moved, his eyes moistened, his hands folded, Neander stands before his students. In former years he used to thank the students below, in a shorter or longer speech, from the window, but on account of his sore eyes this has been impossible for him for several years. "But I must thank all my young friends; please request them to come up," he says.

Hannchen becomes a little alarmed on account of the scanty number of her saucers and butter-breads, but soon finds comfort in the idea, "one after another."

Throwing their torches together, the students now sing,

"Vivat academia
Vivant professores," etc.

The students now fill the rooms and the hall, and Neander expresses, with deep emotion and a trembling voice, in simple, touching words to his "dear commilites and dearly beloved friends" his thanks and his love, telling them that it is owing to his familiar intercourse with his young friends, that in his old heart there is still the freshness of youth, that he lives, for this reason, the best portion of his life for his students, adding, that it is, indeed, something beautiful to be on terms of intimacy with books, and to gather fruits from them, but that even this harvest would be for him, comparatively, valueless, if he were not permitted to nourish and train with these fruits young, active laborers for the kingdom of God. And then heartily shakes the hand of each and every one.

Late in the evening the students take their leave, and sing in the street below the ode,

"Integer vitae scelerisque purus."

This was Neander's last birthday.

On the 15th of July, 1850, on a bright Sunday morning, Neander did not awake again from out of the deep slumber into which he had fallen the evening before, with the words, "I am tired, I am going to sleep now, good-night."

On the 17th of July he was carried to the Jerusalem cemetery, and buried there beside the old green graves of his mother and sister Henriette. Krummacher spoke at his grave from the words: "Know ye not, that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Poor Hannchen never recovered from this stroke; it had hit, yea, broken her heart. With her brother Augustus, the better portion of her earthly existence had been taken from her. As one of her friends congratulated her once on her birthday, she said, "Let that alone; since I have no more life, I have no more birthday."

Hannchen's former cheerfulness was gone forever; there was only now and then a sally of wit. Her inward grief, as well as her outward mourning for her brother, she never laid aside again. Being unable to stay any longer in the old residence, she moved nearer to the grave of her brother. Never again did she set her foot under the Linden, or in the Thiergarten, where she had walked so often and so happy in the arm of her brother, and where every child had known them. Never again did she go to Carlsbad, although her physicians advised her to do so, since every spot there would have reminded her painfully of her great loss. She found joy only in collecting and adorning her little room with as many pictures of the great dead as possible. It was really touching to see the old, half-blinded lady sitting

for hours with her eyes immovably fixed upon the bust of Neander, standing on a little table before her.

Neander left, of earthly property, nothing but books—every thing else he and his sister had given away. Frederick William IV relieved the old lady of all care in this respect by giving her a considerable annual pension for life.

Neander's library, consisting of 4,000 volumes, many of them with marginal notes from Neander, traveled to America, and is in the Theological Seminary of the German Reformed Church, at Mercersburg. The amount realized for it Hannchen used for founding a free table for poor students; the balance of what she had left at her death she donated to her brother's foundation. The great bust of Neander she willed to the University.

Her brother's grave she had adorned by Drake, with a beautiful white monument of marble; below the very natural relief-portrait of Neander are inscribed the few words:

AUGUSTUS NEANDER,

Born January 16, 1789; died July 14, 1850.

"We see now through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

For four years more Hannchen could be seen, almost daily, wending her way with trembling steps to the grave of her brother; there she found, in the same month in which her brother had died, rest in death, which she had so ardently desired.

Hannchen Neander's grave has, long ago, almost disappeared—no cross or slab records the name of the most loving of sisters—but as long as Augustus Neander shall live in the memory of mankind, Hannchen Neander will likewise not be forgotten.

NATURE will be reported: all things are engaged in writing its history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The fallen drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of memoranda and signatures; and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent and observant.

FANNY BETHEL,
THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

CHAPTER I.

"I AM *vurry*, *vurry* sorry for to hear it—*vurry* sorry itself," said Mrs. Stintem, as she weighed half a pound of cheese, from which she kept cutting sundry little bits lest she should give down weight, till, still diminishing as she cut and cut, there was some danger that the portion which remained would share the fate of that which the monkey was to divide between the quarreling cats. "But when did it happen, Mrs. Brooks? I am sure it is not more than a day or two ago since Mr. Bethel was here for to get some of my best tea; he never would have inferior articles, poor man, and I know that then he was as livin' like as any body. May be 'tain't true."

"It's as true as preaching," said Mrs. Brooks, "for my Amandy has been staying with Miss Fanny for more nor a week, helping to make the soap, and do up some odd chores, and she says it happened suddent like. He eat his supper well enough, but a little while afterward he went off just like the snuff of a candle. But Mandy has to go out to-night, so I must be off at once;" and having received her little package, done up in brown paper, off she did go.

Mrs. Stintem would have followed her in order to hear exactly how it was that Mr. Bethel went off so suddenly, but just then a customer came in, and she was obliged to restrain her curiosity, for, although she loved gossip, she loved pence still more, and preferred to increase the contents of the money drawer to hearing news. The last customers were at length served, the door locked, the shop window barred, and bidding her daughter, Miss Bettie, to be careful of every thing, she started off for the house of her neighbor, Mrs. Brooks. The hour was rather late for visiting, for, in this quiet village, it was the custom to rise up with the lark and lie down with the lamb, an injunction given us by our worthy ancestors, but widely departed from in the present day.

Here, however, late as it was, and to her great dissatisfaction, she found, seated beside the Autumn fire, a person whom she particularly disliked, and from hatred of whose presence she would gladly have withdrawn, preferring to postpone the gratification of her curiosity rather than be obliged to face one, to her, so truly formidable. This was an elderly woman, a conspicuous character in the village, and much looked up to by the little community. Presiding as mistress of ceremonies on all public occasions, such as picnics, wedding feasts, or funeral

arrangements, she was looked upon as the wise woman of the village, and her word was considered almost a law. Warm-hearted as well as warm-tempered, benevolent and most unselfish, always ready to relieve distress, uphold the unfortunate, take the part of the friendless and oppressed, and the kindest nurse in sickness, she was welcomed wherever she went, and, although in humble circumstances, held in high estimation by every one in the neighborhood. Thus regarded as an oracle, although she could not do too much for those she respected, she took the liberty of uttering very plain truths to others who, she said, "deserved a taking down," and, therefore, did not spare Mrs. Stintem, and was fond of recalling certain unpleasant events which that lady had conveniently forgotten. Mrs. Brooks, who was more gentle, and not quite so fearless as Rachel Hudson, would sometimes remonstrate, and beg "Aunt Rachel not to come down quite so hard on poor Becky, who was ignorant, and had her head quite turned with getting the old uncle's money." To which the reply would be, "I have nothing ag'in Becky Stintem's getting the money, but big gifts make beggars bold, and she forgets, when she lived in the collier grounds, and when her mother died, and her brothers ran away, what old Mrs. Evans did for her. It jist makes me sick to hear her talk; and if I sometimes say hard things to her, I never tell her any thing but the truth, and that 'aye stands without a prop.' No, no, when she begins her big talks afore me, I only tell her what the rest of you think, but are afeard to say. I only bid her to 'sit in her own place, and then none can bid her rise.'"

Mrs. Stintem entered Mrs. Brooks's room so abruptly that she did not see Aunt Rachel; she would gladly have retreated, but finding that she could not, boldly resolved to stand her ground.

"I could hardly wait till that chatty Mrs. Jones was sarved and ready to go," she said, on entering, without dreaming of making an apology for her late visit, "I was so *vurry* anxious for till hear all about what the Bethels are going till do out at the Locusts, as they call their fine place out yonder. Yes, Locust enough it is, since the old man has been eaten out of house and home by his grand friends. I wonder what that haughty Miss Fanny and that proud young Kate will do; they will have to go to work like other people, for folks say Mr. Bethel was over head and ears in debt, and there won't be the fust red cent left."

"And would not you be sorry to see them turned out of the old home, Becky?" said the

kind-hearted Mrs. Brooks. "For my part I should. Mr. Bethel was rich when he came among us, and you know he spent his money here, and if he did get low and do wrong at last, why, I am sure he ought to be more pitied than blamed, for it is well known that he never cheated any body."

"They held themselves very high," said Mrs. Stintem, "with their silver tea service, and their pianny, and plenty of darkies to wait on them. I s'pose that silver and the pianny will be sold; if it is, it will go high, but I will have some of it. D'y'e think, Mrs. Brooks, that Fanny and Kate will go out as helps or seamsters? I would not stop to take Kate for victuals and clothes, for you know, now that we have got the money, Bettie must keep dressed, and we must have somebody to go errands and do up things about the house," she added, as she gave her head a toss, which showed that she was fully sensible how, in the turning of fickle fortune's wheel, she had got up out of the dust of poverty, and the Bethels had got down.

For the honor of human nature, although there are many like Mrs. Stintem to be found in places yet uncontaminated by the selfish and corroding influence of large communities, there are also others in these by-ways of life that bear the beautiful and holy impress of man's primitive possession, and proves his right to a heavenly origin. Mrs. Brooks was one of this kind; as different as oil is from water, there could be no affinity of spirit between Becky and herself; for her rule of life was that of the Gospel; love, which teaches to live peaceably with all men, prevented her from ever quarreling with her more worldly and selfish neighbor. Nevertheless, she was no milk-and-water character; and now rendered, we had almost said, righteously indignant, she answered her unfeeling guest with more show of warmth than she usually exhibited.

"I am surprised, Becky, that you can speak in this way of the Bethels. Sure the first Mrs. Bethel, to say nothing of her mother, old Mrs. Evans, yes, and the old man, too, were very kind to you in your sore trouble. And if there is nothing left for Fanny and poor Kate, who has no right to any thing there if there was, you ought not to talk in this way before the poor man is laid in his grave. You would feel very cheap if all should come out right, as I do hope it will, and those girls have fortins."

"Tut, fortins, indeed," replied Mrs. Stintem, tossing her head disdainfully, "I've got a claim ag'in the Locusts myself, and I know there'll be nothing left. And I do n't see as there is any harm in saying what I did, so you need not

take it up so strong. Fanny Bethel is no better nor any one else, and she has jist as good a right to go out as a help or seamster as another. What was her mother but a sewing girl, I'd like to know? And, as to Kate, if her mother had fine friends she had nothin' else, and I do n't suppose there is any one here will be willin' to keep her a fine lady. These grand friends would not take her when her mother died, and they won't do nothin' for her now, you'll see. Talk as fine as you like, neighbor Brooks, her nose is out of jint there."

Aunt Rachel had, till this moment, listened in silent wrath, but now rising from her chair, and wrapping her shawl around her as if about to depart, she gave vent to the feelings which, like volcanic elements, had been stirring in her heart, and could no longer be restrained. Her portly person seemed to dilate as she burst forth with, "Becky Stintem, I admire to hear you talk as you do, forgittin' the times that are past and gone. You call Fanny Bethel's mother, Fanny Evans, a sewin' girl? You whom old Mrs. Evans—a blissed good woman she was, too—saved from goin' to the poor-house, and kept for weeks and weeks, and treated like one of her own; and you a stranger from furrin' parts, too, for no body here knows yet where you came from. Well, well, may be the black ox may tread on your foot yet, as it has done before, and then you'll come to your senses, which you have lost ever since you got that old miser of a brother's money. All I have to say to you now is, go home and say your prayers, ask to be forgiven, for sartingly you need it. I don't know as much of Bible larnin' as I ought to, but this much of it I do know, that it says somewhere, 'Thine own and thy father's friend forsake thou not;' and surely when you was down, and the Evanses and Bethels up, they were your friends. Shame, woman, shame; your money won't do you any good if you do n't do what the Bible tells you. Go home now and say your prayers, as you never said them in your life before, for it's hard things you've been speakin' ag'in them *disolute* orphans, and the father not yet laid in the ground." And even while yet speaking, she drew her shawl around her portly person, and, assuming the step and air of an empress, departed without bidding any one "good-night."

Good Mrs. Brooks, knowing her peculiarities, was not offended, but Mrs. Stintem, although at first completely awed into silence by such an unexpected attack, felt her dignity greatly outraged, and, recovering her balance as soon as Aunt Rachel was out of hearing, gave vent to a burst of anger, sparing no epithet of contempt

for the old meddler, the Evanses and the Bethels, till she aroused the ire of the gentle Mrs. Brooks, who defended all of them to the best of her ability. It would weary our readers if we were to detail the conversation which continued to a late hour, without having any other effect than leaving Mrs. Stintem rather more embittered against the orphan Bethels than ever. Jealous of every one whose position in society was higher than her own, it wounded her pride to find that her lately acquired wealth would not weigh down the balance against worth and long-continued popularity, although now prosperity had given place to poverty and high position was to be changed for obscurity.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Bethel, tired of city life, had come to the little village of C. at a very early period, and pleased with the natural beauty of the place, no less than with the manners of the plain, but yet high-minded community, had, singularly enough, purchased a farm almost at once to settle among them. But as our readers would, perhaps, like to know something of the characters to whom we have already introduced them, we will throw a little light on the subject, and tell something of their history as concisely as possible. The descendants of the earliest settlers had remained on the lands occupied by their forefathers for a longer time than usual in our progressive country, and when speculators found their way to the rustic neighborhood, they were looked upon with suspicion and disgust, and any acquaintance with them shunned by most. When Mr. Bethel first made his appearance among them he was regarded with the same prejudice as were the rest of the "interlopers;" but well-bred, gentlemanly, and at once adapting himself to the usages of the place, the dislike gradually melted away under the softening influence of his handsome person and winning manners. His mental endowments were not very great, but he was well educated, and knew how to make the most of what he possessed, but there were many in that rustic circle who were greatly his superiors in intellect, although clownish in manner, and unpolished in speech. He was rich, and pleased with the unsophisticated and natural form of society in the village of C.; or, perhaps, actuated by a tenderer motive, he resolved to cast his lot among the simple dwellers there, and accordingly purchased a brier-smothered farm in the vicinity, which he soon brought into order, and built a beautiful house, to which, after a short time, he conducted his bride.

But while most of the descendants of primi-

tive settlers retained their property, old Owen Evans had been less fortunate. His family consisted of himself, his wife and two children, Morgan and Fanny, who were the delight of their parents' heart. Morgan was a fine, noble-looking, and high-spirited youth, and seemed well fitted to battle with the world. Fanny, without being regularly beautiful, possessed charms of a high order, which was more attractive than the most brilliant beauty. Slight, graceful, delicate, and quiet, she seemed as one belonging to another sphere, and no one that looked at her but must admire.

Old Owen Evans was ambitious only for his children's sake, and in an evil day suffered himself to be induced to enter into a speculation, seemingly safe and promising, which turned out ruinous, and he found himself in his old age beggared and bankrupt. His fine farm was sold to satisfy his creditors; and, every thing given up, the family exchanged their comfortable and substantial home by the brookside for a small, one-storied cottage in the village. They must for the future depend on their daily labor for a support; but the parents were now too old to make much effort, the burden of housekeeping must be borne by the children. The high-spirited son, however, declared that he could not work as a day-laborer on the soil of which they had once been the owners, and, bidding the beloved ones from whom he was about to part to "keep a stout heart till he returned," he left his home to go, he knew not where, determined never to show his face at C. till he was able to buy back all they had lost. He went, and his sister, nerving herself to encounter the toils that lay before her, with her parents took possession of the humble dwelling, which presented a great change from the home which had heretofore been theirs.

While the Evanses had thus fallen into poverty, others who had been very poor had risen into comparative wealth, and among those were the persons to whom we have already introduced our readers. Aunt Rachel was, however, one of the few whom prosperity could not dazzle into blindness. Left a widow in early life, she had struggled with poverty and hardship, but, having raised her large family attending to the Gospel rule, she was now, for they had all turned out well, enjoying a most comfortable old age. The Evanses had been kind to her in her great destitution, and now her kindly sympathies, extended without any show of patronage, and friendly services rendered in the same spirit of humble friendship as formerly, came soothingly to the hearts of the broken-hearted old couple. Not so,

however, did Mrs. Stintem, who from a state of abject poverty had been made what she considered rich, that is, if the possession of four thousand dollars is equivalent to great wealth.

She had, just about the time of the Evans failure, come into the possession of this sum by the death of a miserly brother, a stonemason, who denied himself the very necessities of life in his love of hoarding. Her parents, one a day-laborer and the other a washer-woman, had died while she was still a child, and within a few weeks of each other. The brother was then bound to a trade, and the sister would have been sent to the county poor-house but for the kindness of Mrs. Evans, who, then in the fullness of prosperity, took pity on the desolate child, and provided for her till her own misfortunes came. She grew up and married an honest shoemaker, a quiet man, who let her have her own way, and so they got along very well together till his death, which occurred just about the time of that of his wife's brother. She had, however, not long before set up a small grocery-shop, as being more genteel than shoemaking, and in the prosperity it had brought, together with the money she inherited, she forgot that she had ever wanted friends.

A few weeks after her marriage, old Owen Evans and his wife died within a few days of each other, and when the last funeral was over, and affairs looked into, it was found that there was nothing left for the orphan daughter. There is, however, such a thing as passive greatness which is often possessed by the gentlest natures, even as they are also recipients of high thoughts and heavenly emotions. Greatness is usually considered as something bold, energetic, heroic, only belonging to resolute and daring characters. But as it is the sharp blow which lays bare the hidden treasures of the mine, so does the heavy stroke of affliction prove the spirit of the sufferer; and thus it is, as it is often remarked, that women often achieve a truer greatness and exhibit a higher heroism in their submissive endurance of the trials which a Wisdom that is never erring has seen good to send upon them, than the victor on the battle-field, or the conqueror who has obtained the laurels of triumph.

Fanny Evans, gentle as she was—so gentle as almost to be considered passive—possessed this high characteristic, namely, quiet resolution, in great degree. Her education, although of the plainest, had been of the best kind; the precepts of pious parents and the study of her Bible had elevated the tone of her mind and raised her far above the standard of the community in which she belonged, and in the same

spirit of humble devotion which had in her previous trials made her willing at any sacrifice to answer the call of Him whom she served, and say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," she went forth to battle with the world alone. Rejecting the invitation of many friends, and preferring to eat her own bread to eating that of others, she gave up the cottage where her parents died, and, hiring a room in the house of a respectable widow, became, as Mrs. Stintem had termed her, the "sewing girl" of the village.

She did not, however, pursue her ill-paid avocation long. Mr. Bethel, in the days of her prosperity, had admired the refined and delicate character of her beauty, and now, even more charmed by the meek submission with which she yielded to the sad reverse that had come upon her, offered his hand and was accepted. There was, however, little congeniality between them. He was kind, or rather intended to be so, but at the same time was selfish and exacting. He was a lover of the world; religion was in her every thought, word, and action, and while he never ceased to admire the holy expression of her fair, calm features, he had no idea of the indescribable beauty of the world of purity in which her thoughts so fondly dwelt. Like many others, who, although meaning well, fail, he had no key to the language of her soul, and did not understand her.

Yet no one could have discovered that any thing was wanting in her lot. Had she not pursued the quiet Christian course she did she might have provoked the jealous enmity of some. As it was, she was more popular as Mrs. Bethel than even she had been when only Fanny Evans. The gentle mistress of the Locusts was praised by all for her moderation in the elevated lot to which she was raised, and by no means loving a life of idle luxury, was indefatigable in promoting the happiness and comfort of all around her. But, although no one ever saw her silent or sad, she had a cause of grief which none suspected, but which afterward became only too apparent; there was a pang which none but God might see. She was not naturally strong, and soon began to exhibit symptoms of failing health; folks said she had disease of the heart. When Fanny Bethel was in her eleventh year her mother died; that mother whom, even at that early age, she had loved with such an intensity of affection as is seldom found, she never forgot. Her memory was tenderly cherished, her teachings ever remembered, and proved a safeguard in the storms she was yet to encounter.

There was great grief at the Locusts when

she died; there was deep sorrow there, such as many have experienced; a darkness as of earth when the gladness of sunshine has departed; a stillness of desolation as when the whirlwind has rushed by and we sit alone to gaze on the ruin it has made. Mr. Bethel mourned her loss sincerely, and for a time refused to be comforted. Restless and unhappy, the "Locusts" having lost its charm, he made long visits abroad, remaining for weeks at a time, and neglecting his business at home. The house was left in charge of old Maja, who was altogether worthy of the confidence reposed in her. Brought up in the Evans family, she had been Mrs. Bethel's nurse, and had promised that she would never leave Fanny. Although quaint and humble, altogether without polish, and aspiring to nothing higher than being a faithful servant, she proved a great comfort to the motherless girl, who, left to loneliness by her father, and with a heart full of grief for a loss the greatness of which she could not understand, and which it required a gentle and loving hand to soothe.

Long before two years had passed over a great change was perceived in Mr. Bethel. He had never been a religious man, although strictly moral, and in the great grief he had at first manifested his best friends hoped that he would no longer be insensible to the things which belonged to man's everlasting peace. But although feeling deeply, his moral nature had not been touched. He had long loved the wine-cup secretly, and he now fled to it openly and to the society of the worldly for solace, and having sown the wind was sure to reap the whirlwind; the ruin which many predicted ultimately ensued. Old Maja and her friend, Aunt Rachel, had many anxious talks upon the subject; they had long since noticed the change in his temper as well as redness of his eyes and unsteady step, and were truly glad when he bade them prepare for the reception of a new mistress. She came, but, although pretty, was by no means prepossessing; a perfect contrast to the first Mrs. Bethel. Very smiling and soft-spoken, no one would have suspected the tiger-like qualities that lay beneath that smooth exterior had not the sharp nose, thin lips, and black eyes, overshadowed by heavy brows, given to an observant eye a suspicion that shoals and quicksands might lay covered by that mirror-like surface. She was a young widow, and came accompanied by a pale, discontented-looking little girl whom she called Kate; both were fashionably dressed, and folks said she was very rich. If Mr. Bethel thought so at the time of his marriage he soon found out his

mistake; many debts of her contracting came in which he was obliged to pay, and her love of dress and fondness for display became the cause of continual discord between her husband and herself. Careless of his wishes and remonstrances, she filled the house with gay company from a distance, who passed the whole Summer at the Locusts, and, as Mrs. Stintem said, did really eat the Bethels out of house and home. Mr. Bethel had always been a favorite with his neighbors, and it was with great regret that they remarked the increase of his unsteady habits and the sad change which had come over his whole character. And poor Fanny! to her life had wholly lost its light; it was like the shadow of a deep cloud vailing the sun, shrouding all in darkness and gloom.

About one week after the arrival of the new Mrs. Bethel old Maja was discharged, and an entire change made in the household. It was quite reason enough that the servants at the Locusts had loved and praised the first Mrs. Bethel. Servants—what an important part they act in the life and history of families! And the plain, ungraceful old Maja—it would not be an easy task to enumerate all the deeds of energy and patience, and other Christian virtues which this faithful old domestic had performed in the Bethel household. She had acted as house-keeper long before Mrs. Bethel's death, and managed affairs with such regularity and in so quiet a manner that every thing seemed to go on as matters of course. Her influence was not appreciated till she had gone, then it was that her real value was felt. Discomfort succeeded to order and neatness, discord to quiet, waste to genteel economy, and, in short, the whole regular domestic rule was subverted, and a ruinous system of extravagance and comfortless expenditure was substituted for that of the former comfort and simple elegance.

Need we tell how little Fanny Bethel wept over the sad change? For a time Mr. Bethel yielded to his wife's influence so far that she was her father's daughter only in name, and every week and every day her home grew darker and darker. In her childhood he had been to her the tenderest of fathers; she had not only loved him for his goodness, but honored him for what she believed the perfection of his whole character; but when evidences of his sad infatuation so repeatedly came distinct to her eyes, none can conceive how deep was the grief which filled her soul. She was not slow to mark the change which had taken place in the household. Her step-mother's reckless expenditure, her utter carelessness of her father's remonstrances and negligence of his comfort,

and the coldness and harshness which was constantly exhibited toward herself, added no little to the weight of the burden resting on her heart. Day no longer dawned for her with the same cheerful light as formerly. Spring came with its bright flowers and sweet perfume, but, dearly as she had ever loved the vernal season, they brought no gladness to her saddened spirit, for who can look with delight upon bud and blossom, or drink in their delicious odors, when the soul is so much depressed that the senses fail to perceive the glad offerings of the season?

We often think it strange when one so young as Fanny Bethel is called to endure the pressure of a grief so bitter as that which had fallen to her lot. But who shall venture to judge what is needed for the work of educating the soul for heaven before that work is accomplished? It was now that the precepts inculcated by her mother came to her with consoling influence. Many passages in her Bible, marked by the dear hand that was now mouldering in the dust, as she tearfully read them over, came upon her soul with peculiar meaning. Her life indeed was darkened, but she felt that she could commit her way unto Him who doeth all things well. Had not God promised to be near to those who, in faith, call upon him? Why, then, should she fret because of evil-doers? Was it not better to wait patiently for him and keep his way? for he only can bring light out of darkness and good out of seeming evil. No one ever understands his own heart till tribulation unfolds it. Then its weaknesses are read, then its wants are revealed. The fire of trial sends a gleam of light far over the soul, revealing its depths of sin and self-deception, and out of those depths comes the cry for deliverance, and that cry never fails to reach the Ear that is never deaf to the supplication of the heavy-laden and sorrowing. All troubles are intended as "prophets to warn or apostles to preach," and it is through their agency that the heart is first made susceptible of serious impressions; for as the flowers of the ocean float shoreward and are carefully gathered, so the bright-hued promises of the Gospel are floated to the soul from the great sea of trouble, and are carefully treasured as pearls of great price.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RELIGION has, and it needs to have, its Sabbaths; but a heart-felt Sabbath sheds out its fragrance and radiance upon all the other days and works of the week.

THE NEGLECTED VINE.

A TENDER vine that trembling grew,
Above the grass up-reaching,
Bent toward me in the morning dew,
A little aid beseeching;
Yet all in vain its mute appeal—
I passed it idly by;
The slender ladder that it asked,
O, how could I deny?

And soon the vine that thought to climb
Upon the ground lay low,
And sweetly bloomed along the path
It had not sought to go.
It never asked for aid again,
But through the Summer's day
Went wandering o'er the emerald turf,
Nor sought a higher way.

And yet the winds stooped not to harm
A flower that grew so low,
But powers of wind, and sun, and sea,
Combined to make it grow.
When scorched and faded were the flowers
That rose in stately pride,
It kept the dew-drop in its heart—
It found no good denied.

It nestled in the earth's warm breast,
Tho' once it sought the sky,
And borrowed even from the sod
A deeper wealth of dye.
So man may walk the path that God
In wisdom has assigned,
And be more blest than if he went
The way he was inclined.

THE TRUE PEACE.

ALL the way of peace are choosing,
All for it are ever toiling and despairing,
Yet the vain arts of their using
Can not free them from the sharing
Of the cares the weary heart is always bearing.

For there is no lasting pleasure,
No true joy in shining wealth of golden coffers;
Neither in the boundless measure
Of rich grain, nor in the proffers
Of swift glory which the inspiring bugle offers.

But it seeks the pure heart only—
Clean self-knowledge, that admits nor wish nor
terror,
Which on its white hight stands lonely
In sweet patience, knows no error
Of weak wishing that the grapes of heaven hung
nearer.

Self-contained, and finding beauty
Ever springing in its way of grateful living;
Mindful of each daily duty,
For the good of all men striving,
Thanking God each happy day for his good giving.

SIGN-BOARDS.*

AMONG the many factors which produce history, sign-boards, commonplace though they seem, are not to be forgotten. The true historian neglects nothing which will help him to a right understanding of the times of which he writes. Many historic facts are perpetuated on sign-boards, and so are popular proverbs, customs, legends, and superstitions, to say nothing of homespun philosophy, wit, and doggerel dignified with the name of "poetry."

The future historian who may write the history of the present age, at least in our own country, will not be able to gather so many items of interest from this source as we may find in the past. Sign-boards have, to a very great extent, lost their poetic or emblematic character. Very few of them are now pictorial; our merchants and manufacturers being for the most part content with the bare announcement of the name and the business. Sometimes a single name appears; sometimes a firm; frequently one name & "Co." following; which reminds us of the innocent rustic, who, visiting New York for the first time, remarked to a friend as they walked down Broadway, that "he thought Mr. Co must be a very rich man to have a partnership in so many stores."

The interesting volume, whose title is given below, is full of curious facts, which naught but the patience and skill of an antiquarian could disinter from forgetfulness. No distinct data of signs are found till the palmy days of Roman history. From that time till the present the writers seem to have thoroughly ransacked all the sources, till they have produced the first volume ever written on the "History of Sign-Boards." We find almost every thing describable and indescribable represented on signs. History, sacred and profane, herakdry, monsters, beasts, birds, fishes, insects, flowers, trees, herbs, saints and martyrs, trades and professions, domestic habits, geography and topography, puns and rebuses, have all, in some way or other, found pictorial illustration on sign-boards.

The largest and costliest sign of which any mention is made, was one that was attached to the "White Hart" inn, at Scole, in Norfolk, England. This remarkable structure was built in 1655, and cost one thousand and fifty-seven pounds! We question if the tavern itself cost any more. This sign was so large that it stood

over the road, the bottom being at a sufficient height from the ground to allow carriages to pass under. One end of it rested on a brick pier built for the purpose, and the other end was joined to the house. Sir Thomas Brown called it "the noblest signpost in England." It was covered on both sides with many images carved in wood, and was divided into various compartments. Among the subjects symbolized on this unique affair were the following: Jonah coming out of the fish's mouth; two lions; two angels; a Bacchus; a shepherd playing on his pipe; Neptune on a dolphin; Charon carrying a witch to Hades; Cerberus; a huntsman; Actaeon addressing his dogs; two white harts, one large and the other small; seven coats of arms; Prudence; Fortitude; Temperance; Justice; Diana; Time devouring an infant. Plentifully sprinkled over all were inscriptions in Latin, and to make the whole more impressive to the beholder, there was on the sign a wooden astronomer seated on a "circumferenter, and by some chemical preparations [he] is so affected that in fine weather he faces that quarter from which it is about to come." This curious compound of classics, mythology, astronomy, history, and heraldry lasted for nearly a hundred and fifty years.

We do not often find a tavern-keeper preaching temperance; yet there seems once to have been one such in Leicestershire. His sign was heraldic, the "Wentworth Arms;" and under the coat of arms was the following inscription:

"May he who has little to spend, spend nothing in drink;
May he who has more than enough, keep it for better uses;
May he who goes in to rest, never remain to riot,
And he who fears God elsewhere never forget him here!"

Good advice certainly; it is to be hoped his customers profited by it.

Many of these old tavern-keepers must have "kept a poet," or else spun poetic fancies from their own fertile brains. We have no hesitancy in saying that neither Milton nor Shakspeare could write like these Bonifaces. Under the sign of a raging lion is this elegant couplet:

"The lion roars, but do not fear,
Cakes and beer sold here."

A tavern-keeper named Priest took advantage of his name to perpetrate a pun:

"He is a Priest who lives within,
Gives advice gratis, and administers gin."

The advice he gave was probably to drink the gin he was so ready to "administer."

A shoemaker, who kept an ale-house for his fellow-craftsmen, had for his sign a wooden last, and under it the words:

"All day long I have sought good beer,
And, at the last, have found it here."

* The History of Sign-Boards, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Jacob Larwood and John Camden Notten. With One Hundred Illustrations. London, 1866.

And what a prodigal wealth of genius is represented in the effusion of a beer-house keeper in Kent, who, under the sign of the "Arrow," had the following:

"Charles Collins liveth here,
Sells rum, brandy, gin, and beer;
*I make this board a little wider,
To let you know I sell GOOD CYDER."*

The wig-makers seemed to fancy that the unfortunate and long-locked Absalom was a fit figure-head for their establishments. In Northamptonshire a barber had on his sign,

"Absalom, hadst thou worn a perriwig, thou hadst not been hanged."

A brother barber, who kept an opposition establishment, not wishing to be outdone, improved on this prosaic line thus:

"O Absalom! O Absalom!
O Absalom! my son,
If thou hadst worn a perriwig,
Thou hadst not been undone,"

After this who could doubt where to buy a wig?

Unmatched for absurdity is the following short "pome" on the sign of a fox:

"I HAVE, A. CUNEN. FOX
YOU. SEE. THERE. HIS.
NO. HARM. ATACHED.
TO. ME. IT. IS. MY. MRS
WISH. TO. PLACE. ME
HERE. TO. LET. YOU. NO.
HE. SELLS. GOOD. BEERE."

The horse would very naturally suggest itself as a suitable sign for a stopping-place for travelers. Many years ago at Greenwich there was a sign of this kind, which was made to do the double duty of advertising board and lodging for men and pasture for horses. Under it the proprietor had these words painted: "Good Grass for Horses—*Long Tails* three shillings and sixpence per week." Some traveler of an inquiring mind went in one day and asked the landlord why he made any distinction between long-tailed horses and short tails. Whereupon the philosophic landlord replied that he had to charge more for long-tailed horses, because they "can whisk off the flies and eat at their leisure; but bobtails have to shake their heads and run about from morning to night, and so do eat much less." That landlord ought to have been made, on account of his wonderful faculties of observation, an honorary member of some naturalists' club.

Other horses have been found on signs, as we occasionally see in this country; horses of all colors possible and impossible—black, white, bay, sorrel, gray, pied, spotted, red, or roan, golden, and even blue. The horse has also had other associations besides those of color to make it worthy of representation on the

sign-board: The Running Horse; the Galloping Horse; Horse and Groom; Horse and Jockey; Bell and Horse; Horse and Tiger; Pack Horse; Frighted Horse; Bleeding Horse.

Other domestic animals also appear on sign-boards: Cows of all colors; the Cow and Calf; Goat and Kids; Sow and Pigs; Ewe and Lamb; Cat and Kittens; Bull; Wild Bull; Bull's Head; Three Colts; Lamb and Crown; Little Pig; Pig and Whistle; Hog in the Pond; to say nothing of dogs of all colors, sizes, and descriptions.

Wild animals and monsters are also great favorites—lions, tigers, elephants, bears, deer, dolphins, dragons, unicorns, salamanders, cockatrices, apes, raccoons, camels, crocodiles, hedgehogs, rabbits, hares, squirrels, foxes, and even rats are found represented on the sign-boards. The elephant is often combined with a castle, the tavern being known by the name of the Elephant and Castle. One sign of this kind was so imperfectly painted that some of the gaping crowd who looked at it when it was first raised, not being able to read the words underneath the picture, were puzzled to know what it meant, when one of them suggested that it looked as much like a pig and a tinder-box as any thing. That stroke of rustic wit secured a name for the tavern, which, in spite of the painter's art, was thenceforth known as "The Pig and Tinder-Box."

The birds must not be forgotten. We find the eagle, sometimes alone, and at others in combination with other animals. Then we have the Phoenix; the Raven; the Blackbird; the Three Crows; the Three Cranes; the Three Pigeons; the Three Cocks; the Swan; the Swan with Two Necks; the Swan and Bottle; the Swan and Sugar-Loaf; the Drake; the Falcon; the Dove; the Magpie; the Parrot; the Peacock; the Ostrich; the Owl's Nest; the Live Vulture; and the Pelican. Of one of this last a story is told, which may well be applicable to many other taverns in the New World as well as in the Old. A traveler, dissatisfied with his accommodations, wrote the following epigram:

"The Pelican at Speenhamland,
That stands below the hill,
May well be called the Pelican,
From his enormous *bill*."

Among the eccentric signs may be named the Hog in Armor—representing a warrior in steel armor with the head of a hog; the Spinning Sow—a sow holding a distaff; Help me Through the World—a man with head and shoulders seen emerging from a globe, while his feet are just visible on the other side; the

Man in the Moon—a man standing in the moon with a mug of foaming ale in one hand and a pipe in the other; the Green Man—a wild, savage-looking Esau-like fellow; Dog's Head in the Pot; the Whistling Oyster; the Grinding Young—which represents a hand-mill with a funnel-shaped top, into which old decrepit fellows are placed, while a crank is turned below, and they come out young; the Three Loggerheads—representing two silly-looking faces, with the inscription:

"WE THREE
LOGGERHEADS BE,"

the unsuspecting reader being of course the third; the Man Loaded with Mischief—a poor fellow with a woman seated on his back, holding in her hand a glass of gin; on his left shoulder is a monkey, and on his right a magpie; around his neck is a chain with a padlock, on which is inscribed "WEDLOCK;" behind him are a pawnbroker's office, a pig-pen, and two fighting cats. He is evidently bent down and distressed by his load, and under the painting are these words, "*A monkey, a magpie and wife, is the true emblem of strife.*" This sign is said to have been painted by Hogarth.

Equally uncomplimentary to the fair sex is the sign of the Good Woman, or, as it is sometimes called, the Silent Woman. This represents a woman without any head, and to many conveys the idea that a woman is neither good nor silent till her head is off. This vile slander, however, it is proper to say, is rejected by some as the true meaning of the sign. It is asserted that the sign was originally intended to commemorate the virtues of some martyr woman, beheaded for her piety. Hence the title, the Good Woman. Afterward the meaning and the name became perverted by some ignorant people, and the emblem was called the Silent Woman, and considered indicative of woman's talkativeness as long as her head is on.

We also observe the Cat in the Fiddle; the Jackanapes on Horseback; the Grinning Jackanapes; the Goat in Boots; Puss in Boots; the Cow in Boots; the Colt and Cradle; the Laughing Dog; the Two Sneezing Cats; the Flying Monkey; the Gaping Goose; the Green Monkey; the Hunchbacked Cats; the Cow and Snuffers; the Goose and Gridiron. The origin of these absurd names it is impossible to determine. They are not limited to one country; they are found on the continent as well as in England. They would hardly suit the taste of the present day or of our own land. Just think of giving either of the above nonsensical titles to a first-class hotel in one of our large cities! "What's in a name?" is a question often asked.

Whether we can answer it or not, it is very certain that names often influence our choice. Not many of us would care to put up for the night at the Gaping Goose or the Two Sneezing Cats if we could find a Continental or a Burnet House.

Many are the hints for prompt payment, which are given by sagacious publicans on sign-boards or in prints posted in conspicuous places. One inn rejoiced in the significant title of the Bird in Hand, and under the painting of the bird just caught were these beautiful and suggestive lines, reminding us somewhat of Sternhold and Hopkins:

"A bird in hand far better 't is
Than two that in the bushes is."

Here is another hint found in a beer-house:

"Gentlemen, walk in and sit at your ease,
Pay what you call for, and call what you please;
As trusting of late has been to my sorrow,
Pay me to-day, and I'll trust 'ee to-morrow."

At the sign of the Bee-Hive the landlord addressed his guests as follows:

"Within this hive we're all alive
With whisky sweet as honey:
If you are dry step in and try,
But do n't forget the money."

Here is another plaintive appeal:

"The malster doth crave
His money to have,
The exciseman says, have I must:
By that you can see
How the case stands with me;
So I pray you do n't ask me for trust."

Drinkers will buy liquor when they can not buy any thing else; on credit if they can, for cash if they must. They *will* have rum even if they go without bread, and the cash they contrive to get by pawning or by stealing.

Not a few tavern-keepers are fond of the enigmatical form of suggesting payment. Here is one specimen:

"MORE	BEER	SCORE	CLERK
FOR	MY	MY	THEIR
DO	TRUST	PAV	SENT
I	I	MUST	HAVE
SHALL	IF	I	BREWERS
WHAT	AND	AND	MY."

The meaning of this may be found by reading each column upward, beginning at the right hand. Another displays more ingenuity. We leave for our fair readers the task of finding the key to this one, and with it close this rambling talk on sign-boards before we come to any deeper mysteries of the bar-room:

"Th. ebr: Ewe! Rh. eH. Ass?
en. THI. S. cLER
kaNd! IM. ustp, A YM, Ys
cO. r. ef, O
rIFIT rUS. ? tandam. No tpA
iD wha. ts; Ha:
LLiD, O? Fo Rm. Or .e."

A VISIT TO BERLIN AND POTSDAM.

THOUGH rain and darkness, like a sable wing, had settled down upon the Prussian capital, as we entered its broad, well-lighted streets, our first impression of it was not unfavorable; but, till Aurora's beams dispelled the gloom without, we were willing to avail ourselves of rest and shelter in the pleasant apartments of the "Grand Hotel de Rome," on the beautiful street of "Unter den Linden"—under the lindens. This street in width surpasses our American Broadways, and is planted with four rows of linden-trees, separating—besides the broad pavements on either side—the thoroughfares for the use respectively of equestrians, pedestrians, and vehicles; it is further beautified by large and splendid buildings, the principal of which are three royal palaces, a royal opera-house and theater, two museums, a large university, an ancient-looking church, and numerous hotels. Some fine public squares, adorned with shrubbery and marble statues, and a handsome bridge across the River Spree, are in the vicinity of the royal residences.

Impatient to see the Versailles of Germany, we made an excursion to Potsdam, eighteen miles distant; we found it to possess much of the beauty of Versailles without its stately architectural outline of foliage. Our guide first directed us along a pleasant highway that led to the palace of Babelsberg; here we alighted and wandered through grounds that resembled an Eden in their exquisite charm of natural and artificial scenery. In every direction fine vistas attracted our attention, extending far away through valleys and pathways, beneath great forest trees, and across an expanse of water, an arm of the Spree, that lies in front of the palace. We entered this stately home of royalty, and passed from parterre—the German term for first story—to the lofty room in the tower. Its fine paintings and statuary, costly ornaments and rich furniture, bewilder the eye too much to admit of description. Through every window one hears the play of fountains, and sees handsomely ornamented flower gardens. One large apartment is devoted to the king's trophies of the chase, and would resemble a menagerie of wild animals were the heads not minus a body.

San Souci, the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, next attracted us. A short drive through a lovely region of country brought us to the great Gallery, where we inspected the splendid paintings and statuary collected by this monarch. These paintings are the products of the most eminent of the old masters, and

are admirable in their design and execution. One small head of Christ, by Raphael, alone cost one hundred thousand dollars. Among the beautiful statuary there is an original Apollo Belvidere, and a weather-beaten statue from Herculaneum, over three thousand years old. This Gallery is said to be the finest room in Germany. Its frescoed ceiling, supported by marble columns, its Egyptian marble walls, and mosaic floor of various-colored marble, certainly produce an impression of grandeur upon the mind.

Fronting the Gallery is a great terrace ornamented with statuary, and faced by a wall of shell work, arranged in tasteful designs. Extending beyond this is a region of enchantment, one interesting feature of which is the historical wind-mill, for the possession of which Frederick the Great sued unsuccessfully. Passing through shady alcoves, and a terraced garden on the hill-side, we arrived at the Orangery, a kind of crystal palace, stored with a forest of orange-trees, shrubs, and flowers. Adjoining this is a palace, erected for the accommodation of royal visitors. We entered through the Raphael-Room—so called because the crimson damask walls are hung with fine copies of all paintings of this great artist—into a room furnished with malachite, ornamented with gold; even the mantle as well as furniture is of this expensive material. We were then ushered through successive suits of such magnificent apartments that the eye wearied of their dazzling splendor. Conspicuous articles of furniture in this palace are vases of porphyry, jasper, malachite, tortoise-shell, and gold; and center-tables of different colored marbles, pearl, amber, shell, and three of lapis lazuli, a substance worth its weight in gold. On descending through the charming walks of the terraced garden, we saw some antique fountain-basins that had been excavated from the ruins of Herculaneum. We then journeyed farther on through fairy-land till we came to the "New Palace," so called because it is more modern than the one at San Souci. It was erected by Frederick the Great nearly a century ago, to convince his enemies that his finances were not exhausted by the seven years' war.

Pausing a moment to gaze in admiration at the vast and splendid façade, surmounted by a forest of statuary, we entered by a spacious vestibule into the celebrated shell-room. Familiar as we had become with the regal splendor of palaces we were startled, on glancing about us, to see the walls and ceiling studded with shells, minerals, and precious stones, as thickly as is the Milky Way with stars. It seemed as

though a crystal rainbow had fallen from the sky, and its broken fragments were arrested in their fall, and by some strange attraction had found a lodgment here. Verily has old Ocean yielded up his choicest treasures to beautify this room, and the Earth has given her richest gems, save gold and diamonds. This beautiful medley is arranged with rare taste into the form of dolphins and other aquatic figures, indicating the element from which much of the treasure came. At intervals the minerals on the walls resemble the glistening stalactites of grottoes, while a large fresco painting of fairies on the ceiling seems set in a massive frame of gems and shells. The black and white marble floor is in imitation of a checker-board, inlaid with festoons of delicate flowers and scroll work.

From the shell-room we passed through the spacious and elegant dancing saloon, the picture gallery, with its rich treasures of art, the splendid sleeping apartment of Frederick the Great, the sleeping-room of his favorite dogs, his private library, and the grand reception-room that contains a chandelier of pure crystal. Ascending a broad flight of steps we came to the theater-room, radiant with crimson velvet and gilding; it is arranged to seat six hundred persons. Another stairway brought us to the concert-room, where the Princess Royal gives private musical entertainments to her friends. We made our exit through the shield-room, interesting for its display of shields of different nations, ornamented with quaint designs and mottoes. The inlaid floors of all these apartments are composed of ebony, cedar, satin, and rose-wood.

Our next round of sight-seeing was in the Berlin Museum of the Arts and Sciences. Here we reveled in the finest collection of Egyptian curiosities in Europe, and seemed transported back to the dim ages of antiquity, as we surveyed innumerable relics dating back from three to four thousand years. Even one room is fitted up with mausoleums, exhibiting the manner of burial as practiced by the ancient Egyptians. And suits of spacious, handsome rooms, frescoed after Oriental designs, are crowded with antique statuary, mummies in oddly carved burial cases, embalmed animals, domestic utensils, and the various paraphernalia of the toilet. Adjoining this is the Grecian collection of statuary, sadly disfigured by ill usage and the gnawing tooth of time. We thought to return from the past to the present on leaving the department of antiquities, but on coming into the staircase-room we ascended a broad flight of marble steps, with a gilt bannister ornamented with relief representations of Grecian mythology. On

the first landing are two colossal casts in gypsum of Castor and Pollux, and the tamer of horses. On the walls, on either side of the stairs, are paintings representing the whole history of man, and are divided by groups of smaller pictures, as if by pilasters. A gray frieze, painted on gray, extends all around above the paintings. At the summit of the staircase is a canopy supported by gilt figures. Beautiful as is the lofty ceiling, with its frescoes and gilded cross beams, the eye here instinctively seeks the highly polished marble floor, upon which the feet step with a timid, uncertain tread, and lo! of what a variegated, exquisite piece of mosaic is it composed! But every floor in the rooms below is inlaid of different colored marbles, varying only in pattern. Gliding over the slippery surface—for our laborious attempts at locomotion can scarcely be styled walking—we entered the "Model Room," interesting on account of the minute fidelity in the execution of plans for churches and fine public buildings that it contains. Some of these miniature edifices are of silver, set with rubies, emeralds, topaz, and amethysts. At one extremity of this apartment is the historical cabinet containing the life-size figures of the Great Elector, the Elector Frederick III, and King Frederick II. Beyond this are the ancient china and glass-ware room, the Star Room, stored with articles of a sacred character, and another large one that teems with almost an infinite number and variety of curiosities wrought of ivory, mother-of-pearl, wood, metals, bronze, amber, shell, etc.

A large wing of the Museum is appropriated to the Gallery of paintings, and thither we directed our steps. Though this extensive collection contains some superior paintings by Correggio, Guido Reni, Rembrandt, Murillo, Velasquez, and other celebrities, it does not compare favorably with the Dresden Gallery, the Louvre, and the Gallery in the palace of the Luxembourg in Paris. The multitude of Magdalenes, the Madonna and Child, here become as monotonous as an oft-told tale; besides, their imperfect coloring and execution are evidently not the products of a genius that, like an inspiration, seems to breathe life and feeling into canvas. The pictures in this Gallery are also inferior in choice of subjects and artistic merits to those in the Wagner Gallery in its vicinity. The latter combines the pleasing variety of landscape and figure pieces—a novelty in European collections—as the old masters seem almost entirely to have neglected landscape painting in their love for delineating the human form. Our American artists, I believe, excel all others in this interesting branch of art.

Saturday we attended service in the magnificent synagogue, built in imitation of the Alhambra in Spain, and heard the organ and choir peal forth volumes of sweet sounds. The ceiling of this vast building is a succession of frescoed canopies, arches, and elaborately carved pendants. The light falls softly through the stained glass upon the marble floor, and gives a richer glow to the gilded and painted walls. But much more cozy and home-like than this stately edifice appeared the American chapel, where, on the following day, we enjoyed the rare privilege of attending divine service, conducted according to our Methodistic usage, and where the Gospel was preached in its beauty and purity.

Monday we bid defiance to the storm-king by venturing through mud and rain to the royal Schloss. Passing through a labyrinth of doorways and court-yards we secured the services of the castellan, and together we wended our way up a winding hill of brick work, in the palace that Frederick the Great ascended on horseback. On gaining the carved portal at the summit we were admitted into a splendidly furnished suit of apartments, where our attention was soon absorbed in the exquisite vases, numerous fine portraits of a long line of royal personages that embellished the walls. Passing through the Silver Room, hung with costly tapestry embroidered with silver, and the Crimson Room, with hangings of gold-embroidered crimson tapestry of almost fabulous value, we arrived at the Knight's Room, that glowed like a brilliant, so gorgeous are its massive silver decorations. These cover one wall, extending to the ceiling; ranged on pedestals in front are huge beer mugs and casks, formed of Prussian silver thalers. On the opposite side are two silver chairs richly carved, and against the intervening wall is a silver balcony for musicians wrought into cherubs, garlands of flowers, and musical instruments. The frame-work of the windows are mirrors that reflect a fine view of Unter den Linden. All other attractions of this room are eclipsed by the crown-shaped chandelier of pure crystals, that cost the princely sum of eighty thousand dollars.

Our next tribute of praise and admiration was lavished upon a still richer shrine, for the adjoining room is resplendent with the glitter of golden ornaments that so bewilder the overtasked vision, that out of a chaos of impressions, the most vivid one remaining is the sparkling vision of a crystal chandelier, a gift of the English monarch, George the Fourth; clear as the dew diamonds of Heaven is a large drop suspended from it, valued at three thou-

sand dollars. Continuing our observations we beheld the Red Column Room, the long and superbly ornamented Picture Gallery, and the "Weisse Saal," or White Room; this last is one of the largest and finest in the palace, and is used on great festival occasions. The beauty and simplicity of the ornaments, the groups of handsome chandeliers, the floor of rare wood, representing coats of arms, and the division of the room into arcades, all combine to give it a novel and elegant appearance.

But we apparently reached the acme of the beautiful on entering the royal chapel, so remarkable is this conception of almost superhuman loveliness. The wall of this circular room is an enamel of the rarest marbles and finest paintings; twenty-four windows of stained glass are divided by colossal statues of saints, and the frieze of the cornice below contains Scriptural quotations; around the lofty dome are exquisite frescoes of cherubim, and a gallery with gilt bannister; the marble mosaic floor is covered with gilt and crimson velvet chairs that will seat seven hundred persons; the altar and surrounding columns, upon which rests a canopy, are of pure Oriental alabaster, and were presented by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. Upon the wall back of the altar is a gilt silver cross, adorned with enamels, costly jewels, and paintings, the gifts of various monarchs. This cross is valued at half a million of dollars, and when its brilliant hues are reflected by the light of seven thousand and fifteen flames from the ten chandeliers of the chapel, the effect must indeed be magical, almost rivaling "the seraphs' zone of the sky." But we have lingered long in this abode of royalty, though only admitted to thirteen of nearly seven hundred rooms that are embraced within these palace walls.

To make our reliance upon Providence both pious and rational, we should, in every great enterprise we take in hand, prepare all things with that care, diligence, and activity, as if there were no such thing as Providence for us to depend upon; and again, when we have done all this, we should as wholly and humbly rely upon it, as if we had made no preparations at all. And this is a rule of practice which will never fail, or shame any who shall venture all that they have and are upon it—for, as a man, by exerting his utmost force in any action or business, has all that human strength can do for him therein, so, in the next place, by quitting his confidence in the same, and placing it only in God, he is sure of all that Omnipotence can do in his behalf.

THOUGHTS ON MODERN SKEPTICISM.

SECOND PAPER.

IN a previous article we glanced at some of the sources of modern skepticism; in the present we design to study some of its phases and characteristics. That our age should be one of marked skepticism, or that Christianity should have many and formidable obstacles to contend with in making the conquest of modern civilization, can not be a matter of surprise to any who study the characteristics and forces of the age. Nor should Christians be ignorant of the state of things about them, or refuse to recognize them. On the other hand, it is the duty of all who would labor for Christ and his cause to have an intelligent view of the situation, and, if there are special obstacles and difficulties, to understand their nature and to appreciate their importance.

The state of Christianity and the attitude of the world toward it in our day is anomalous. Never in all its history did the religion of Jesus Christ have deeper, broader, or firmer hold on the world than it has at this hour; never did it influence society and nations, control history, determine the destiny of peoples more than it does to-day; never was the character and mission of its glorious Founder more studied or better appreciated than now; never before were Christians so numerous, Christian enterprises so grand and far-reaching, the Christian spirit so tender, so charitable, so humanizing, the Christian Church so abounding in wealth, intelligence, piety, good works, and every element of moral strength as in our own times; never before in her history were the internal forces of Christianity, and her visible organized relations to the world, and the attitude of the world at large toward her, so indicative of a speedy conquest of the world for Christ as in this age. And yet at the same moment in Great Britain, on the continent, and in our own country, in the very heart of Christendom, and in the three great Christian languages, English, German, and French, there is going forward one of the fiercest, most bitter, subtle, and systematic attacks upon every thing spiritual and divine in the sacred Scriptures and in the Christian religion that the world has ever seen. "There is," says an earnest writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, "coming upon the Church a current of doubts, deeper far and darker than ever swelled against her before—a current strong in learning, crested with genius, strenuous, yet calm in progress. It seems the last grand trial of the truth of our faith. Against the battlements of

Zion, a motley throng have gathered themselves together. Socinians, atheists, doubters, open foes, and bewildered friends are in the field, although no trumpet has openly been blown, and no charge publicly sounded. There are the old desperadoes of infidelity—the lost followers of Paine and Voltaire; there is the stolid, scanty, and sleepy troop of the followers of Owen; there follow the Communists of France, a fierce, disorderly crew; the commentators of Germany come too, with pick-axe in their hands, saying, 'Raze it, raze it to the foundations.' There you see the *garde-mobile*, the vicious and vain youths of Europe. On the outskirts of the fight hangs, cloudy and uncertain, a small but select band, whose wavering surge is surmounted by the dark and lofty crest of Carlyle and Emerson. 'Their swords are a thousand'—their purposes are various. In this, however, all agree, that Christianity and the Bible ought to go down before advancing civilization."

Professors in Christian (?) universities, acknowledged leaders in literature, science, and philosophy tell us that "Christianity, like other phases of the great onward movement of humanity, has had its place, and that a great place, in history. In its allotted epoch it was progressive in the highest degree, and immense veneration and gratitude are due to it on that account; but like other phases of the same movement it had its appointed time. That term it has already exceeded. It has already become stationary, and even retrograde; it has begun, instead of being the beneficent instrument, to be the archenemy of human progress. It cumbars the earth; and the object of all honest, scientific, free-thinking men, who are lovers of their kind, should be to quicken the death-pangs into which it has manifestly fallen, and remove once for all this obstruction to the onward movement of the race. Confusion and distress will probably attend the final abandonment of 'the popular religion;' but it is better at once to encounter them than to keep up any longer an imposture which is demoralizing and disorganizing to society as well as degrading to the mind of man. 'Let us at once by a courageous effort say farewell to our old faith, and by a still more courageous effort find ourselves a new one!'"*

"Whether for good or for evil," says M. Guizot, "the crisis in which the civilized world is plunged is infinitely more serious than our fathers predicted it would be; more so, than

* See Goldwin Smith's "Lectures on the Study of History," p. 113.

even we, who are already experiencing from it the most different consequences, believe it ourselves to be. Sublime truths, excellent principles, are intrinsically blended with ideas essentially false and perverse. A noble work of progress, a hideous work of destruction, are in operation simultaneously in men's opinions and in society. Humanity never so floated between heaven and the abyss."

And again says the same author, "Let us not delude ourselves as to the character, the force, or the danger of this antichristian movement. It is not merely a feverish excitability in men's minds, a simple revolutionary crisis in religious order. No, we have here earnest convictions at work, and the prospect of a long war. Impatience of an ancient yoke, a spirit of reaction, a love of innovation, frivolous instincts not a few, as well as evil impulses, may claim a share—and a large share—in the attacks of which Christianity is in these days the object; but what gives to these attacks their most formidable character is a sentiment far more serious, one that has made heroes and martyrs, the love of truth at all risk and in despite of consequence, for the sake of truth, and for its sake alone."*

It is not wise for the Christian world to ignore this battle. It is our duty to accept it and adapt our measures accordingly. We are not doubtful of the final result in this contest. It may be a battle long and severely contested, but in the end will yield another great and glorious triumph of Christianity, perhaps the greatest she has ever yet achieved. It was the first great achievement of Christianity to make the conquest of Judaism, then of paganism, then of Greek and Roman civilization, then of barbarism, and now at last she must make the conquest of modern civilization, and she will not fail in this last any more than in the others. In our day Christianity is face to face with modern civilization—with liberty of conscience, thought, and action; with intense business activity and material devotion; with diffused knowledge and education; with eager philosophy and untrammelled science. The day of mere authority has passed away; the power of fear and superstition is broken; the value of mere tradition is but small. Every thing must stand or fall only as it can endure the most rigid investigation, and Christianity or Christian claims are no exception to this test.

We propose to study, then, a little more minutely the attitude of the civilized world toward Christianity in our own day.

First. In many quarters and in large classes the attitude is one of *irreligious recklessness*. This is a condition in which all religion, so to speak, is set aside and dispensed with; it is a state of impiety, of downright wickedness; it is a devotion, not to the business or the interests of life, but to its pleasures; it would make the most of life in the method of getting the most enjoyment out of it; its motto is, let us eat, drink, and be merry, though to-morrow we die, if, indeed, it even stops to think of dying at all. It is intensely selfish, self-devoted; it is individualism in its highest development, in which all other considerations must give way before the present, personal interest of the individual, before what he considers his indefeasible right to think, to do, to enjoy as he pleases; it is personal liberty run mad; it is a protest against the authority of Christianity, or of society even, to limit or restrain the liberty of the individual in the enjoyment of himself when, and how, and where he pleases.

Liberty has its glorious advantages, but it has also its fearful dangers. If it is the condition in which the human mind may make its most brilliant achievements, and man reach his highest development, it is also the condition in which the mind can run most wild and man can do the most evil. There is but one step from liberty to licentiousness—and on every side we are threatened with the danger of making this fearful step. The intense earnestness of mind which we have referred to, unsettling the foundations of old truths, and the diffused skepticism with regard to religion, and great and important religious truths and principles, freeing the mind from the wholesome restraints of Christianity, have prepared the way for this growing licentiousness. Liberty threatens rapidly to become libertinism, and we are on the borders of a great struggle between judicious and necessary authority and restraint on the one side, and excessive and blind liberty on the other. The heaving mass of our mixed American society, influenced by so many strangely mingled impulses, begins to pour contempt on the just restraints of law, morality, religion, and decorum. The excited masses, intoxicated with the draughts of freedom, are becoming exorbitant in their demands for greater liberty. Law, when it restrains and seems to interfere with the pleasures and usages of the individual, is frowned upon and resisted. Ignorance, incapable of appreciating the true nature and significance of liberty, is impatient of restraint. "Law," said Plato, "is the god of wise men; but Licentiousness is the god of fools," and verily he has many worshipers to-day.

* Actual State of Christianity. Preface and page 209.

The abundant prevalence of this recklessness is manifest in all our cities. It is seen in the abandonment by multitudes of all forms and claims of religion; in the daring and reckless commission of crimes, and above all in its hostile attitude immediately assumed when any attempt is made to restrain its action or initiate reforms in society. This form of antichristian hostility is found of course in the lowest classes of society, in men and women devoted to the sensual, whose thought confines itself to the terrestrial, the actual in life, and is abetted by designing men, who financially or politically have something to make by it.

Says M. Guizot, in words as applicable here as in France, "Let not the friends of a religious life and of the Christian faith deceive themselves; it is here that they have the greatest obstacles to encounter, the deadeast weight to lift and move. Recklessness in religion is like a vast Dead Sea in which no being lives, an immense barren desert in which no vegetation pushes. It is, if not the most revolting, at least the most formidable evil of the day. It is against this evil that Christians are bound, more especially, to direct their energies, for there are a world and entire population here to be conquered."

In rising higher in the study of this question, we find another very serious and significant aspect of infidelity. I know not better how to name it than an antagonism growing up among the poor and laboring classes toward fancied or real wrongs and neglects on the part of Christians to these classes. It is only another of the aspects of that growing and threatening problem of the relation of the rich and poor, capital and labor, which may some day shake modern society to its foundations. Somehow multitudes of people in the humbler places of life believe themselves to be suffering great wrongs from society; that in many of the habits, and customs, and forms of social life great injustice is done to them. In the light of the great doctrines of human equality and universal freedom, they can not understand the vast disparity in the circumstances which surround them and those of others. Even in the nineteenth century, with its doctrines of equality and liberty, these men see that wealth, and rank, and intelligence generate power and create distinctions. In many parts of the world this state of things has culminated in direct and avowed hostility between the rich and the poor, the employed and the employer, and the protest of the lowly against the high has broken out in riots, bloodshed, and revolution.

Reasonably or unreasonably, multitudes of

these aggrieved ones entertain the idea that the Church, and Christianity as it is illustrated in the Church, is on the side of wealth, and rank, and power, and against the poor and laboring classes. In Europe and Great Britain many things favor this notion, and accordingly large classes are asking the significant question, What does the Church do for us? what benefit have we from Christianity? how are our circumstances improved, our burdens lightened, our lot in life made better by your Christianity? In England and Europe the laboring classes have turned away in multitudes from the Church, concluding that by combination and coöperation they must accomplish for themselves what Church organizations are unwilling or unable to accomplish for them.

The same threatening circumstances are rapidly developing in our own country. Multitudes here look upon the Christian Church first as caring nothing for them, then as hostile to them, then as mere organizations in the hands and under the control of the wealth and aristocracy of the land. The protests of the Church against some of the customs, even against some of the so-called pleasures of the poorer classes, are interpreted to mean hostility toward them. Society for its self-preservation must throw some restraints around the individual, and the Church, which works for the good of all society, sees the necessity and urges the importance of these restraints. Thousands interpret this action to mean hostility to them, and thousands assume at once this attitude of enmity toward Christianity and the Church. "The Church is against us," they say; "Christianity is in our way." "She is on the side of the rich and powerful." "She does nothing for us. She intrenches herself in elegant Churches, in formal services, but has no place for us and no help for us." In this day when all classes are aspiring after better earthly circumstances and conditions, the Church seems rather to be in the way than to assist in the progress. In this age of humanitarianism the Church seems to be in the rear instead of in the van. How sadly mistaken these views are we very well know, but unfortunately they are current views among the suffering and toiling millions of modern society. No view of the situation is more sad and significant than the seeming losing of the hold of Christianity on the toiling, and suffering, and needy masses.

Another aspect of this modern skepticism is that which we may embrace under the name of RATIONALISM.

By this we mean the modern tendency to bring every thing within the range of our

reason, and to reject every thing that can not be reduced into rational and natural order. Rationalism, properly so called, originates in the Church itself. It is the offspring of attempts to explain the inexplicable things of Christianity by human reason. It does not like supernatural or superhuman things. Christianity to it is one of the remarkable things of human history; the Bible is an extraordinary book. But still the question, May not the history of Christ and his religion, the experiences of Christianity, and the wonders of the Bible be brought within the range of rational and natural things? The attempt is made by friends and foes. The result is the evisceration of the very vitals of Christianity. The nearer an approximation is made to the explanation of these miraculous and marvelous things, of course the nearer we are to the destruction of every thing vital, characteristic, and Divine in Christianity and the Bible.

The methods and aims of these attacks are various. They often wear the garb of friendship, and perhaps we are not justified in assuming in every instance that these attempts at explaining the Bible on rational principles are not sincere and honest. Doubtless, in some cases, they are the struggles of honest and perplexed minds, believing they are rendering a service to Christianity and to the world, by endeavoring to eliminate these marvelous elements from the Bible, and so to bring Christianity in its pure moral and spiritual elements into harmony with human reason. It is evident, however, that with multitudes this pretended reverence for the Bible and adherence to Christianity are merely assumed for the purpose of aiming the most deadly blows against the records of our faith. In measuring the force of rationalism, also, whether it moves in real or pretended friendship, or in avowed hostility, we must remember that it moves in harmony with an age that is rationalistic, with society in an attitude of intense inquiry, and almost ready to protest against every thing supernatural. Its formidableness must be measured, too, by the magnitude of the eliminations and changes it proposes to make in Christianity and the Christian records. Its fundamental maxim is, that "we may dismiss without hesitation from the Bible every statement that is purely marvelous, and from Christianity every dogma that does not commend itself to the human heart and understanding." "The true critic," says another, "will only retain so much of it [the Bible] as enlightens or touches him; so much, in a word, as gives a satisfaction to his religious requirements. He will receive all in

religion that addresses itself to the soul, all that raises the soul to the Infinite and the ideal, all that unites the soul to God." "The more our faith purifies itself," says another, "the more we eliminate from our religion dogmas which, having no root either in the Divine nature or man's nature, appear on that very account to have no ground to exist at all." "This gradual emancipation of faith," we are told, "has already progressed so far that we can imagine all difficulties removed, and can fancy that we catch a glimpse of the religious future of humanity in a sort of Christian rationalism, a rational Christianity not excluding fervor of devotion, but leaving all its liberty to man's thought."

We may well ask, What will remain in the crucible after this ordeal of fire but a *caput mortuum*? The very assumptions of the attack, or rather the claim of victories already gained, set aside at once the inspiration of the Scriptures, the Divine authority of revelation, the authenticity and genuineness of the books of the Bible, all miracle, all prophecy, and every doctrine of Christianity whose sublimity lifts it above human apprehension, or whose immediate necessity is not realized by the human heart.

This spirit of rationalism has broken out of the schools and the false pulpits and has penetrated society. More than at any other period in the world's history is this spirit of rational inquiry now bent on every question of morals and religion. Religious discussions and speculations are now found in all classes and ranks of society. Men of science, professors of belles-lettres, members of Parliament, gentlemen of retired fortune and leisure, reformers of society and writers of fiction, discuss the gravest questions of Christian history, morals, and religion in this free and speculative spirit, and publish books on the "Life of Christ," "The Origin of the Bible," "The Sources of the Gospel," and more than one hundred thousand copies of such works as "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus" are sold in a few months, while monthly magazines and multiplied volumes undertake to settle the great questions of Christian theology and experience in tales and novels. All departments of knowledge, of science, of literature are permeated with this rationalistic spirit. The popular literature of the day is characterized by the flippancy, the covert sneer, the air of superior wisdom and of freedom from religious belief and restraints which it manifests toward Christianity, while the graver writings of men of science and philosophy are characterized by a dignified

ignoring of Bible truths, or a hasty and flippant setting aside of beliefs and doctrines venerable in the history of ages, and still enshrined in the hearts of devout millions, or the cool substitution of crude theories and hasty inductions for Bible facts, without even condescending to consider the latter. It is boastfully affirmed in high places that "the great body of the mental food of the day—science, history, morals, poetry, fiction, and essay—is prepared by men who have ceased to believe."

The transition from rationalism in relation to Scripture history and interpretation, to rationalism in relation to nature, is easy and rapid, and the process presents to us scientific skepticism as another powerful and widely diffused element operating in modern society. The spirit of rationalism acting in modern science is exactly the same as that working in rationalistic criticism of the Bible; it is an antagonism to the supernatural, an unwillingness to believe any thing that may not be understood by the human intellect, that may not be explained by human reason, that can not be brought within the sphere of natural laws and forces. It is the disposition to rule out of human history and out of human belief every thing that can not be explained without invoking direct Divine interposition, or causes not found in nature. And as the Bible and the Gospel are full of these things, science has a bitter war to wage with the Bible and Christianity.

Science claims to be able to explain every thing with grand scientific theories. Only give it the known and demonstrable substances and forces of nature, and myriads of ages in which to work these forces, and it can develop the whole universe, from the state of diffused vapors scattered throughout limitless space, up to the orderly and magnificent system of worlds as now revealed in the starry heavens, and every living thing from a mere organized germ up to intelligent man. Give it periods of unknown history of sufficient length, and it can develop man from the lowest forms of life up to his present wonderful nature and lofty supremacy, and account for all his history without any need of God, or providence, or revelation, or redemption. But the Bible stands in the way of these splendid theories. The Bible at every step is thrusting the Divine, the spiritual, the supernatural into this rationalistic, materialistic, atheistic theorizing. "In the beginning GOD CREATED the heavens and the earth; God made man in his own likeness and image; God assigns their places to the suns and stars; God made of *one* blood all nations to dwell on the earth; God rules in the vast machinery of

nature and in the history of men." These are great Bible facts, but they are terribly in the way of scientific theory. The Bible talks of miracles, of Divine interpositions, of special providences, of the power of prayer, and these revelations terribly break in upon the scientific theories of invariable law, of resistless force, of universal materialism.

It is not strange, then, that science should endeavor to overthrow the Bible and remove out of its way this standing and powerful protest against its materialism and atheism. It is not strange that science attacks the Bible, especially in those vital points where it seems to come in conflict with favorite scientific theories and speculations. The heavens are studied in hope that the stars will give the lie to the words of their Maker. Geology searches the depths of the earth in hope that the rocks will protest against the Bible theories of the earth and man. "The secrets of chemistry are searched in the hope of producing life without seed, and thus impugning the records of Moses." Philosophy, history, geography, every department of knowledge has been reviewed, submitted almost to the rack and torture in hope of finding some demonstrable facts that would controvert the history and doctrines of the Bible. Philosophy assumes the same attitude and comes to the help of physical science, declaring a miracle is impossible, the intermingling of the supernatural with the natural is unthinkable; prayer is a superstition, delightful to the creature exercising it, but powerless to change or avert any thing in the fixed and immutable order of things.

This is the battle of intellect, of science and philosophy that is raging about us, adding its distant and deep thunderings to the rattle of the lighter arms and noise of the skirmishes that are all around us. Is it, then, that advancing knowledge is bearing us away from the venerable truths of the Bible? Is it that Christianity will not bear the scrutinizing gaze of the awakened and inquiring intellect? No, but in many instances this rationalistic spirit takes its start from a skeptical standpoint. And even when originating in a sincere and earnest desire to know and comprehend the truths of religion, this intense inquisitiveness can not always be met in Divine truth. It has its mysteries which can not be solved and comprehended by the human mind, and sublime truths which will not admit of being anatomized or decomposed for the gaze of human curiosity. The mind here, as elsewhere, asks, How can these things be, and why are they thus? but the truths of revelation can not, like other

mere physical truths, be handled and explained, and because reason can not fully grasp them and wrest from them an answer to every question of idle curiosity or intellectual pride, and settle them on the basis of a rational solution, the mind, unwilling to accept them by faith, doubts and rejects them.

Religion is not an animal body that we can stretch out before us and anatomize with the scalpel or the saw; it is not a crystal, or fluid, or sunbeam that we may cast into the crucible, or the test-tube, or the spectrum, to analyze and decompose it, that we may handle its elements and comprehend its ultimate principles. It is not even a theory of the heavens that we can test by turning upon its promises and hopes the telescope that searches the skies, nor a theory of life that we may search by the microscope. It is spiritual, Divine, supernatural; it is truth higher than philosophy or science can reach; it is a sphere of knowledge overlying and interpenetrating all other departments of knowledge, which no philosophic investigation can discover and no scientific instruments can reach, and which must be made known by revelation from God himself. He that accepts it and believes it in his heart will know that it has come from God, and that it is the power and the wisdom of God.

SOUL-TEXTURE.

SOUL is a spirit-substance. Matter is one thing, soul is another thing, yet each is something. It is nonsense to say that the soul is material; for we know as little of the essence of matter as of the essence of mind. We gain nothing—not a single idea—by predicating the one of the other. You think; that which thinks is a something which men call spirit. It only agitates the thinking principle—as if it consciously protested—to attempt to identify it with matter or with a mode of matter; it stirs up to greater intensity the spirit consciousness. Spirit is a something which *knows* that it exists—which can think that matter knows nothing. Spirit is a substance only in that it is a something with its appropriate phenomena. It individualizes itself; that which can do that is called a spirit—a mind—it is of no use to contend about names. The term *soul* is sometimes used “in distinction from the higher nature or spirit of man;” we think men are also in the habit of using it as an individualizing term to denote a personal spirit—substance—a spirit-unit.

There is a spirit in man, and there is a something in brutes not altogether unspiritual in its

manifestations. It is not simple vitality; *instinct* is too low a term, *reason* is too high. There is sensation, there is perception; but what is the spiritual rank of the phenomena? We hardly like to apply the term *soul* here; we hardly know what the Scriptural expression the “spirit of a beast” means, yet we think we will not be misunderstood when we suggest the expression, *difference of soul-texture*. There is a difference of man and brute, undoubtedly; it is a substantial difference. There is a great mystery in the difference. *Instinct* is a term at the same time expressive of difference and of identity: a bird builds its nest as if it reasoned; birds build nests as if they did *not* reason. Nothing below brutes seems to present spiritual phenomena. Passing the brute we reach the absolutely soulless; there are no more questionings—no more spiritual mysteries. Linger awhile in this soulless region of thought—in this spiritual silence—as if by solitary thinking, the better to apprehend the essential difference of mind and matter, we are the more able to think that in the brute there is a dawning soul—the faintest outline of a spirit, so to speak, as if to afford the soul of man which is (*to be*) immortal, an idea of that which he may *name* soul-texture. Man’s soul rises; the soul of the beast goes downward; it may be, expires forever. God gives us illustrations of almost every thing; why may he not illustrate spiritual immortality in this way? Or, if the science of soul requires immortality in the brute, why may it not be forever illustrative of this same idea of soul-texture? The soul of the beast is already so far “downward” that it can not be degraded and exist; why may not this be illustrative of the SELF-degradation of the human soul?

We may not say that there is any difference of the souls of angels and of men; for how know we altogether what angels are? If man is made lower than the angels, how know we that angels and men will ever be coordinate? The angels themselves seem not to be of equal rank. In all this we have only a glimmering notion of difference of circumstances, of powers, and of development—not of process of development. Other beings higher than we are beyond the range of our observation. We can not now compare souls; that may be reserved for the future beyond this life. God will illustrate things throughout eternity. He may reveal to our spirit-sense created spirits so fine that but for the majesty of his presence we might worship them. Difference of spirituality in heaven is not inconceivable—still not a difference that any redeemed soul will feel with pain.

Man was created in the image of God. The soul-structure of all men is the same. If all men are in some respects like God, then in some respects all men are the same. There is a similarity of process of thinking, of feeling, and of willing. There are really no essential differences among men; though there *are* "self-superinduced" differences which yet do not dehumanize them. Men, as fallen alike, deface the image of God, though the active spirit presents the phenomenon of a dead level of human depravity. We are compelled to admit the universal similarity of human soul-structure—the similarity of faculties in kind though not in degree. But there are irreconcilable differences of men *on the earth*, not appearing to us as differences of soul-structure, yet which are *such* differences amid the same appliances of divine grace and regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit as to render—though perhaps not in a strictly scientific sense—the expression *difference of soul-texture* not unintelligible. That there is difference of intellectual *strength* hardly any one can doubt. That this is the result simply of different texture of the body may be questioned—facts disprove it. Mental temperament, we believe, is an expression that may be applied to a disembodied spirit.

For the strange differences among men, difference of soul-texture is at least an expression of practical convenience. We pass over what might be said concerning the sex of the soul—simply suggesting a thought that such expressions as "the delicate soul of woman," though figurative, are indicative of real fundamental ideas by no means foreign to the present purpose. That there will be at least *two* classes of redeemed spirits in heaven is not altogether uncertain. We do not wish to rid ourselves of the idea of soul-texture. In the world of spirits ideas may be divested of material clothing; but we will not now rudely banish from the soul thoughts of soul, because it must at present borrow from thoughtless matter.

Some men of feeble bodies have a firmness of will that impresses us with the idea of texture of soul irrespective of fiber of body. Some men powerful of body are feeble of will. Some souls suggest what they *would* do if they had bodies corresponding with soul-character. These very incongruities force upon us some thought of harmonizing our ideas of souls.

We use the term "natural goodness." What do we mean by it? Can we, in the face of facts, abandon the term or some equivalent? Do we not speak of natural virtues in distinction from our usual meaning of Divine grace? We certainly do; and we see earnest men building the

superstructure of Christian lives upon different soul-bases; yet they build upon the true foundation—Jesus. We see two children in nearly the same circumstances of life; and on the supposition that they both will be Christians, we predicate of each a *kind* of Christian life. We have ideas of a *kind* of sanctified amiability, sanctified paternal affections—and so of all the natural virtues. Possibly "entire sanctification" is but a relative term; and souls of different texture may be differently perfected. All this does not in the least affect the question of moral responsibility. The Spirit and the Word of God urge every soul to be *on the stretch*. "PRESS FORWARD" is the general order passing along the lines! It is the order for the hosts of earth and skies.

Just as there are phases of natural goodness, so there are phases of natural meanness. Some are in the habit of thinking of all heathens as being on the same level of natural unloveliness. It is not true. Depravity is indeed to be predicated of the human race; but over humanity there is a superstratum of Divine grace which constitutes indeed no different degrees of natural meritoriousness. Yet at the same time there *are* different degrees of natural loveliness—*natural* we believe to be the proper word after all. What a glorious Christian, we can conceive, Socrates would have been had Christianity been within his reach and he had accepted! Had Socrates, the philosopher, and Nero, the tyrant, both accepted the Christian religion, and had been "entirely sanctified," yet we imagine the *tone* of the sanctified soul of Socrates would be more pleasant to a Christian philosopher than that of Nero. Whatever may be the condition of things hereafter, such seems to be the inevitable condition of things at present that the close observer can not but perceive that there is a certain basis of natural quality of soul which the Divine Spirit, both as regenerating and as sanctifying, for *the present*, to say the least, leaves untouched. Whether in heaven all souls are homogeneous*and delight in equal degree in the same things, we must wait to know—but we doubt that they are.

EVERY man has two educations—that which is given to him, and the other that which he gives to himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man, he must work out and conquer for himself. It is this that constitutes our real and best nourishment. What we are merely *taught*, seldom nourishes the mind like that which we teach ourselves.

MY HELIOTROPE.

HERE, shut in from the cold,
 From pitiless breath of frosts,
 And weight of snows,
 How full of life, with what rare beauty grows
 This heliotrope!
 With what sweet hope
 She turneth ever to the light her leaves;
 Holding out open hands of glad some trust,
 Till all her tiny veins
 Thrill with their glad, sweet gains—
 The glow, the warmth that cometh down from heaven
 So freely given!

How, as the days go on,
 Her perfect work is done;
 As one by one
 Open the green leaves on her branches fair,
 With humble, patient grace
 She keepeth still her place,
 Drinketh the sunshine when no dark clouds lower,
 And in the stormy hour,
 Sheltered and calm, she waiteth, working still
 With quiet will.

Then as the days lapse one by one away,
 And waters cool I cast
 About her thirsty roots, I see at last
 Crowning her clustered leaves, perfect and pure,
 The fragrant blossoms; all the air
 Groweth most rich and rare
 With the sweet smell.
 Ah, say I then, 't is well,
 That thus this heliotrope
 Worketh in patient hope,
 Through hours of shade and sun,
 Till over all her work so fully done,
 This crown of fragrant grace
 Maketh all fair with praise
 Her perfect days.

How sweet the lesson now she teacheth me!
 The daily work that's brought
 For me to do
 Thus faithfully and true
 May it be wrought!

May I, like her, my appointed station fill,
 Working and waiting still
 With patient, trusting heart through good and ill!
 Thus, as she ever turneth to the sun
 Her tender leaves,
 And thankfully receives
 The life that doth supply her daily need;
 So may I from her learn
 Ever my heart to turn
 Unto that Source divine,
 From whom alone can shine
 The light of life to warm this heart of mine!

May I, too, one by one,
 Count all my duties done,
 Lifting them leaf by leaf unto His face,
 Who only knoweth my sore need of grace!
 But still "sufficient" stands his word for me;

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Trusting in him I shall most surely see
 That word fulfilled. Though weak I am and poor,
 His strength doth make secure;
 His word doth bid me hope
 That though I often grope
 Amid the darkness of rough, stormy days;
 Though in sore blindness I
 Often unto him cry,
 Seeing not where my trembling feet to place;
 Yet, if in all my ways,
 Leaning upon his grace,
 I strive with faithful hands my work to do,
 He will for his own sake
 My poor, scant service take;
 Then, when in his own time that work is through,
 He will himself crown me with his own love,
 In heaven above.

MONUMENTS.

WE rear not earth's best monuments
 In sculptured marble forms;
 Whose summits tower above the reach
 Of lightning and of storms,
 To mark the place where battle rolled
 Its blood-stained billows wide;
 While thousands of the brave went down
 Beneath the surging tide.

Nor mid the cities of the dead
 Their grandest forms arise,
 To catch the glory of the morn,
 The flush of twilight skies;
 To mark the hero's breathless sleep
 Through time's resistless years—
 No quarry yields them from its bed,
 No mountain's lofty piers.

These are but symbols that must bow,
 As time shall onward roll;
 More lasting monuments are reared
 From treasures of the soul.
 The memories of the noble dead
 Of every age and clime,
 Will live when sculptured forms decay,
 Undimmed by change or time!

From deathless quarries of the mind
 These monuments arise;
 Whose fadeless forms art never traced,
 Whose summits pierce the skies.
 Unsullied aims and godlike deeds
 Their fair proportions take;
 And on their heaven-crowned heights at last
 Immortal morn shall break.

Their firm foundation rests secure
 In human hearts that glow
 With love for all things just and pure,
 As time's swift billows flow;
 And every human soul may rear
 A monument sublime,
 That burns with love to God and man,
 And thoughts that heavenward climb.

SCIENCE AND ATHEISM.

EXHAUST what professes to be the logic of atheistic science in relation to the existence of a Divine Being, and it can come only to this, that, how far soever the search is extended into the universe, no Creator is *seen*.

"I found him not in the world or sun,
In eagle's wing or insect's eye;"

and, not finding him, I, the follower of Comte and Darwin, declare that he does not exist, or at least can not be discovered.

We remark, first of all, that whether this argument is forceful or forceless, it has little more cogency now than it had in times before physical science, strictly so called, came into existence. If God could not be seen by man in the things immediately around him; if there was no visible, sensible trace of him within the horizon of the unassisted senses; it is an obviously paltry and puerile argument to say that the telescope has taken us further among the stars overhead, and the microscope shown us new wonders among the grasses at our feet, and that no God having yet been discovered, it is evident that none exists. The tacit assumption in this train of reasoning is, that spiritual existence can be detected by sense, that God can be *seen*. It may save trouble to those who rely upon such arguments, if we grant them, as we do without hesitation, that if they extended the researches of their science to the utmost frontier of immensity, and if their investigations into the past enabled them to survey material existence from the first moment when matter was till now, they would not with the eye of sense discover God. Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned; and in Jesus Christ himself, the incarnate God, the mere bodily eye could see but a man. God must be seen here or no where; if we do not find him in this spot of earth which we occupy, it will be vain to search for him among the stars. The Roman, looking into the holiest of holies in the Hebrew temple, and seeing there no graven image, proclaimed that there was no God in the place, and that the Jews worshiped no deity. Had he extended his survey throughout the entire created universe, his eye would still have been met by what to him would have seemed blank nothing. In this wonderful and glorious universe, which is in very truth the holy of holies wherein dwelleth God, the man who expects to find a material God will find none. To him, as to the Roman general, the reply to be rendered is, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

But this is not all. If we can not by prying

and by fingering discover the Mind of the universe, can we by similar methods discover mind in this our bodily frame? No. With microscope and scalpel, urging our inquiries further and ever further, increasing at every step the delicacy of our analysis, we can not discover mind. The spirit of man eludes us. Sense knows only what can be seen or felt, and we can not see or feel a soul. Hence, too, it is childish either to say that we have now pushed our analysis so far that we can pronounce decisively that mind does not exist; or that, if only we continued the investigation a little longer, we might come upon the spirit of which we are in quest. Whether it is with the external universe, or with the individual man, that we deal, it will hold good that the method of investigation by sense alone, prosecute it to what length we may, will eternally be at fault.

What, then, is to be done? How are we to come upon the traces of spirit? By falling back from sense upon the higher faculty of consciousness. We are conscious that we think, that we feel, that we know, that we will. We are conscious of a spiritual force within us to which all material force residing in our members is subject. We are conscious that this spiritual power, this inner self, this that thinks, and knows, and wills, is in a stricter sense *we* than the bodily frame which it inhabits and animates. We perceive, besides, that the mental force now discovered is the mightiest *originating* force in the world. To the spirit of man is traceable all the changes that have been wrought in the aspect of the earth by what we call civilization and physical progress. Matter has been made the slave of this invisible power—the clay of which mind is the potter. The elements of nature, dumb and blind, have been struggled with and conquered. Mind has directed the telescope upon the midnight sky; mind has held the microscope as it pierced into the infinitude of littleness under our feet. Mind does not see itself with the eye of sense, because the eye of sense is but its humble instrument. If a man is not conscious of his spiritual existence, it is sure enough that he will not be shown it by sense; if he is not conscious that he, the spirit, the mind, the knowing, thinking force, holds sense in his hand, and uses it according to his will, he is not likely to realize that he is a spirit. But the man whose habits of thought are most mechanical, can hardly fail to grasp the idea that in all he sees of man's achievement upon earth; in the towered cities standing for centuries on plain or by river side; in the fertile fields stretching over wide spaces where of old were but the forest and the rock;

in the steamship furrowing steadily the face of ocean against wind and tide; in the railway train darting through the bosom of the mountain; in the telegraphic wire which "puts a girdle round the world in forty minutes;" in the picture, the statue, the poem, the library of great books, the force at work has been the force of mind. "There is nothing great on earth but man; there is nothing great in man but mind." And yet sense, groping about the world forever, analyzing the tissues of the brain, tracing the nerves to their roots, will never see or touch, or in any way discover aught but matter. To sense alone man is a *body* and the universe is a *coffin*. Such a view is, we pronounce, incredible. We start from man, the mind, the spirit of this lower world.

Has the spirit of man any thing to tell us of the Spirit of God? It has. It tells us first, that, as mind is the sole originating cause discoverable by us on earth, so mind must naturally and reasonably be supposed to be the primal cause in the universe. We are conscious that mind can originate. Matter we conceive as dead.

The fundamental error, then, of the scientific atheists of our day is in their method. It is mechanical, external, superficial, false. They exalt the senses, which are the mere servitors of mind, into mind's masters, and terrible is the bondage to which they thus doom the spirit of man. Looking outwardly upon physical nature, and upon that alone, they have been met only by the silence and death of matter, and God has remained unknown to them. They have "sailed through the universe of worlds, and found no Maker thereof; descending into the abysses where being no longer casts its shadow, and felt only the rain-drops trickle down; and saw only the gleaming rainbow of creation, which originated from no sun; and heard only the everlasting storm, which no one governs; and looked upward for the Divine eye, and beheld only the black, bottomless, glaring Death's eye-socket." Not the less ghastly will this eye-socket be, that it is lit up with the glitter of those unnumbered worlds which science displays upon the vault of immensity.

EXCELLENCE is never granted to man, but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, while they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

BOOKS AND GIRLS.

"OF making many books there is no end."

If Solomon was awed by their multitude in the days of parchment and the stylus, what would have been his astonishment could his vision have spanned twenty-five centuries and beheld the magic of Gutenberg and Faust? Coming a little further to our own day, when books may be measured by the cord, he would be as much overwhelmed as was the Queen of Sheba by his wisdom and magnificence. Though our eyes are somewhat accustomed to the boundless expanse of this sea of literature, we are none the less at a loss for some compass to guide our motions.

In our school-days we stand on the shore, dip our fingers in the waves, dig about in the sand a little, dive once in a while and find an oyster with a pearl in it, but oftener are content with picking up shells which are very pretty to look at, but of no earthly use. After a little some kindly chance takes us up to a high cliff and shows us a little more of the great ocean. To set sail without a compass or a pilot is to drift about and make no port.

Here is the great want and the great danger of girls. Men necessarily decide early in what direction they will work. The point to be gained settled, nearly all their time is engrossed, and leaves little for book-errantry. Girls do not determine their own future, and so are tossed about by every wave of circumstance; and somewhere about here lies the secret of the frivolity, weakness, and inefficiency of which the sex is so often accused. Time hangs heavily on their hands; entertainment and employment must be had. The nearest resource is books, and they are too often of a character which makes matters worse instead of better. They seize upon what excites the imagination, and the demand increases with the supply. This persisted in destroys all healthful action of the mind. A little direction in the early stages would avert these consequences and open up a field of perpetual wonder and delight. The formation of a correct taste is the first thing to be aimed at. This can not be done by "browsing indiscriminately." The opinions of good judges must be taken as to what is best. Standard authors in different departments must be read. Perseverance in reading what may at first seem uninviting will be well repaid by a development in that direction. Distaste for what is standard indicates the necessity of development. History, biography, poetry, fiction, and the drama must all bear a part in the formation of the taste

and cultivation of the understanding. The income is more than commensurate with the outlay. The "sweet society of books" is a never-failing source of entertainment, comfort, and consolation. Are you in a heroic mood? The history of the old Greeks, the conquering Romans, the raids of the Germans, and the sea-fights of "Vikings old," transports you to an age when you can enjoy it to the utmost. Charles Lamb and Dickens are at your elbow if you want the humorous. If you feel grand and lofty behold *Ursa Major*, the great unbearable bear, who is tall, and stately, and labored enough for the most dignified admirer of the classic and learned. Are you tired of the every-day and the real? Spenser will spirit you away into an enchanted land and make you forget you are mortal; but when you do wake up and find yourself back on the earth Scott and Thomson will console you for what you have left behind. If you are in a wilderness of loneliness you are not without friends; Shakspeare has photographed the whole world for you.

Instruction walks with entertainment. A critical reading of history and biography widens the view, ripens the judgment, and enables the intellect to better understand the issues of life and grapple with its problems.

A well-read woman is not necessarily any the less a practical woman. She will the rather, with feminine ingenuity, turn every thing to account. Her nursery is her kingdom, and not to be despised. The more brains and culture she has the better it will be governed. All her versatility of talent will be called into exercise; "Mother Goose" will be banished, and her love will make its own infant melodies; Hercules and his wonderful doings will turn out "Jack and the Beanstalk;" Romulus and the mud-walled city by the Tiber will rival "The House that Jack Built." She will teach patriotism in the story of Horatius; Regulus will speak for truth and honor; the story of *Volumnia* and *Coriolanus* will show them what a woman will brave for her country, and she will tell them of a mother's pride in the words of *Cornelia*. She will not forget that her boys are to be men and citizens. Her country's history and government will be made familiar to them as household words, and its great men will be their models. She will herself be a storehouse of knowledge to which they can come without fear of being turned empty away. Her evening songs will be the sweet reward of the day's obedience and goodness; and when in the march of the years they outstrip her in strength and learning they will turn to her for the old-

time comfort, not despising her intellect, but cherishing her with respect and affection. The world will claim them and carry them away in its bustle and whirl, but the memory-chains which bind them to her, though out of sight, are unbreakable, and when the silver chord is loosened, and the spirit changes this for the glory-land, she will walk up the golden streets joyfully to receive her five talents more.

Is it a little thing to be women and have your hands on the cradles that rock the world? Shall the time which is to fit you for life and its responsibilities be frittered away on nothing and worse than wasted? Rather look at the future through the eyes of reason and common-sense, and set about getting ready for it. Bate not one iota of all that makes you attractive and pleasing. Beauty is one of the greatest blessings bestowed on mortals. Madame de Stael would have given half her talents for half Madame Recamier's beauty. Usually nature is impartial in the bestowal of gifts. If you have a good share of one you must be content with a small share of another. Which-ever you have make the best use of it and cultivate the rest. Look at life on the broadest plane, develop in all possible ways, and be as nearly as you can "a perfect woman, nobly planned."

THE HURON MISSION.*

EVERY story of aboriginal life is interesting to an American reader. With mournful interest we read and re-read the romance of a departed nation, whose feet have roamed over our own hills and valleys, and whose canoes have floated upon our rivers and lakes. Though their voices are heard no more in the forest, and the forests themselves have given place to cultivated lands and populous cities, yet the spirit of the Indians still lingers in the names of our rivers, mountains, lakes, and towns. With equal interest we trace the history of those of our own race who first visited these western shores and planted the seeds of civilization and liberty. Especially we delight to ponder upon the pages which record the toils, sufferings, oftentimes the martyrdom, of those noble men who left home and kindred to erect an altar to the unknown God, under the blue skies of the New World, upon the wild hunting grounds of the tawny Indians. We weep over the unmarked graves of those martyred ones,

*The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century. By Francis Parkman. 1 Vol. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1867.

but we glory in the holy, though sometimes mistaken, zeal of the departed.

Mr. Parkman introduces his work with an extended account of the peculiarities and divisions of the various Indian tribes of the North, dwelling particularly upon the manners and customs of the Hurons. Thence he proceeds to describe the introduction of Catholicism into Canada, relating the history of the various settlements at Quebec, among the Hurons, and at Montreal. The author at once fascinates and convinces, and we seem to be perusing the page of fiction rather than a collection of authentic historical facts. Now and then the description of similar scenes savors a trifle of repetition, but, in the main, the work is both entertaining and instructive. We turn from its perusal, still wondering, as oft before, at the dealings of the universal Creator whose hand swept away one nation to make an inheritance for another race and people whose God is the Lord.

Early in April, 1632, two Jesuits, Le Jeune, and De Noué, with a lay brother, Gilbert, embarked at Havre for the New World. After a weary voyage, composed mostly of storms and seasickness, they entered the harbor of Tadoussac. Here the enthusiastic missionaries first encountered the objects of their mission in the persons of a dozen or more Indians, who one day rushed into the cabin of the vessel, their faces adorned with black, blue, and red paint, and their dusky forms scantily wrapped in uncouth garments of skin. After trying awhile to communicate with them by pantomime, and dissuade them from burning some Iroquois prisoners which they had upon the shore, Le Jeune and his companions again sailed, and arrived at Quebec on the fifth of July. Here they took possession of two hovels built by their predecessors on the St. Charles River. One of these buildings had been half burned by the English, but still served for storehouse, stable, workshop, and bakery. The principal building was constructed with planks, plastered with mud and thatched with grass. This contained four rooms, a garret, and a cellar. One of these rooms was used for a chapel, another for refectory, the others for kitchen and lodgings for the workmen. The chapel lacked many of the adornments deemed necessary across the water, and the walls were simply decorated with two coarse engravings. Indeed, the whole establishment was meagerly furnished. Four cells, the largest of which was only eight feet square, served for the priests, while the lay brother lodged in the garret. Such was the House of Notre Dame-des-Anges, the rallying point of the great mission of New

France. Immediately after their arrival Le Jeune commenced his missionary labors. His first pupils were a little Indian boy and a negro. However, as neither of the three understood the language of the other, but little advancement was made in spiritual knowledge. It became apparent to Le Jeune that nothing could be accomplished in his great project of converting the Algonquins without a knowledge of their language. With this in view he resolved to visit an Indian encampment on the St. Lawrence River. He set out one morning in October, and after a perilous journey through the woods and over loose rocks, once well-nigh swept into the river by the falling of a tree, he at last arrived at his destination. Here he found the Indians engaged in the eel fisheries, the trees, rocks, and bushes covered with myriads of eels on strings. A boy invited him into the lodge of his grandmother, who at once hastened to offer him some roasted on a piece of bark, while the other squaws instructed him in the art of preparing them. All ate together, his entertainers using their hair or the dogs for napkins. Le Jeune, in his pursuit of knowledge, endeavored, meanwhile, to increase his stock of Algonquin words. But this lesson proved tedious and unprofitable, and his next attempt was to obtain an interpreter, which was by no means an easy task. At last, by large rewards of tobacco, he succeeded in obtaining the services of an Indian called Pierre, who had been taken to France by the Recollet friars, instructed and baptized, but who, since his return, had gone back to his old vices, and was consequently named by Le Jeune the Apostate. Side by side in the refectory the priest and the Indian studied; when the teacher became weary his attention was recalled by a larger piece of tobacco. So the days passed on at the mission-house till Winter sealed up the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles, and half buried Notre Dame-des-Anges in snow-drifts. It was a Winter of unusual severity. As the priests toiled at their Algonquin translations, shivering over the fire, they could hear the trees without crack by the frost, "with a sound like the report of a pistol." Sometimes they practiced upon snow-shoes, much to the amusement of the Indians who often passed the mission-house. Once De Noué accompanied a band of Montaguais on their way to hunt the moose, but he returned in a few weeks half dead with cold and exhaustion.

Through all their hardships the Jesuits were uncomplaining, and their zeal rather warmed than diminished. It was Le Jeune's custom, when a party of Indians came into the neighborhood,

to go out and ring a bell. This attracted the attention of the children, and when they followed him into the refectory he taught them to repeat the Pater, Ave, and Credo, showed them how to make the sign of the cross, explained the mystery of the Trinity, taught them an Indian prayer composed with the aid of Pierre, closing with the Pater Noster; and after all was over each child was rewarded with a porringer of peas as an inducement to come next time the bell was rung.

In May the missionaries were gladdened by the arrival of four more Jesuits, Brébeuf, Masse, Daniel, and Davost. The tribes of Indians that frequented the neighborhood of Quebec mostly spoke the Algonquin language. They were, however, roving in disposition, and seemed to have no permanent settlements, but wandered from place to place, wherever they were attracted by the hunting or fishing. To-day there were swarms of Indians upon the banks of the rivers, and the air was rent with their yellings and hootings. To-morrow silence settled again upon the forests. But in what is now the north-eastern part of Simcoe county, Canada West, was the country of the Hurons, and to these permanent settlements the eyes of the Jesuits had been turned from the first, but as yet no one could be spared from the mission-house to undertake this great enterprise.

In 1669 the Hurons had about thirty-two villages, seven hundred dwellings, and a total population of at least twenty thousand. Their country was an alternation of deep forests and meadow land, and each settlement covered a space of from one to ten acres. The houses, however, were arranged without the slightest idea of order, and were generally about thirty feet in length, breadth, and height. They were formed of tall saplings, planted in double rows for the sides of the house, and woven together at the top. Other poles were bound transversely, and the whole was covered with the bark of trees. A hole, a foot wide, was left the whole length of the building for light, and to allow the smoke to escape. Within, on either side, were scaffolds four feet high, constructed of bark, supported by poles, and covered with mats and skins. These were used in Summer for sleeping-places, while under them the firewood was kept. The fires were made in the middle of the room, and during the Winter "all slept closely packed around them." From the roof were suspended poles, upon which the weapons and clothing were hung. Sometimes the squaws hung up the yellow ears of unshelled corn, till the whole roof looked golden with the fruits of the harvest. Generally, however, every

part of the house was filled with smoke, to which annoyance may be added fleas, dogs, and unruly children, the sum of these discomforts making life within the Huron lodges any thing but agreeable.

The night scenes are thus aptly described: "He who entered on a Winter night beheld a strange spectacle—the vista of fires lighting the smoky concave; the bronzed group encircling each, cooking, eating, gambling, or amusing themselves with idle badinage; shriveled squaws, hideous with threescore years of hardships; grizzly old warriors, scarred with Iroquois war clubs; young aspirants whose honors were yet to be won; damsels gay with ocher and wampum; restless children pellmell with restless dogs. Now a tongue of resinous flame painted each wild feature in vivid light; now the fitful gleam expired, and the group vanished from sight as their nation has vanished from history."

Besides being comparatively well built, some of the Huron villages were fortified, and to this day, in New York State, may be found remnants of their ditches and embankments. No division was made of the land, but each family cultivated what they chose, the squaws planting corn, beans, pumpkins, and potatoes, as soon as the land was cleared of the trees and bushes. Corn, variously prepared, was their chief food. Venison, bear flesh, and dog flesh, were luxuries. This stationary tribe was somewhat ahead of the wandering tribes of the North in the arts. They made rude pots for cooking, wove mats, spun hemp for fishing nets, and constructed many useful implements, but pipes and wampum held the highest place in their estimation. In dress and manners they closely resembled other Indian tribes. They were notorious thieves and gamblers, and often games of chance were prescribed by the "medicine men" as cures for the sick.

The Hurons gave up their Winters principally to feasting and dancing. Some of these feasts were of the most extravagant nature. At one place thirty deer and four bears were served up. "The invitation was simple. The messenger addressed the desired guest with the concise summons, 'Come and eat;' and to refuse was a grave offense. He took his dish and spoon and repaired to the scene of festivity. Each, as he entered, greeted his host with the guttural ejaculation, ho! and ranged himself with the rest, squatted on the earthen floor, or on the platform along the sides of the house. The kettles were slung over the fires in the midst. First there was a long prelude of lugubrious singing. Then the host, who took no

share in the feast, proclaimed in a loud voice the contents of each kettle in turn, and at each announcement the company responded in unison, ho! The attendant squaws filled with their ladles the bowls of the guests. There was talking, laughing, jesting, singing, and smoking; and at times the entertainment was protracted through the day." If it was a medical or sacred feast each one was obliged to eat the whole of his portion, or some awful calamity was predicted; and the one who first dispatched the viands was rewarded with tobacco. The scene under such circumstances can be better imagined than described, and this kind of feasts was much dreaded by the Indians.

The religious beliefs and superstitions of the Hurons seemed to have a deep influence upon their every-day life. In nature every thing teemed with life. Trees, rocks, water-falls, rivers, even the game they destroyed in hunting, enshrined a spirit which might be offended or propitiated. Besides ascribing intelligence to the animal and natural world, they believed in beings called Okies. Most of these Manitous revealed themselves in the forms of beasts or birds, though sometimes they appeared as human beings, sometimes as stones which contained flesh and blood. Besides these there was one remarkable individual generally called Manabazho, or the Great Hare. The East, West, North, and South were personified, and they had also a Summer maker and a Winter maker. Nor were these their only superstitions, but the air was every-where full of good and evil spirits, and almost every event in nature foreboded good or ill.

Among these savages, full of dreams and superstitions, it was destined that Brébeuf, Davost, and Daniel should labor, suffer, and die. In July a Huron Indian came to Quebec with the announcement that his countrymen were about to make their annual visit, and soon the river was swarming with canoes. Their visit lasted usually about five days. This year, after the customary councils and barter, the Governor of Quebec, Champlain, introduced to the assembly the three Jesuits. "These are our fathers," he said. "We love them more than we love ourselves. The whole French nation honors them. They do not go among you for your furs. They have left their friends and their country to show you the way to heaven. If you love the French as you say you love them, then love and honor these our fathers." The chiefs replied with words of extravagant praise, and disputed the privilege of entertaining the priests, but before the hour of departure arrived some misunderstanding arose, and a

year passed before the Jesuits really started for their distant home among the Hurons.

After wavering up to the very eve of their starting, the Indians at last received the fathers. It was a weary journey of nine hundred miles. Week after week passed, and as the canoes became separated for more than a month the Jesuits scarcely met. Brébeuf could speak a little Huron, but the others passed the time in unbroken silence, busily plying the paddle and seeing only the tawny face before them in the canoe and the wild scenes of the forest. Many times their feet were sadly torn upon the rocks as they carried the canoes and luggage from stream to stream or around the rapids. Sometimes they doubted whether their strength would enable them to finish their journey. But the only complaint of these men, accustomed to the conveniences of the Old World, and now going day by day farther from civilization and from associations of their race and kindred to scenes of barbarism and, perchance, martyrdom, was that they had too little time to read their breviaries. What zeal! Can we but regret that it was not exhibited to promote the diffusion of a pure Christianity?

The canoe which carried Brébeuf first arrived at its destination, and having landed, the Indians dispersed to their villages, leaving him to fare as best he could. Kneeling upon the sand, Brébeuf offered thanks to Heaven for his safe arrival, and soon his companions made their appearance, looking weary and worn with their long journey. As the shades of evening were closing upon them, they buried their baggage and started for the woods. After wandering awhile along a dreary path they arrived at the village of Ihonatiria. The whole population swarmed out to meet them, crying, "Echom has come again! Echom has come again!" One of the richest Hurons, Awandoay, received them into his house, and entertained them till the Huron mission-house was built.

It was a custom among the tribe when a house was to be built for the whole village to assist. And not only the inhabitants of Ihonatiria, but also their neighbors from Wenrio helped in the building of the mission, which, when completed, resembled the houses of the Hurons without, but within it was divided into apartments, each opening with a door, which was a source of wonderment to the whole neighborhood. As soon as the house was erected there was no lack of company, for the fame of the black-robed visitors had spread to the uttermost limits of the nation. The guests came in parties and examined every thing in the house with the greatest curiosity. The

clock was the greatest marvel. "The guests would sit in expectant silence by the hour, waiting to hear it strike. They thought it was alive, and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded one of the Frenchmen would cry, 'Stop!' and to the admiration of the company the obedient clock was silent. . . . 'What does the captain say?' was the frequent question, for by this title of honor they designated the clock. 'When he strikes twelve times he says, "Hang on the kettle," and when he strikes four times he says, "Get up and go home."' Both interpretations were remembered. At noon visitors were never wanting to share the fathers' sagamite, but at the stroke of four all rose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace."

The Jesuits now entered zealously upon the labor of learning the language and translating the Paters and Creeds into Huron. They also took every opportunity to explain the doctrines of the Church and to speak of heaven and hell, ever entreating the Indians to embrace the faith and be baptized. They also gathered the children together and taught them to make the sign of the cross, to pray, and to chant. The most proficient were rewarded with presents of beads and raisins. Sometimes the elders came to the house, listened to the explanations of their doctrines, said "good," but when urged to adopt the faith replied, "It is good for the French, but we are a different people with different customs." But as yet little advancement was made, few were baptized; mostly those at the point of death and infants, changing the latter, Le Jeune says, "from little Indians into little angels."

Winter was now approaching, and the time of feasting began, and as the Fathers sat quietly in their lodges around their fires, without the air was rent with drumming, singing, and screeching of the drummers and gamblers. But the greatest uproars were caused by the prescriptions of the "medicine men." At one time a young Indian became crazy, and the whole village were aroused to drive away the evil spirit which affected him. All the Indians dressed themselves in the most fantastic style each could devise, and, with wild dancing and hideous screeching, for a time, Brébeuf says, "the village resembled Pandemonium." Another feast was Ohonhara, the Dream Feast, where all feigned madness, and men, women, and children rushed frantically from house to house. The next morning all was changed; every body went around seeking the gratification of a certain wish made known to them in their pretended dream. Whenever a demand

was made something was given to the dreamer, and if the want was not gratified some disaster was predicted to the individual.

Time passed on, and the Winter revelings were at last over; but the Summer brought only a fearful drought, the fields were parched, the crops withered. In vain the sorcerers screamed from the top of their houses to the "thunder-birds." At last the Jesuits were accused of scaring them with the red cross that fluttered before the door of the mission-house. The Indians desired them to paint it white; they did so, still no rain came. The Jesuits said to them, "Your spirits can not help you, and your sorcerers have deceived you with lies. Now ask Him who made the world, and perhaps He will hear your prayers." Nine masses were then offered to St. Joseph, and as it chanced to rain soon after, for the time the Jesuits were in high favor with the Hurons.

Soon after this another event took place which gives us a still deeper insight into the character of the nation that the Jesuits were laboring to convert to Catholicism. We give it in Mr. Parkman's own language: "The priests were soon to witness another and a more terrible rite, yet one in which they found a consolation, since it signalized the saving of a soul—the snatching from perdition of one of that dreaded race into whose very midst they hoped, with devoted daring, to bear hereafter the cross of salvation. A band of Huron warriors had surprised a small party of Iroquois, killed several and captured the rest. One of the prisoners was led in triumph to a village where the priests then were. He had suffered greatly; his hands especially were frightfully lacerated. Now, however, he was received with every mark of kindness. 'Take courage,' said a chief, addressing him, 'you are among friends.' The best food was prepared for him, and his captors vied with each other in offices of goodwill.

"He had been given, according to Indian custom, to a warrior who had lost a near relative in battle, and the captive was supposed to be adopted in place of the slain. His actual doom was, however, not for a moment in doubt. The Huron received him affectionately, and having seated him in his lodge, addressed him in a tone of extreme kindness: 'My nephew, when I heard that you were coming I was very glad, thinking that you would remain with me to take the place of him I have lost. But now that I see your condition, and your hands crushed and torn so that you will never use them, I change my mind. Therefore take courage, and prepare to die to-night like a

brave man.' The prisoner coolly asked what would be the manner of his death. 'By fire,' was the reply. 'It is well,' said the Iroquois.

"Meanwhile, the sister of the slain Huron, in whose place the prisoner was to have been adopted, brought him a dish of food, and, her eyes flowing with tears, placed it before him with an air of the utmost tenderness, while at the same time the warrior brought him a pipe, wiped the sweat from his brow, and fanned him with a fan of feathers. About noon he gave his farewell feast, after the custom of those who knew themselves to be at the point of death. All were welcome to this strange banquet, and when the company were gathered the host addressed them in a loud, firm voice, 'My brothers, I am about to die. Do your worst to me; I do not fear torture or death.'

"Some of those present seemed to have visitings of real compassion, and a woman asked the priests if it would be wrong to kill him, and thus save him from the fire. The Jesuits had from the first lost no opportunity of accosting him, while he, grateful for a genuine kindness amid the cruel hypocrisy that surrounded him, gave them an attentive ear, till at length, satisfied with his answers, they baptized him. His eternal bliss secure, all else was as nothing, and they awaited the issue with some degree of composure. A crowd had gathered from all the surrounding towns, and after night-fall the presiding chief harangued them, exhorting them to act their parts well in the approaching sacrifice, since they would be looked upon by the Sun and the God of War.

"It is needless to dwell on the scene that ensued. It took place in the lodge of the great war-chief, Alson. Eleven fires blazed on the ground along the middle of this capacious dwelling. The platforms on each side were closely packed with spectators, and between these and the fires the younger warriors stood in lines, each bearing lighted pine-knots or rolls of birch bark. The heat, the smoke, the glare of flames, the wild yells, contorted visages, and furious gestures of these human devils as their victim, goaded by their torches, bounded through the fires again and again from end to end of the house, transfixed the priests with horror. But when, as day dawned, the last spark of life had fled, they consoled themselves with the faith that the tortured wretch had found his rest at last in paradise."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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LOVE is mightier than fear. It is the soft, silent, powerful attraction of the moral worlds.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY THE PERFECT AND FINAL TYPE.

CHRISTIANITY rests on one fundamental moral principle as the complete basis of a perfect moral character, that principle being the love of our neighbor, another name for benevolence. And the type of character set forth in the Gospel history is an absolute embodiment of love both in the way of action and affection, crowned by the highest possible exhibition of it in an act of the most transcendent self-devotion to the interest of the human race. This being the case, it is difficult to see how the Christian morality can ever be brought into antagonism with the moral progress of mankind, or how the Christian type of character can ever be left behind by the course of human development, lose the allegiance of the moral world, or give place to a newly emerging and higher ideal. This type, it would appear, being perfect, will be final. It will be final, not as precluding future history, but as comprehending it. The moral efforts of all ages to the consummation of the world will be efforts to realize this character, and to make it actually, as it is potentially, universal.

While these efforts are being carried on under all the various circumstances of life and society, and under all the various moral and intellectual conditions attaching to particular men, an infinite variety of characters, personal and national, will be produced; a variety ranging from the highest human grandeur down to the very verge of the grotesque. But these characters, with all their variations, will go beyond their source and their ideal only as the rays of light go beyond the sun. Humanity, as it passes through phase after phase of the historical movement, may advance indefinitely in excellence, but its advance will be an indefinite approximation to the Christian type. A divergence from that type, to whatever extent it may take place, will not be progress, but debasement and corruption. In a moral point of view, in short, the world may abandon Christianity, but it can never advance beyond it. This is not a matter of authority, or even of revelation. If it is true, it is a matter of reason as much as any thing in the world.

There are many peculiarities arising out of personal and historical circumstances which are incident to the best human characters, and which would prevent any one of them from being universal or final as a type. But the type set up in the Gospels as the Christian type seems to have escaped all these peculiarities, and to stand out in unapproached purity

as well as in unapproached perfection of moral excellence.

The good moral characters which we see among men fall, speaking broadly, into two general classes—those which excite our reverence and those which excite our love. These two classes are essentially identical, since the object of our reverence is that elevation above selfish objects, that dignity, majesty, nobleness, appearance of moral strength which is produced by a disregard of selfish objects in comparison of those which are of a less selfish and, therefore, of a grander kind. But, though essentially identical, they form, as it were, two hemispheres in the actual world of moral excellence; the noble and the amiable, or, in the language of moral taste, the grand and the beautiful. Being, however, essentially identical, they constantly tend to fusion in the human characters which are nearest to perfection, though, no human character being perfect, they are never actually fused.

Now, if the type proposed in the Gospels for our imitation were characteristically noble or characteristically amiable, characteristically grand or characteristically beautiful, it might have great moral attractions, but it would not be universal or final. It would belong to one peculiar hemisphere of character, and even though man might not yet actually have transcended it, the ideal would lie beyond it; it would not remain forever the mark and goal of our moral progress. But the fact is, it is neither characteristically noble and grand, nor characteristically amiable and beautiful; but both in an equal degree, perfectly and indistinguishably, the fusion of the two classes of qualities being complete, so that the mental eye, though it be strained to aching, can not discern whether that on which it gazes be more the object of reverence or of love.

There are differences again between the male and female character, under which, nevertheless, we divine that there lies a real identity, and a consequent tendency to fusion in the ultimate ideal. Had the Gospel type of character been stamped with the peculiar marks of either sex, we should have felt that there was an ideal free from those peculiarities beyond it. But this is not the case. It exhibits, indeed, the peculiarly male virtue of courage in the highest degree, and in the form in which it is most clear of mere animal impetuosity and most evidently a virtue; but this form is the one common to both sexes, as the annals of martyrdom prove. The Roman Catholics have attempted to consecrate a female type, that of the Virgin, by the side of that which they take to be characteristically

male. But the result obviously is a mutilation of the original type, which really contained all that the other is supposed to supply, and the creation of a second type which has nothing distinctive, but is in its attributes, as well as in its history, merely a pale and partial reflection of the first.

There is an equally notable absence of any of the peculiarities which attend particular callings and modes of life, and which, though so inevitable under the circumstances of human society that we have learned to think them beauties, would disqualify a character for being universal and the ideal. The life depicted in the Gospel is one of pure beneficence, disengaged from all peculiar social circumstances, yet adapted to all. In vain would the Roman Catholic priest point to it as an example of a stake like his own; the circumstances of Christ's life and mission repel any inferences of the kind.

The Christian type of character, if it was constructed by human intellect, was constructed at the confluence of three races, the Jewish, the Greek, and the Roman, each of which had strong national peculiarities of its own. A single touch, a single taint of any one of those peculiarities, and the character would have been national, not universal; transient, not eternal: it might have been the highest character in history, but it would have been disqualified for being the ideal. Supposing it to have been human, whether it were the effort of a real man to attain moral excellence, or a moral imagination of the writers of the Gospels, the chances, surely, were infinite against its escaping any tincture of the fanaticism, formalism, and exclusiveness of the Jew, of the political pride of the Roman, of the intellectual pride of the Greek. Yet it has entirely escaped them all.

Historical circumstances affect character sometimes directly, sometimes by way of reaction. The formalism of the Pharisees might have been expected to drive any character with which it was brought into collision into the opposite extreme of laxity; yet no such effect can be discerned. Antinomianism is clearly a deflection from the Christian pattern, and the offspring of a subsequent age.

The political circumstances of Judea, as a country suffering from the oppression of foreign conquerors, were calculated to produce in the oppressed Jews either insurrectionary violence—which was constantly breaking out—or the dull apathy of Oriental submission. But the life which is the example of Christians escaped both these natural impressions. It was an active and decisive attack on the evils of the age;

but the attack was directed, not against political tyranny or its agents, but against the moral corruption which was its source.

There are certain qualities which are not virtues in themselves, but are made virtues by time and circumstance, and with their times and circumstances pass away, yet, while they last, are often naturally and almost necessarily esteemed above those virtues which are most real and universal. These factitious virtues are the offspring for the most part of early states of society, and the attendant narrowness of moral vision. Such was headlong valor among the Northmen. Such was, and is, punctilious hospitality among the tribes of the desert. Such was the fanatical patriotism of the ancients, which remained a virtue, while the nation remained the largest sphere of moral sympathy known to man—his vision not having yet embraced his kind.

The taint of one of these factitious and temporary virtues would, in the eye of historical philosophy, have been as fatal to the perfection and universality of a type of character as the taint of a positive vice. Not only the fellow-countrymen, but the companions and apostles of Christ were, by the account of the Gospels, imbued with that Jewish patriotism, the fanatical intensity of which disgusted even the ancient world. They desired to convert their Master into a patriot chief, and to turn his universal mission into one for the peculiar benefit of his own race. Had they succeeded in doing so, even in the slightest degree—or, to take a different hypothesis, had those who constructed the mythical character of Christ admitted into it the slightest tinge of a quality which they could hardly, without a miracle, distinguish from a real virtue—the time would have arrived when, the vision of man being enlarged, and his affection for his country becoming subordinate to his affection for his kind, the Christian type would have grown antiquated, and would have been left behind in the progress of history toward a higher and ampler ideal. But such is not the case. A just affection for country may indeed find its prototype in him who wept over the impending destruction of Jerusalem, and who offered the Gospel first to the Jew, but his character stands clear of the narrow partiality which it is the tendency of advancing civilization to discard. From exaggerated patriotism and from exaggerated cosmopolitanism the Christian example is equally free.

Asceticism, again, if it has never been a virtue, even under exceptional circumstances, is very easily mistaken for one, and has been almost universally mistaken for one in the East. There

are certain states of society—such, for example, as that which the Western monks were called upon to evangelize and civilize by their exertions—in which it is difficult to deny the usefulness and merit of an ascetic life. But, had the type of character set before us in the Gospel been ascetic, our social experience must have discarded it in the long run, as our moral experience would have discarded it in the long run had it been connected with those formal observances into the consecration of which asceticism almost inevitably falls. But the type of character set before us in the Gospels is not ascetic, though it is the highest exhibition of self-denial. Nor is it connected with formal observances, though, for reasons which are of universal and permanent validity, it provisionally condescends to the observances established in the Jewish Church. The character of the Essenes, as painted by Josephus, which seems to outvie the Christian character in purity and self-denial, is tainted both with asceticism and formalism, and, though a lofty and pure conception, could not have been accepted by man as permanent and universal.

Cast your eyes over the human characters of history, and observe to how great an extent the most soaring and eccentric of them are the creatures of their country and their age. Examine the most poetic of human visions, and mark how closely they are connected, either by way of direct emanation or of reaction, with the political and social circumstances amidst which they were conceived; how manifestly the utopia of Plato is an emanation from the Spartan commonwealth, how manifestly the utopia of Rousseau is a reaction against the artificial society of Paris. What likelihood, then, was there that the imagination of a peasant of Galilee would spring at a bound beyond place and time, and create a type of character perfectly distinct in its personality, yet entirely free from all that entered into the special personalities of the age; a type which satisfies us as entirely as it satisfied him, and which, as far as we can see or imagine, will satisfy all men to the end of time?

As a little silvery circular ripple, set in motion by the falling pebble, expands from its inch of radius to the whole compass of the pool, so there is not a child—not an infant Moses—placed, however softly, in his bulrush ark upon the sea of time, whose existence does not stir a ripple, gyrating outward and on, till it shall have moved across, and spanned the whole ocean of God's eternity, stirring even the fountains at which his angels drink.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY night! and one by one the shadows creep from their mysterious hiding places, where, all day long, they have patiently waited the sun's departure to hold their wierd ghostly trysts in the eventide. Saturday night! and the great weary world, worn with its six days' toil, and strife, and tumult, folds its tired hands, and looks forward eagerly, gratefully, to to-morrow's peaceful, calm, and blessed rest. Saturday night! another week's work finished, another week's vexations and cares gone by, and the jaded, worried look fades from the man's face as he hurries along with quickening pace in the deepening twilight; a few steps farther he sees the "light in the window;" a little nearer and a group of bright expectant faces pressed close against the window panes, peer out into the gathering gloom, watching for father; a moment more and he is shut in from the jostling, busy throng, and finds rest amid the love, and warmth, and smiles of home.

Saturday night! the last bill is paid from her slender earnings, and the scanty remnant deposited carefully in the brown, cracked pitcher, to eke out next month's rent; with a sigh of relief she gathers her little fatherless ones about her, a stranger smile wreathing her faded lips, and illuming her sad face, as she takes time to listen to their innocent prattle; while from her sorrow-burdened heart goes up a mute thank-offering for the day to come, God's oft-given, ever-welcome gift.

Saturday night! thought flies like a nest-seeking bird homeward to the dear circle who, round the evening lamp, talk of the absent one; a mist veils the eyes, and the stars, which a moment ago walked their blue paths so brightly and cheerfully, grow suddenly dim; and the cool Autumn air, lately so fresh and invigorating, breathes into the soul a melancholy dew; two big round drops fall upon the musty page, as thoughts of home fill the heart.

Saturday night! a voice feeble, but with tremendous music in its utterances, like some ancient harp which once breathed melodies strong and clear, but whose loosened strings now sigh with plaintive quiverings, "The night cometh"—"the night wherein no man can work." Fair morning with its rose-tinted hours bearing on their sunny bosoms the dew and freshness of childhood, faded—faded away. Gone the innocent child-life with its pure child-thoughts, and child-wonders, and little childish works and ways, gone—all gone. Flown midday's strength and vigor when the heart beat highest and warmest, when most real and earnest was the

solemn march of life. Gone its high-built plans and purposes, its best, heartiest strivings for self, and man, and God, gone—gone forever. Alone in the gathering darkness of Saturday night; alone, for graves have been left behind on the wayside—graves every here and there, clasping in their cold embrace "the loved and lost." Nerveless, the strong arm upon which it was such a pleasure to lean in the "happy, early day," and such a comfort to cling to in the days prime and declining. Cold, the little hands that nestled confidingly in hers, and resting now the little wayworn feet, and sleeping the eager, restless little travelers that so soon grew weary.

Evening has waned into night. The sand in the glass runs low. The lamp flickers feebly, and the soul is busy making preparations for its final departure. Out on the still, sleeping air, twelve o'clock rings its solemn, thrilling knell, each low, deep peal telling not of grief, not of joy, but of the night ending, morning dawning, Saturday completed, Sabbath beginning, earth receding, heaven opening, revealing to the enraptured, almost disinthrall'd soul "its eternal weight of glory."

"Joy cometh in the morning."

A WELCOME TO SNOW.

BEAUTIFUL visitant! softly and purely

Fall thy white flakes on our desolate earth—
Blessing in silence, but blessing us surely;

The bareness of Winter has gone at thy birth.

We gaze on thy loveliness, pleased and enchanted,
As by Nature's kind hand thou art lavishly strewn;
Thy delicate beauty can not be transcended
E'en by emerald brightness of rose-blooming June.

Emblem of purity, gently descending,
To wrap in thy mantle our bleak mother Earth;
With the sky's lovely azure thy gleaming white
blending—

Fitting scene for the time of Immanuel's birth!

Thy crystallized fragments, all sparkling and glowing
In the glittering rays of a clear Winter's sun,
Our little ones gather, with mirth overflowing,
And shout thee their welcome with frolicsome fun.

The farmer will bless thee for warming and covering
The seeds of his harvest the forthcoming year,
And while thy soft down round his homestead is
hov'ring,

Contentedly wait for the Spring to appear.

May God's grace, like thy gentle descent, kindly
falling,

Still comfort and bless us weak mortals below,
While we wait for the time when, if true to our
calling,

Our hearts will be pure as the new-fallen snow.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

WEARING THE STRIPES.

"Those stripes, not less than stars,
Lead up to him."

"JACK! Jack!" screamed a woman's voice.
"Jack! Jack! the little vagabond, when will he come," she muttered in a lower voice.
"Jack! Jack!"

No answer followed her call, and Mrs. Weed stood in the door of her farm-house, shading her eyes from the glare of the setting sun, whose rays were reflected from the long row of shining tins that adorned the top of the low picket fence, and bespoke the neatness of Mrs. Weed, the mistress of the farm. She was a tall, spare, angular woman, with sharp features, and keen black eyes. A pair of iron-bound spectacles kept guard upon the high nose, and her voice, if it had possessed sweetness in youth, had long since turned to the sharpest, sourest cider vinegar by the keeping.

She looked long and earnestly over the meadow beyond the lane for the missing Jack, and her eye rested complacently upon the rich farm fields, her husband's possessions, now sleeping in October idleness. The slanting sunbeams fell on the yellow pumpkins, lighting them up with a mockery of the sun's glory, and defying the crimson of the sumach that had been hidden in corners of the rail fences, but now flamed out in bold relief, rivaling the scarlet of the cherry and maple, whose leaves had lighted their funeral pyres for that year.

But no Jack was forthcoming at Mrs. Weed's call, as she turned impatiently from the door into the long, low, scrupulously neat kitchen, where all things were as they should be, bearing evidence of the skillful housewifery of its mistress. She had scarcely turned from the door when the figure of a boy, not more than twelve years old, came stumbling across the rough potato field, driving slowly before him the two cows from their pasture. He was small, thin, and delicate in appearance, and his garments did not bear the stamp of hired help, but of what might have been better, or much worse.

He entered the barn-yard so quietly that Mrs. Weed did not hear them till a sound caught her ear that brought an ominous frown to her brow, as she started hastily toward the yard. Rat, tat, tat—rat, tat, tat—tat, tat! The sound was interrupted, and the tattoo, beaten upon one

of the shining tin pans, was hastily concluded, as Mrs. Weed, springing forward, towered above the young offender in wrath, and his stick fell quickly on the ground.

"When will you be done with your idle trifles?" exclaimed his mistress angrily. "Is n't it enough that you don't earn your salt, that you must go to work beating and battering every pan and kettle on the place?"

Jack made no reply, and offered no excuse, but slunk away to the other side of the cow, who served both as a shield of defense, and as an object to distract her attention momentarily from himself.

"Do n't stand there staring, but bring the milk-stool, and then get about your chores."

Jack obeyed and went "about his" chores, knowing that his presence alone was a source of constant irritation, and any slight mistake or forgetfulness on his part would at once kindle up the fire of peevish vituperation against the orphan boy whom her husband had brought from the country poor-house to bring up as help on the farm. Mr. Weed was not unkind toward him; he gave him his food, shelter, and raiment, if not cheerfully, at least he did not begrudge this kindness of keeping the soul and body comfortably together of his dependent. He gave him no unnecessary kicks or cuffs, nor harsh, stern words, nor unnecessary interest of any sort; he knew Jack was comfortably clad, that he had plenty to eat, but he knew, moreover, that he had made a very bad bargain by having had him bound over to him for a farm hand. Three years had passed by since he had taken him, in the firm belief that he would make in time a profitable investment, and all the predictions made by the poor-house officers of Jack's turning from a weak, delicate, puny child, who required some nursing and tender rearing still, into a healthy, active, vigorous, gigantic farmer's boy, had not been verified, and to all appearances were not likely to be; but he took things as they came, and made the best of a bad transaction. Mrs. Weed thought differently, for Jack's presence was an unfailing reminder of what he should have been, and what he was not. Their neighbors who had taken poor-house boys had better luck; their charity had its due reward in the strong, healthy persons of their assistants, while Jack remained weak and puny, having a comfortable appetite,

yet looking as if he were not well fed, and being fit only for doing such chores about the place as she and her husband could easily have dispensed with; and her favors were doled out, not stingily, perhaps, but always with the thought that Jack "was not earning his salt."

As for Jack—

Jack had been thrown houseless and homeless upon the world like thousands of others, apparently for no purpose but to be fed, clothed, and taken care of by somebody. His recollections of the past were dim and unpleasant; he could remember nothing of parents, relations, or friends, and he had been handed over to the county authorities long before he knew the meaning of cruelty or affection. His pauper's portion was provided, and he received it with a sense of indebtedness to somebody for the charity, and always feeling that he was in some one's way, and taking what it would be juster to give some other person.

The change to Farmer Weed's was not so great for him, for here he felt more in the way than ever, not having, as he had at the poor-house, the companionship that misery loves; and though Mrs. Weed had no children of her own, no pent-up or wasted affection was bestowed upon the orphan boy who shuffled along through life, living solely on the present, nothing lingering in his memory of a brighter past, and as dull, uninteresting, and hopeless a future, with scarcely a thought beyond his daily bread and daily chores.

A slight incident was destined to turn the whole course of his life, however, and change its hitherto uneventful current. He drove with Farmer Weed to the county town on court day, and there heard, for the first time, the music of a fife and drum accompanying the county militia as they paraded through the town to the air of Yankee Doodle. Jack listened with ravished ears, and though the sight of some fine blue coats, and gilt epaulets, glittering in the sun, had enchanted his eyes, the sounds of the music filled his head long after the gay sight had vanished, and rang through his ear as he sat by Farmer Weed's side when they were driving home.

A faculty that had been lying dormant had received a sudden awaking, and Jack earnestly, in all leisure odd moments, with his whistle for a fife, made impromptu drums of any convenient object, applying the accompaniments in faint imitation of the delightful sounds that had inspired him from the musicians of the militia.

Mrs. Weed was not long in discovering his new amusements, and regarded them with an eye of especial disfavor. The tin pans, shining

in all their spotless effulgence, had once or twice served Jack as drums, but her quick ear had instantly detected the offered indignity, and the offender who, not earning his salt, nevertheless, making assaults in very wantonness upon her peculiar property, received a merited reward; and discovering that whistling was a part of the offense, that was instantly forbidden in her hearing, and the violation of her command threatened with fearful punishment.

As Jack was not allowed to go beyond the sound of her voice unless sent on errands, it was at such times that he indulged in his secret pleasure to his heart's content, out of sight and sound of his mistress's sharp eyes and ears; for the surreptitious low whistles, and tremulous, gentle beating on the weather-stained sides of the barn and out-buildings, made very lugubrious and uncertain music.

The Autumn days were shortening, when Jack, one evening, was stopped by a boy from a neighboring farm as he was driving the cows from the pasture. Nicholas, a stout, thick-set boy of sixteen, rarely bestowed more than a passing nod or whistle to Jack; but that evening he was invested with a new dignity, and wishing to impress Jack he hailed him, and engaged in a short conversation in order to give the younger boy an opportunity of admiring him more leisurely. Nicholas gave him a moment to take in his new glory, and then asked, condescendingly,

"How do you like this, Jack? I'm off for the wars."

Jack gazed stupidly at the new uniform and gilt buttons; he had heard of the war, but had scarcely thought of it, and Nicholas's new clothes caused him no envy.

"I'm a soldier now," said Nicholas. "The country needs all her fighting men, and Farmer Smith said Winter was coming on, and I might as well go; may be it will all be over by Spring, and perhaps I'll come back a general."

"Will it take long," asked Jack, not knowing exactly what to say.

"Will what take long?"

"To be a general."

"O! a fellow can't tell that," replied Nicholas; "you see it depends entirely upon luck; every one has a chance."

"Perhaps you'll be hurt," said Jack.

"O! not one man in fifty is hurt," said the sanguine Nicholas. "It's a pity you can't go now. I guess you are too young for any thing but a drummer boy; you might go for that; better drum for your country than go around beating and knocking things about. I've heard you often," he added, seeing that Jack looked

somewhat alarmed, "often and often, when you've been driving the cows, and I believe you'd make a number-one drummer."

Nicholas strode off, and Jack stood still watching him as he stumbled over the corn-field till he was lost to sight, and then, suddenly remembering his charge, quickened his steps and overtook the cows, who, knowing their stalls, had turned homeward without follower or guide.

Jack listened more attentively to the war conversations that were going on around him as Farmer Weed talked with neighbors who dropped in for an hour's chat, and went to bed to dream of an army of small drummer-boys, with Nicholas for their general; of battles where no fiercer sounds than the fife's shrill tones and the regular beat of the drums were heard leading to bloodless victories; where less than one in fifty were hurt, and no sadder sounds rent the air.

For weeks Jack heard of nothing but the war. Other persons that he had seen were going like Nicholas to be made generals, and Farmer Weed declared that if he were ten years younger he would shoulder the rifle that had been rusting on two hooks in the entry wall for years and start off with the bravest, and Mrs. Weed thanked Heaven that he was no younger.

The frosts of November had hardened the rough country roads over which Jack and his master again traveled. They were starting for the county town on court day. The heavy wagon rolled its unwieldy bulk slowly over the jolting road, or paused for a moment for Farmer Weed to exchange a neighborly word with those whom he met.

The town was in a great commotion; soldiers in their uniforms were every-where, standing in groups on the corners, walking arm in arm through the streets, taking a drop in groceries, or strolling idly about. Wherever Jack turned his eye he saw the same objects of interest, while the citizens were gazing at them in stupid curiosity, or seemed to be growing frantic with the enormous weight of business on hand; and Jack heard many times the same remark repeated—"They'll be off certainly to-morrow."

He had been left perched on the high seat in the front of the wagon, while its owner went off gossiping with old friends and acquaintances after his business had been accomplished. And as Jack from his post of observation was looking about he spied the familiar figure of Nicholas, who, "with the gun upon his shoulder and bayonet by his side," was strutting importantly about, followed by a troop of small,

admiring boys, to whom he occasionally addressed an observation. Jack looked on, and Nicholas, discovering him, winked and nodded familiarly as he came nearer.

"I'm off to-morrow, Jack," he cried.

Jack looked at him, but made no comment.

"Come down and see our barracks. Where's the farmer?"

"He's gone, and won't be back for an hour," replied Jack timidly.

"Come along, then," said Nicholas, "there's lots of time; the horses are tied, and will stand here all right, and I'll show you something of soldier's life."

Jack scrambled down without further hesitation or urging, and followed Nicholas timidly as he led the way to the barracks. Wherever they went every thing seemed in a state of preparation for immediate departure; rolls of blankets were strapped, the tents were despoiled of their small variety of furniture, some cooking utensils were lying near the remnant of a blackening fire, and a few men were lounging carelessly about the place.

"Is n't this a jolly way to live?" asked Nicholas. "We thought we'd go to-day, but there's been a hitch somewhere, and we won't start till early to-morrow morning."

"This is the fellow I was telling you about," said Nicholas in a low tone of voice that escaped Jack's ear; "I've got him just in the nick of time."

"We'll see what can be done," returned the man, who left the tent where they were standing, and soon returned, bringing with him a large drum that he placed before Jack, and, offering him the drum-sticks, said, "See what you can make with that."

Jack took the two drum-sticks, but his trembling hand held them so awkwardly the tall man took them himself and showed him how they were to be used.

"Let me try now," exclaimed Jack with sparkling eyes, following every motion of the soldier's hand.

The strokes fell regularly, and when Mike, the fifer, was summoned and piped out the strains of "The Bold Soldier Boy" and "St. Patrick in the Morning," Jack kept such good, even time, though somewhat tremulous at first, but increasing in regularity and strength with his confidence, that they all cried, "Bravo!" and said he was fit for any king's drummer.

The tall soldier patted him on his back as he asked him how he "would like to go to war with them and live an easy life and drum for the soldiers?"

"Farmer Weed and his wife won't object,"

said Nicholas, "for I have heard them say a hundred times that Jack could n't earn his salt, and he can't farming, I know."

"I think, then, we'll have to take you with us to-morrow, my little man," said the tall soldier, "for it would be a great shame for the country to lose such a good drummer. Would you like to go with us? There will be no danger for you, no fighting, no one for you to beat but the drum."

Jack listened with throbbing heart. For the first time in his life it thrilled triumphantly, and, evincing his ready acquiescence, he followed Nicholas and the tall soldier to headquarters, where, without further doubt or questioning, he was invested with his new title and the clothes his position entitled him to, formerly the property of his predecessor, who had died recently, thus slipping from the regiment's ranks before its march had fairly begun.

In his new excitement Jack had entirely forgotten Farmer Weed and his wagon. Hours had passed since he had left it, and when the farmer returned, to his surprise and vexation, he found Jack missing. He wondered very much at this unwonted proceeding, and waited quite patiently for an hour or longer. The keen November wind blew in his face, and the day was wearing on. He saw nothing of Jack, and, strolling around in search for him, he was told that Jack had been last seen going toward the camp-ground with Nicholas. The walk was long, and Farmer Weed's patience becoming exhausted, he mounted his wagon in a rage and drove off, thinking it would teach Jack a good lesson, and was half-way home before Nicholas reached the place where the wagon had been standing to apprise him of Jack's new vocation.

Meanwhile Jack was duly installed in his position, and passed a night of troubled rest in his strange quarters, and before dawn was awakened to start with the regiment that left early in the morning; and, as if in a dream, Jack found himself marching in the ranks as one of the number that formed the long procession, forgetting the past and Farmer Weed in his present excitement. At the end of that first day's soldiering he had tired legs and aching arms and head, whose throbs seemed so many echoes of the drum-beats that had sounded so incessantly in his ears through the long, fatiguing day's march. Unused to great exertion, and delicate by constitution, he escaped in a great measure the severe discipline of the soldier's life, and the simplicity of his nature served as a foil for the vices and wickedness to which he was suddenly exposed, but

into which he never became initiated. Wherever he was known his pure, honest, simple character remained intact, and the coarse, rough, brave men learned to regard him not as one of themselves, but as something of a higher nature, inspiring both love and respect.

Jack had but two uppermost ideas, and these were his drum and Nicholas. He followed the great, rough, burly fellow as a dog would his master, sympathizing with him in his troubles and disgraces—and they were not few—and enjoyed equally the little distinctions he sometimes obtained. Nicholas possessed a strong fascination for him, and the prospect of his becoming a general was never for an instant doubted.

The comparatively bright side of the soldier's life had been presented to them; marches over rough, frozen November roads, keen winds cutting their faces, occasional storms of rain, snow, or pelting sleet, hard beds by smoldering fires, blankets and loose straw for couches, hard-tack and salt meat for food, and constant, rigid discipline. But hearty choruses from strong throats rent the night air as the men sat around and nursed their waning fires, though the frozen earth was their carpet and heaven their lofty canopy. Others smoked while cards were telling their rounds, cracked coarse jokes and ejaculated oaths at their ill-luck. Home-sick youths with faint hearts thought of the pleasant homes, receding farther at every step, and of the possible dismal future. The few pious, the ten men still found in Sodom, spent their leisure moments in devotion to Heaven. Sickness and death occurred occasionally, but the ragged, unseemly side of war had not as yet been uncovered; and if grave thoughts obtruded, the coming fame and glory drove them far away. Vague rumors of the approach of the enemy were heard, and Jack listened with implicit faith to the wonderful accounts of what would certainly be accomplished when the foe was met face to face, and how complete the victory would be over the crest-fallen enemy. He had given himself little concern in the questions that were hourly discussed, but as the meeting seemed inevitable, and a battle close at hand, Nicholas suggested a possibility that sent his thoughts all astray. They had been sitting together near the camp-fire, whose flickering rays lit up the expression of the two faces as they sat side by side, showing distinctly the strong contrast between Jack's pale, delicate features, with their steady content, and those of Nicholas, big, blunt, and coarse, and the good-natured face was clouded and gloomy. "I say, Jack," said Nicholas, breaking the

silence, "I expect we will have some rough work to-morrow; we may have to scratch pretty hard."

"But we'll soon beat them, you know," said Jack, confidently.

"Of course," returned Nicholas; "but there won't be so many of us here to-morrow night as there are now."

"Why not?" asked Jack simply.

Nicholas looked at him rather contemptuously, but as he glanced at Jack's face he checked the harsh words that rose to his lips.

"Why, if we dance we must pay the fiddler. Some of us will be cut up like hogs; some heads must go, and some hands, arms, and legs chopped off. How would I look without a head, Jack?"

"O, Nicholas!" Jack could only utter in consternation, and his face whitened in terror.

"Pshaw! do n't be silly; there's no danger for you, you won't be in the fight."

"But suppose your head should be knocked off?" said Jack huskily.

"Well, it's no better than any other man's, for that matter," said Nicholas, "and some one can step in my general's shoes; but I guess we'll live through the day. I'm not afraid," added Nicholas more cheerfully. "But tell me, Jack, do you ever say your prayers?"

"Yes, always at night."

"Who taught you?" asked Nicholas.

"Who taught me?" repeated Jack; "I can't remember. At the poor-house the woman that sewed and took care of the clothes always made us kneel down in a row at night and put our hands so together, and then we said our prayers together."

"What did you say?"

"Now I lay me," said Jack.

"What is that?" asked Nicholas; "say it over for me."

Jack repeated it.

"That is very pretty; prettier and as good as the long prayers the chaplain makes," criticised Nicholas. "Well, at Farmer Weed's, what did you say there?"

"Why, when I first went there she asked me if I said my prayers. I told her I always said them at night; so she said that was right, and to keep on saying them, so I did it. And when I came here I heard the chaplain often tell the men to keep on saying the prayers they said at home, so I've said it all the same. I can never forget it, and I don't believe I could go to sleep without it."

There was a long pause. Nicholas looked steadily in the fire, and Jack looked at him, till he broke the silence by asking abruptly,

"Where's your father and mother, Jack?"

"Dead," said Jack; "I do n't remember either of them."

"Have you any brothers and sisters—any relations?"

"I never heard of any," answered Jack quietly.

"I have an old mother," said Nicholas, and then relapsed into silence that was not broken till he started up and, before he strolled off to join some other companions, asked Jack again to repeat the little prayer.

He left Jack anxious and troubled. When he at length fell into uneasy slumber, strange, confused dreams visited his pillow. Farmer Weed, his father and mother, whom he had never remembered, and Nicholas, filled his brain and led his thoughts a wild dance, till the morning reveille sounded and dissipated the wild visions, and startled him into consciousness of his present position and life.

Rumor hurried through the camp, and all was bustle and confusion; the enemy was almost in sight; every eye and ear was on the stretch, as various reports were believed and doubted, till the men found they were actually forming to advance and face the enemy, who showed no signs of retiring. Jack could not at first ascertain his post, but as the ranks filed away he found that he was to be left far in the rear with the chaplain, baggage, and other non-fighting men. He had only caught one glimpse of Nicholas, as he hurried by in the gray light of early dawn, where he was in the long line that was already marching on. Jack little knew, but the fearful suggestions Nicholas had presented the previous evening haunted him constantly.

The roar of the sullen cannon caused his heart to palpitate wildly; that ominous sound, and the sharp cracking of the musketry heard in the distance, was all the rear-guard knew of the battle till its first sickening and dreadful results were brought in with the wounded and dying. Jack, faint and heart-sick, determined, however, to brave the worst, and as the hours crept on, and the bustle and terror of the conflict appeared to increase, regardless of orders he stole out unobserved, and following the direction the guns indicated, he ran quickly forward, and before he knew or realized his situation he was in the midst of the din, smoke, confusion, and horrors of the battle-field.

He saw sights that made him close his eyes involuntarily, and heard groans and unheeded calls for assistance, and stumbled over some prostrate bodies. He stooped to see if Nicholas was there, and fearless of his own danger, with the only thought that had brought him to this dreadful scene. Unheeding the rattling

shot he hurried on, searching the faces of the wounded and dying. As he was passing a low shrub a groan met his ear; he turned and there saw Nicholas stretched bleeding upon the ground, apparently in great pain.

"O, Nicholas, what can I do? where are you hurt?" exclaimed Jack in terror.

"One leg is gone, I'm sure," said Nicholas, groaning loudly, "and I'm dying; just say over the little prayer, Jack, and then I think I'll go easier."

Jack repeated his prayer, but said, as he kneeled down by his side and clasped his hand, "What can I do for you? what shall I do?"

"If I could be dragged away out of the sound of all this noise, I would be more comfortable."

Jack exerted all his childish strength, but the effort was futile, and he gave up in despair; and those who passed near were too much occupied with their own interests to notice him.

"If I only had my canteen," groaned Nicholas, "but I dropped it just before I fell."

"I saw it," exclaimed Jack joyfully. "I can get it; it's just near here."

"Do n't stir from me, Jack," said Nicholas piteously, but Jack bounded off, feeling sure that a canteen he had knocked against his foot was the property of Nicholas; and thinking also that it must be well filled, as it was heavy when he touched it.

He started off, and looking carefully on the ground found the missing canteen. The spot was farther off than he had imagined, but the canteen was, as he had supposed, filled with water. He passed a dying man who craved a drop, and looked at Jack so wistfully that Jack in pity stopped and placed it to his lips. He only took one swallow, but his dying eyes seemed to thank the boy, as he hurried on to the aid of his friend.

"I've found it, Nicholas," he cried, as he came within a few yards of him, and he held out the canteen toward him as he came nearer.

A sharp sound whistled over Nicholas's head as Jack spoke, and the next instant the boy fell lifeless and motionless at his feet; the fatal ball had lodged in his forehead, depriving him instantaneously of life. He died apparently without a pang or struggle.

The canteen that had fallen from his hand lay within the reach of Nicholas's hand, but he did not stretch it out to take it, he did not feel the need of the cooling draught, but lay with closed eyes, hoping to shut out the figure of Jack who was dead, lying so near him, and thinking every moment would terminate his own life and sufferings.

Toward the close of the day of uncertain victory, when the destructive cannon and deadly shot had finished that day's dreary work, and evening was closing upon the ghastly battlefield, strewn with the spoils of war, the men who were gathering the dead and wounded flashed the light of their lanterns upon the suffering, living face of Nicholas, and the still, dead face of Jack.

They would have carried off the dead to a hasty burial, but Nicholas interposed and besought them to carry the body of the drummer-boy to the camp. "The boys all know him, and liked him, and would like to know what's happened," said Nicholas.

The weight was light, and the request granted, and the next morning his body was wrapped in a flag; and when the chaplain at the open grave told the thinned ranks, who were standing near, the story of his devotion and death, many a warm tear was brushed away by the rough sleeve that covered a brave, strong arm.

Farmer Weed, in the cold, long Winter nights, read to his wife the casualties of the late battle; he read over the long list of killed and wounded, and at the end was placed "Jack, a drummer boy."

"It must be our Jack," he said, sorrowfully.

Mrs. Weed said nothing; but the knitting she held in her hand shook, and some tears and stitches were dropped together during that evening, when she thought of Jack who "never earned his salt."

Nicholas lost a leg, but returned home with a pension, preferring that to the uncertainty of a generalship, and keeping always in the tenderest part of his heart the remembrance of Jack, the drummer boy.

THE CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

SAVIOR, grant a morning blessing
To a little child like me,
All my sins I come confessing;
Give, I pray thee, strength to flee
Every great or small temptation,
Every thought that is not right;
Help me bear this day's vexation
With a spirit calm and bright.

Bless my friends, and make me love them
As thou lovest me, O Lord!
Make them fear the God above them,
Taking for their guide thy Word.
And when death shall come to meet us,
May we gladly to thee fly,
With the angel bands that greet us,
Sent from mansions in the sky!

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

FOOD, EXERCISE, AND CLOTHING.—In a country where there are such extremes of climate as in the United States, and where the amount of exercise taken is so various, according to the occupation, one of the most important arts of life is to vary the food taken, both solid and liquid, with the circumstances and habits of daily life. More sickness, if not also more sin, are owing to want of consideration and steady self-conquest in adapting one to the other than can well be expressed. There is no great change of fashion but some deep experience lies at the bottom of it, and the history of these changes would form no small portion of the medical as well as the religious history of man.

Since Liebig has unfolded so many of the mysteries of animal chemistry, the relations of food, not only to bone and muscle, but to climate, to clothing, and to work, have become matters of exact science. The great trouble is, however, that few can understand enough of the scientific investigations requisite to make much practical use of more than the outline of them. But every man may know that there are exact and proper proportions to be observed between the exercise a man takes and the amount of food he eats, and a little experience, with occasional medical hints, may enable him to learn how to preserve, restore, and in many cases perfect and preserve his health with little medicine, or rather to make all his food medicinal.

Before, however, most men discover that care is needed, habits of eating and drinking have been formed that need to be reformed and controlled, and the power of appetite and the habit together overpower the dictates of reason and the strongest resolutions at each meal. One way to obtain the necessary control is by having something higher to live for than the mere animal gratification of eating or drinking, and setting that strongly before the mind as the most easy method of obtaining the desired self-control. Many men have their favorite studies, and the superior enjoyments of knowledge make it comparatively easy to regulate the body so as most perfectly to facilitate the improvement of the mind. With others ambition is the ruling passion. They want to amass wealth, or to bring up a family respectably, or to take command of others; and to follow any great pursuit of this sort they must keep the control of themselves, and often do thus keep it. Others find the sense of moral obligation the

most powerful of all motives. In all ages peculiar views of religion have dictated the facts and the feasts of men, and controlled all their bodily appetites for the time most powerfully.

But as a *steady* force, habits of reasoning and close observation as to the effects of food will be found one of the best means of promoting temperance, and so securing health. If children were more carefully taught in all schools to understand the great principles of nutrition by healthy digestion, and the consequences of all the more common excesses were pointed out to them, it would have an instinctive effect in controlling appetites and preventing the formation of bad habits. It is generally among the crowds of those not accustomed to reason closely on any subject, much less upon the effects of what we eat and drink, that we find the greatest excess in what they take. At other times a partial attempt at reasoning from a wrong stand-point has caused almost equal mischief. Men, simply and supremely anxious to avoid the wrong, have often thought that the exact and extreme opposite of each excess of indulgence must be the highest virtue. This has been the foundation of those rules of extreme abstinence which, in every age, springing from the most conscientious motives, have been chiefly useful in showing from excesses of all kinds how various are the conditions in which men differently circumstanced can survive and flourish. From the most ancient times, in proportion as the common danger has been eating to excess, severe fastings have been cherished and esteemed almost Divine. True philosophy, and true morality, too, avoid all extremes, both of indulgence and abstinence.

EVENING PARTIES.—No one would accuse Thackeray of Puritanic scruples or a tendency to religious croaking. He speaks as a close observer and a merely humane critic in one of the papers found in his recently issued volume, where he says: The system of evening parties is a false and absurd one. Ladies may frequent them professionally with an eye to a husband, but a man is an ass who takes a wife out of such assemblies, having no other means of judging of his choice. You are not the same person in your white crape and satin slip as you are in your morning dress. A man is not the same in his tight coat, and feverish glazed pumps, and his stiff, white waist-coat as he is in his green, double-breasted

frock, his old black ditto, or his woolen jacket. And a man is doubly an ass who is in the habit of frequenting evening parties, unless he is forced thither in search of a lady to whom he is attached, or unless he is compelled to go by his wife. A man who loves dancing may be set down as an ass, and the fashion is greatly going out with the increasing good sense of the age. Do not say that he who lives at home, or frequents clubs in lieu of balls, is a brute, and has not a proper respect for the female sex; on the contrary, he may respect it most sincerely. He feels that a woman appears to advantage not among those whom she can not care about, but among those whom she loves. He thinks her beautiful when she is at home making tea for her old father. He believes her to be charming when she is singing a simple song at the piano, but not when she is screeching at an evening party. He thinks by far the most valuable part of her is her heart, and a kind, simple heart, my dear, shines in conversation better than the best of wit. He admires her best in intercourse with her family and friends, and detests the miserable slip-slop that he is obliged to hear from and utter to her in the course of a ball, and avoids and despises such meetings.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.—There is a sad lack of earnestness among young men. To dress, smoke, talk twaddle and slang, and frequent places of amusement seem with many to be the chief end of life. And even among those who profess religion the time frittered away and misspent is something painful to estimate. The hours that might be devoted to useful study or active labor for Christ are spent in desultory reading, aimless sauntering through the streets, or shallow, profitless conversation. Some excuse their idleness by quoting the worn-out illustration of the bent bow, and say "they must have a recreation." Recreation is necessary, but let it be of the right sort. We have a profound belief in the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." But when Jack plays, let him play sensibly and in good earnest. We understand recreation to be creating afresh of mental and physical power, and we have yet to learn that this is attained by reading sensational literature, engaging in empty talk, or becoming deeply interested in questionable amusements. Young men, life was given you for other things than these. That wondrous nature, with its soaring hopes and depressing fears, its godlike intellect and deep instincts of immortality, is too valuable to be passed thus. And if any should read this who are lovers of pleasure more than of God and man, we would say to them, is there no soul to save, no heaven to win, no mind to adorn with beauty, no success to be achieved; are there no wastes to be reclaimed, no tears to wipe away, no hearts to cheer, no feeble hands to be lifted up and strengthened; is there nothing to be done that you should cast your manhood away on trifles and spend your time on shadows that ever elude your grasp? Assume your true positions in the world. Be earnest. Lead the van among the good and true. Grasp the weapon

all-prayer, and battle manfully against the evils that hold the world in thralldom. Lay hold upon the strength of God, and labor to bring in the time in which

"Each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood."

IN BEHALF OF OLD MAIDS.—Should a girl be modest, quiet, unobtrusive, adding neatness and order to a long list of home virtues, the active auxiliary of her mother, and the guardian angel of her younger brothers and sisters, the stinted praise is allowed her of being "a good girl, but old-maidish." Beauty she may possess, and a mind whose rare endowments render her alike the ornament and honor of her race; a heart whose unselfish love takes in the interests of others before her own, yet as her more thoughtless sisters grow up around her, committing their children to her kind and prudent management, the whisper grows louder on every side that she is fast becoming an old maid.

While thoughtless folly dances, she may reflect; while others' beauty is paraded in gaslight and ball-rooms before an admiring multitude, hers may deepen in a solitude made radiant by noble deeds; while others lean for support on those around them, she may rest on the strength of her own mighty spirit, made such, perhaps, by the reflex wave of the world's selfishness which has left her lonely on the cold sands of its own forgetfulness. Nay, the very virtues of her character are turned against her, and the meek patience, the self-forgetfulness, the reasonableness of her life has singled her out for censure, and by this time she is quite an old maid.

Now turn the tapestry. Let sweet eighteen be selfish, fickle, foolish; let father, brother, home, be all forgotten in the world; let household duties be neglected for works as trifling as to weave the spider's web; let common-sense and words of wisdom be exchanged for fashionable nonsense, and the bright bloom of early beauty be worn out by late hours and broken spirits, why, she is a charming girl, a splendid creature, and will soon, doubtless, be placed in the situation which her education so prominently fits her to maintain—the head of a household—when she may send for her sister, the old maid, to put the practical part in execution, while she frets, reads novels, and dresses, still the fortunate belle of the last season.

THE TRAINING OF GIRLS.—A late number of the Saturday Review contains a pungent article on "Foolish Virgins," in which some very sharp things are said concerning the modern fashionable methods of rearing girls. Some of the statements we are sure are not applicable in this country, but the following sentiments are true every-where:

Nature resents being ignored. If you do not cultivate your daughter she will assuredly avenge herself. If you do not get wheat out of your piece of ground it will abundantly give you tares. And there can be no other rule expressly invented for the benefit of fashionable young women. Their moral nature, if nobody ever taught them to keep

an eager eye upon it, is soon overgrown, either with flaunting poison-plants, or at best with dull gray moss. The parent dreams that the daughter's mind is all swept and garnished. Lo! there are seven or any other number of devils that have entered in and taken possession, more or less permanent. The human creature who has never been taught to take an interest in what is right and wholesome will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, take an interest in what is wrong and unwholesome. You can not keep minds in a state of vacuum. A girl, like any body else, will obey the bent of the character which has been given either by the education of design or the more usual education of mere accidental experience. Every thing depends, in the ordinary course of things, upon the general view of the aims and objects of life which you succeed, deliberately or by hazard, in creating. A girl is not taught that marriage has grave, moral, and rational purposes, itself being no more than a means. On the contrary, it is always figured in her eyes as an end, and as an end scarcely at all connected with a moral and rational companionship. It is, she fancies, the gate to some sort of paradise, whose mysterious joys are not to be analyzed. She forgets that there are no such swift-coming, spontaneous paradises in this world, where the future can never be any thing more than the child of the present, indelibly stamped with every feature and line of its parent. This castle-building, however, is harmless. If it does not strengthen, still it does not absolutely impoverish or corrupt characters. Of some castle-building one can not say much. Character is assuredly corrupted by avaricious dreams of marriage as a road to material opulence and luxury. There is, indeed, no end to the depraved broodings which may come to an empty and undirected mind. If the emotions and the intellect are not tended and trained, they will run to an evil and evil-propagating seed. Rooted and incurable frivolity is the best that can come of it; corruption is the worst.

WORKING UNDER HIGH PRESSURE.—It is an important element of success in life to acquire the habit of being beforehand with whatever you undertake. I can, perhaps, best illustrate what I mean by an example taken from another branch of the subject. There are two friends, gentlemen of large means, whose estates and whose annual incomes are about equal. One of these is always short of money, buys every thing on credit, and on the longest credit that he can command; often when traveling has to borrow money to take him home, and really has to make as many turns and shifts to get along as if he were poor. All simply because he lives just twelve months on the wrong side of his income. The other man, whose annual income and expenses are about the same as those of his neighbor, never has an open account, buys every thing for cash, always has a plenty of money in his pocket and a plenty more in bank, and is apparently without a care in the world, so far as money is concerned. All simply because he lives just twelve months on the right

side of his income. The two men have equal resources. In the course of their lives they spend about equal amounts; yet the one is always poor and harassed, the other is always rich and at his ease.

The picture has its counterpart in the history of many professional men. Some men in their intellectual disbursements are always beforehand and at their ease, while others of equal resources live habitually from hand to mouth. You see an editor scratching and scrambling for copy at the very latest moment, and living, it is feared, in greater dread of the office devil than of the other personage of the same name. You will see the professor quaking over his incompleted experiments or his half-finished manuscript, anxiously dreading the summons to lecture. You will see the clergyman locking himself up on Saturday to push through under high pressure the sermon that must be delivered on the morrow. These all, and others like these, simply in consequence of a bad habit of mental action, pass through life in a perpetual state of discomfort and professional poverty. Brainwork so done is generally badly done, besides being done at a ruinous waste of the life-force.

DO N'T BE EXTRAVAGANT.—If the poor-house has any terrors for you never buy what you do n't need. Before you pay three cents for a jewsharp, my boy, ascertain whether you can not make just as pleasant a note by whistling, for which nature furnishes the machinery; and before you pay seventy-five dollars for a coat, young man, find out first whether your lady would not be just as glad to see you in one that cost you half the money. If she would not, let her crack her own hazel-nuts and buy her own clothes. When you see a man spending two or three dollars a week foolishly the chances are five to one that he'll live long enough to know how many cents there are in a dollar; if he do n't he's pretty sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow. When a man asks you to buy that for which you have no use, no matter how cheap it is, do n't buy till you are sure some one else wants it in advance. Money burns in some folks' pockets, and makes such a big hole that every thing drops through past finding.

TO MOTHERS.—Mothers, talk to your children about their souls, take the Bible and bring home to every one the duty of immediate repentance and a holy life, portray vividly the indispensable duty of turning to God now, with full purpose of heart. Make it a definite, special business to know the spiritual state and standing of those whom God says to you, "Train up in the way they should go, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Can you rest peacefully a single moment, lying down, rising up, going out, or coming in, while your little ones are out of the ark of safety and in the road to ruin eternal? Can you remain indifferent, unconcerned, while those under your roof, sitting at the same table, are exposed to wrath eternal, dancing on the very brink of hell?

STRAY THOUGHTS.

CYNICAL.—Some people find apparent satisfaction in the discovery and proclamation of slighter defects in the habits of good men and the conduct of public institutions. They can not talk about the benefits conferred by a great hospital without lamenting some insignificant blot in its laws, and some trifling want of prudence in its management. Speak to them about a man whose good works every body is admiring, and they cool your ardor by regretting that he is so rough in his manner, or so smooth, that his temper is so hasty, or that he is so fond of applause. They seem to hold a brief requiring them to prove the impossibility of human perfection. They detect the slightest alloy in the pure gold of human goodness. That there are spots in the sun is with them something more than an observed fact—it takes rank with *a priori* and necessary truths.

There are people who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, the consistency of a metaphor, or the evolution of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence, on which nothing is hanging. Poor Hazlitt was sorely troubled with such people in his time. "Littleness," he said, "is their element, and they give a character of meanness to whatever they touch. They creep, buzz, fly-blow. It is much easier to crush than to catch these troublesome insects; and when they are in your power, your self-respect spares them."

Suppose that this habitual depreciation of character never sinks into actual falsehood and slander, and that every fault alleged, or hinted, or suspected, can be proved; suppose that this ignoble criticism is not ignorant blundering, and that every imagined imperfection is real—is this carping, cynical temper much less censurable, or are the words it prompts much less injurious? The influence of talk of this kind is gradually to lead people to believe that there is nothing in this world which it is safe to trust, honorable to love, or discriminating to admire. Reverence for saintly goodness vanishes; gratitude for kindness is chilled; and that enthusiastic admiration of great genius, which communicates to common men something of the strength, and inspires them with something of the dignity, belonging to genius itself, is ignominiously quenched.

It is a Christian grace to have pleasant and affectionate thoughts about men, to rejoice in their excellencies, and charitably to forget as far as may be their shortcomings. It is the attribute of a pure and beautiful nature to have an eye quick to discern, and a heart warm to honor, all that is fair, and bright,

and generous in human nature. The words which discourage the charity that "thinketh no evil," and give keenness, if not malignity, to the discovery of imperfection, are "corrupt" and unwholesome; they are not to be spoken by ourselves, and are not to be listened to when spoken by others.—*Good Words.*

WHAT THE LORD JESUS DID NOT REVEAL AND TEACH.—It has been often said that the very silence of Scripture is suggestive. May we not profitably apply this thought to the words of Jesus when he was on earth? The four Gospels are selections from what the Savior said; but let it be observed that they are selections made by the Holy Spirit himself. No doubt they contain the substance of all that the Savior taught; no important truth is omitted; yet what a silence is there concerning many things which have, in all ages, caused much controversy!

Christ was silent respecting the sublime system of astronomy. What the stars are—whether inhabited, or to be inhabited, he never says. He ever aimed to carry his audience far beyond the stars, up to the heaven of heavens.

He is silent as regards the origin of evil. How many have disputed on this point age after age! Christ does not utter a single sentence on this awful theme.

He is silent as regards any attempt to reconcile man's responsibility and God's sovereignty. He freely and fully preached them both, and would have us believe, and imitate him in loving and fearless testimony and filial submission. These remarks are not made with a view to deter from contemplating God's works with an admiring eye, or to hinder from scientific investigations. No book encourages devout meditation on creation more than the Bible, and happy are those who study the book of nature and the volume of revelation together. We are all deeply indebted to Science, and some of her best sons have been humble learners at the feet of Jesus; but certainly the silence of the Lord Jesus on the points referred to, and other similar ones, teaches some important lessons.

We learn how much more important things invisible are than those which are seen. The heaven beyond the stars is much more to us than the starry heavens. It is much more desirable that we should acquaint ourselves with God's thoughts and purposes, which were before the foundation of the earth were laid. We should do well to learn to turn a deaf ear to the utterances of professed scientific persons, when they not only leave out Him by whom all things were made, but contradict that book which is full of Him.

How sadly does such scientific and often contradictory garrulity contrast with his silence! and how

silent will such hasty impugnors of revelation be when brought into his presence! Surely, too, we should learn from Jesus to be silent more frequently than we are; yea, let us even aim to realize silence in the very thoughts, when the wisdom of God declares divine doctrines and human duties.

O for more of the silence of adoring love! and then may come humble, asking faith. "The meek will He guide in judgment; the meek will He teach his way." Look, listen, learn, while the wisdom of God acts and speaks. Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said: "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—*Christian Treasury*.

A VIEW OF ARARAT.—Toward the close of the year, wearied with fertile solitudes and the barbarous Cossack, we determined to leave Russia, and make our way into the ancient kingdom of Persia. We deviated from the usual route for the purpose of visiting Ararat. We accordingly made our way to Erivan, which is the capital of the district in which it stands, and the residence of a Russian Governor. Either from policy or courtesy we had been provided with a Cossack escort, and so our arrival in a city rarely visited by strangers produced some sensation among its quiet inhabitants. Ere we entered, however, we paused upon the slopes above it to catch the last glories of the sun falling upon Mount Ararat. It seemed to stand on the far-stretching plain before us, the world's great barrier-pyramid. Gracefully it rises to 17,500 feet without any mountain form to break the solitude of its reign. The lesser cone on its side alone varies the graceful outline of the whole. Its summit crowned with everlasting snows was now sparkling in dazzling brilliancy, and flooded with the golden light of heaven. Around its breast light vapory mists in softest hues hung floating; while below, along the almost boundless plain, the baser mists of earth were gathering fast, brooding over the storied Araxes, whose silver line disported in bold sweeps hither and thither over the level which forms the mountain's base. It is one of the most sublime and solemn spots I have visited in this fair creation of God. This mountain, the river, the plain, all open before you in a solitude so profound as to sober you into sadness, and make you feel, especially toward eventide, the spirit of the scene. Beyond the river's sparkling curve, and the mountain piercing into heaven, you see nothing in the far distance but the last stronghold of the Muscovite—a few checkered lines of cantonments, where he bides his time, ready to spring upon the expiring lion of Persia. As we stood gazing entranced, while lights and shades of every hue flitted in ceaseless play over the lovely mountain, suddenly all was changed. Of all that was dazzling beauty before, nothing now remained but the cold ashy outline of the mountain against the sobered sky. The sun sunk to rest, and death flung his twilight shadows, darkening all around. As these

deepened over the silent landscape, with a true feeling of Eastern insecurity we hastened down into the city for shelter.—*Sunday Magazine*.

REVERENCE FOR GOD.—With what profound veneration does it become us to enter the presence, and to receive the favors, of the awful Majesty of heaven and earth; and how ought we to dread grieving or offending goodness so great, so glorious, so venerable!

To illustrate this remark, suppose that the sun, whose brightness, even at this distance, you can not gaze upon without shrinking, were an animated, intelligent body, and that, with a design to do you good, he should leave his place in the heavens and gradually approach you. As it drew more and more near, its apparent magnitude and effulgence would every moment increase; it would occupy a larger and larger portion of the visible heavens, till at length all other objects would be lost, and yourselves swallowed up in one insufferably dazzling, overpowering flood of light. Would you not, in such circumstances, feel the strongest emotions of awe, of something like fear? Would a knowledge that the glorious luminary was approaching with a benevolent design for your good, banish these emotions? What, then, ought to be the feelings of a sinful worm of the dust, when the Father of lights, the eternal Son of the universe, who dwells in the high and holy place, and in the contrite heart, stoops from his awful throne to visit him, to smile upon him, to pardon him, to purify him from his moral defilement, to adopt him as a child, to make him an heir of heaven, to take possession of his heart as his earthly habitation?—*Payson*.

THE RELIGION OF THE DAY.—The religion of the day is an *easy-minded* religion, without conflict and wrestling, without self-denial and sacrifice; a religion which knows nothing of the pangs of the new birth as its commencement, and nothing of the desperate struggle with the flesh and with the devil, day by day, making us long for resurrection deliverance, for the binding of the adversary, and for the Lord's return. It is a *second-rate* religion—a religion in which there is no largeness, no grandeur, no potency, no noble-mindedness, no elevation, no self-devotedness, no all-constraining love. It is a *hollow* religion, with a fair exterior, but an aching heart—a heart unsatisfied, a soul not at rest, a conscience not at peace with God; a religion marked, it may be, by activity and excitement, but betraying all the while the consciousness of a wound hidden and unhealed within, and hence unable to animate to lofty doing, or supply the strength needed for such doings. It is a *feeble* religion, lacking the sinews and bones of harder times—very different from the indomitable, much-enduring, storm-braving religion, not merely of apostolic days, but even of the Reformation. It is an *uncertain* religion; that is to say, it is not rooted on *certainty*; it is not the outflowing of a soul assured of pardon, and rejoicing in the filial relationship between itself and God. Hence, there is no liberty of service, for the question of personal acceptance is still an unsettled thing; there is a working for pardon but not from pardon. All is

thus bondage, heaviness, irksomeness. There is a speaking for God, but it is with a faltering tongue; there is a laboring for God, but it is with fettered hands; there is a moving in the way of his commandments, but it is with a heavy drag upon our limbs. Hence the inefficient, uninfluential character of our religion. It does not tell on others, for it has not yet fully told upon ourselves. It falls short of its mark, for the arm that drew the bow is paralyzed.—*H. Bonar.*

A DROP OF INK.—Think of a queen's first signature of a death-warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the dooming ink; of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal written in ice; of a mother's dying expostulation with a wayward son written in her heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the lost color of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave—think of these and all the other impassioned writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent Protean thing a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner is writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice-water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid ocean, are confiding to a floating bottle the faint pencil memorandum of the spot where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of death. Every-where happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever pen, whatever ink! The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the acts, all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.—*Eclectic.*

AN ASTRONOMER'S PRAYER.—These are the last words in Kepler's "Harmony of the World:"

"Thou who, by the light of nature, hast kindled in us the longing after the light of thy grace, in order to raise us to the light of thy glory, thanks to thee, Creator and Lord, that thou lettest me rejoice in thy works. Lo! I have done the work of my life with that power of intellect which thou hast given. I have recorded to men the glory of thy works, as far as my mind could comprehend their infinite majesty. My senses were awake to search, as far as I could, with purity and faithfulness. If I, a worm before thine eyes, and born in the bonds of sin, have brought forth any thing that is unworthy of thy counsels, inspire me with thy Spirit that I may correct it. If, by

the wonderful beauty of thy works, I have been led into boldness; if I have sought my own honor among men as I advanced in the work which was destined to thine honor, pardon me in kindness and charity, and by thy grace grant that my teaching may be to thy glory and the welfare of all men. Praise ye the Lord, ye heavenly harmonies; and ye that understand the new harmonies praise the Lord. Praise God, O my soul, as long as I live. From him, through him, and in him, is all, the material as well as the spiritual; all that we know, and all that we know not yet, for there is much to do that is undone."

LITERARY ANOMALIES.—One of the anomalies of literary history is, that it has often been the lot of those men who have contributed largely to the mirth or recreation of others, to endure more than an ordinary share of misery and want in their lives. The most entertaining portions of literature have been written by men whose hearts have been bowed down by sorrow, and at moments when that sorrow has been heaviest. It was in the gloom of a mother's death, deepened by his own poverty, that Johnson penned the charming tale of "Rasselas;" it was in the chill desolation of a bare and fireless garret that poor Goldsmith, the beloved vagabond of literature, sketched the highest picture of domestic happiness the world ever had; it was from a sick bed, in sore distress and in a necessitous exile, that Tom Hood shook all England with laughter. The enchantment of Scott, the satire of Jerrold, half the gems of English wit and humor, have been thrown out by genius in its most sorrowful moments. Burns sang amidst the straits of poverty, and the author of "Home, Sweet Home" had no place to lay his head; but their songs will live immortal.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.—Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; do n't feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers to rights; letters to write to friends; mean to take a ride; tied to business six days in a week; no fresh air but on Sunday; can't breathe in a church—always so full; feel a little feverish; feel a little chilly; feel a little lazy; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; tore my muslin dress going down stairs; got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning; was n't shaved in time; do n't like the liturgy, always praying for the same thing; do n't like extemporary prayers; do n't like an organ, 't is too noisy; do n't like singing without music, it makes me nervous; the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; can't bear written sermon, too prosy; nobody to-day but our own minister—can't always listen to the same preacher; do n't like strangers; can't keep awake when I am at church, fell asleep last time I was there, do n't mean to risk it again; mean to inquire of sensible persons about the propriety of going to such a place as church, and shall publish the result.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

A COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF AMERICAN METHODISM. Abridged from the Author's "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church." By Rev. Abel Stevens, LL. D. 8vo. Pp. 608. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

The Book Concern is evidently determined to place the history of Methodism within the reach of all classes. The Agents have been making liberal appropriations for providing the Church with a standard history—having procured the services of the best historical writer the Church has yet produced, and from his pen issuing, first, a History of General Methodism in three volumes, and, second, a particular history of the Methodist Episcopal Church in four volumes. These works have been universally accepted as able, accurate, and satisfactory. But there are many of our people who can not spare the means for works as large as these, and the publishers determined to present the results in a more compendious and cheaper form, that the whole Church may be supplied with them. The abridgment is before us, made by the author himself, with additions, bringing the narrative down to the Centenary of the Church, with full accounts of the results of the hundred years of history, and life-like sketches of its representative men.

Though necessarily omitting many historical incidents and many of the less important characters of the larger history, it is nevertheless complete in itself, and is a most valuable compendium, characterized by all the excellencies of style, beauty of diction, and interesting narration of the larger works. It has the advantage of continuing the history to the present day. Of course all who can afford the complete volumes will prefer them, but the Church might well congratulate herself and thank the author and publishers for such a volume as the present, if this alone was all the history they had issued. A history of Methodism in one of these forms ought now to be found in every family of the Church.

THE HUGUENOTS: Their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By Samuel Smiles. With an Appendix relating to the Huguenots in America. Post 8vo. Pp. 448. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Smiles is already well known as an excellent writer by his works, "Self-Help," "Lives of the Engineers," etc., and in the present volume tries his skillful pen on a subject deeply interesting in itself; the result is a very valuable and readable book. The volume opens with an able chapter on the invention of printing and the rise of the Huguenots. The new art sanctified itself by trying at the very outset the magnificent project of printing the entire Bible, and

executed it with astonishing success. The printing and circulation of the Scriptures awakened violent persecution on the part of the Papacy against the Protestants; the violent persecutions led to the confederation of men of rank, of learning, of arms, and of industry on the side of "The Religion," and gave to the world one of the most remarkable episodes in modern history in the conflicts, trials, and achievements of the Huguenots.

"The origin of the term *Huguenot*," says the author, "is extremely obscure. It was at first applied to them as a nickname, and, like the *Gueux* of Flanders, they assumed and bore it with pride. Some suppose the word to be derived from *Hugon*, a word used in Touraine to signify persons who walk at night in the streets—the early Protestants, like the early Christians, having chosen that time for their religious assemblies. Others are of opinion that it was derived from a French and faulty pronunciation of the German word *Eidgenossen*, or confederates, the name given to those citizens of Geneva who entered into an alliance with the Swiss cantons to resist the attempts of Charles III, Duke of Savoy, against their liberties. The confederates were called *Eignots*, and hence, probably, the derivation of the word Huguenots. A third surmise is, that the word was derived from one Hugues, the name of a Genevese Calvinist."

The persecutions of the Huguenots led to the frequent emigration of companies of them to England and Ireland, and it is the history of these emigrations and of the influence and industry of these noble and heroic emigrants that is so graphically traced in this volume. An excellent appendix on "The Huguenots in America" is furnished by the Hon. G. P. Disosway. We need hardly say that the work is scholarly and able, and a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

BIBLE LANDS, WITH GLIMPSES OF EUROPE AND EGYPT. By S. Dryden Phelps, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 449. \$2. Chicago: Clarke & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

We used to have intense desires to visit Egypt and the Holy Land, but the past few years have furnished us with so full a supply of "Holy Land literature," and much of it, too, excellently and graphically written, that we begin to feel almost as well acquainted with these sacred places as if we had visited them ourselves, while we have been saved the toil, and risks, and cost of the journey itself. The present pleasantly written volume will help all who read it to a still better acquaintance with the people, the customs, and the sacred places of these ancient and interesting lands, and the reader will find it no labor to follow the author's entertaining and

instructive narrative, told in a cordial, straightforward, perspicuous manner. The larger part of the volume is devoted to the Holy Land. Its twenty-two engravings add much to the value of the work by the accurate representation of scenes, landscapes, persons, and customs.

REBECCA; OR, A WOMAN'S SECRET. *By Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin. New and Revised Edition. 12mo. Pp. 440. \$1.75. Chicago: Clarke & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is by no means an ordinary "story-book," though clothed in the garb of fiction, a dress that has, perhaps, some advantages over the more sedate and stately form of the essay, even for the discussion of serious and important questions. The story is sufficiently attractive to lead to the easy reading of what the author has to communicate, and real life is presented to us with great force and beauty. A pure and noble inspiration breathes from every page of the book, and its moral tone is all that the most fastidious can desire. The scope of the work may be gathered from the following extract from the Preface: "It has seemed to the writer that the ideas of the relative positions of the sexes, the status and work of woman, the nature and office of love, require a new setting forth at the hands of this generation. The old method of expressing these things, and the old faith concerning them, were wise and good in the olden time; but now, as in the days of Christ, new bottles must be fashioned for the new wine of advancing civilization." As far as opinions are expressed on social questions, we can accept most of them. The author, while in advance of many, is yet far behind the ultraists of modern reformations. Let both sexes read it, and learn to become better wives and better husbands.

ELIA; OR, SPAIN FIFTY YEARS AGO. *Translated from the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. 12mo. Pp. 324. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

The writings of Caballero have attained considerable popularity among his own countrymen. This story, as might be expected, presents a highly favorable picture of Catholicism, and especially of convent life, with which obstinate heretics could hardly be expected to have much sympathy. Nor do the characters seem natural to us, and Elia might even be called insipid, as the author in his preface seems to fear. As a picture of Spanish life the volume is readable and entertaining.

TWO THOUSAND MILES ON HORSEBACK. *Santa Fe and Back. A Summer Tour through Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and New Mexico, in 1866. By James F. Meline. 12mo. Pp. 317. \$2. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

The narrative is a familiar one, given in the form of letters, which bear the mark of having been written upon the route, when incidents of travel were fresh in mind, and corrected afterward when the author was at leisure to pay attention to literary excel-

lence. The author has besides given study to such points in his narrative as bear upon history, especially that of the Spanish settlement, and has thus made his work valuable beyond a mere itinerary. He is a good traveler, and combining the disciplined mind of a student with the training of an army officer, is well qualified to give an opinion upon what he observes. His mode of traveling has furnished him with excellent opportunities for careful observation and with a great variety of adventure on the prairie. An excellent map accompanies the volume, and is an important addition.

CASE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES; or, the Canadian Itinerant's Memorial; Constituting a Biographical History of Methodism in Canada. *By John Carroll. Vol. I. 12mo. Pp. 327. Toronto: Samuel Rose.*

This is a valuable little volume for the study of Methodism in Canada. The author says "it is not a history, in the ordinary sense of that term, much less a single biography, nor yet a bundle of biographies, but a biographical history. The primary design is to give a presentation of one particular public man, the REV. WILLIAM CASE, and a secondary one, of all the Methodist ministers and preachers who have labored in the two Canadas, from the first till the time to which the work comes down." The several biographies thus combined, when completed, will constitute a history of Canada Methodism from its plantation to 1855. The present volume ends with the year 1815, and another volume will complete the work.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. *A Historical Sketch of the Days of Napoleon. By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German by Rev. W. Binet, A. M. Illustrated. 8vo. Pp. 280. \$2.*

NAPOLÉON AND THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA; or, Napoleon in Germany. *By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German by F. Jordan. Illustrated. 8vo. Pp. 245. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

NAPOLÉON AND BLÜCHER. *By the same Author. Translated by F. Jordan. With Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 301. \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

The promptness with which the works of this German authoress have been published by the Appletons, of New York, has created the impression that she is a most rapid writer. Indeed, some appear to think her works flow from her pen with unsurpassed frequency. This is quite a mistake. It is some fifteen years since her first book appeared, and they have been issuing in successive volumes ever since. She was born in 1814, and was married to her late husband in 1839, and is fifty-three years of age. She has herself related the method which she pursues preparatory to writing a historical romance; she says: "I have never written a book without having studied beforehand the theater of events. I must get acquainted with the land and people; must know the country, its inhabitants and cities exactly, in order that I may represent vividly and correctly." The materials thus obtained of the career of those

great characters who figure so prominently in her works have doubtless been ample for several works relative to each. The field in which she has wrought has been so rich in great and stirring dramatic incidents, that it has required a masterly hand to use them, and the immense popularity of her books is evidence that she has brought great ability to her task.

THE DIARY OF A MILLINER. By Belle Otis. 16mo. Pp. 200. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

This is a racy little book, issued in the handsome style in which nearly all the books of these publishers appear. What depths of human nature are opened to a milliner! What a variety of character, and what a variety of circumstances, too, surrounding those characters, present themselves to the observation of those ever-sprightly, ever-obliging, and ever-penetrating ministers to the personal adornment of their sisters! And what interesting characters are milliners themselves! Generally, like the writer of this spicy little volume, they pursue their business from necessity; they are widows thrown upon their own resources, or daughters or sisters struggling to support themselves and assist others dependent upon them, or maids left outside of the great marriage-market, or now and then a spirited and self-reliant woman, single, married, or widowed, who loves business and feels herself competent for it, and generally proves that she is. The life of a milliner, the arts and necessities of her trade, the peculiarities of many of her customers, the strange things that happen in a milliner's shop or store, are told here in a genial, good-natured manner, and are now and then sandwiched with serious reflections and wise suggestions.

THE HUGENOT FAMILY. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Cecyenne Jacqueline," etc. 12mo. Pp. 399. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a very beautiful, touching, and instructive story of a family of French Protestants, driven by the stress of persecution from their home to find in England a life of trial, toil, and sorrow, sanctified and made beautiful by genuine faith and humble submission. "Patient as a Huguenot" became a proverb in those bitter days, and it is illustrated in this story.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND SKETCHES BY BOZ. Illustrative of Every-Day Life and Every-Day People. By Charles Dickens. \$1.50. Diamond Edition. Pp. 500.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER AND ADDITIONAL CHRISTMAS STORIES. By Charles Dickens. \$1.50. Diamond Edition. Pp. 382.

CHILD-PICTURES FROM DICKENS. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, jr. 16mo. Pp. 241. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The Christmas books and stories of Dickens have contributed a large share of influence in building up the wide-spread popularity of their author. The "Uncommercial Traveler" is not so much known in

this country, but here comes to us as the last volume of the Diamond Edition of Mr. Dickens's complete works. It contains papers not included in any other American edition, and a complete index of characters introduced in Mr. Dickens's works, and a synopsis of the principal incidents. We have frequently directed attention to the characteristic features of this edition—its compactness, clearness of typography, its fine illustrations, its handsome binding, and low price. "Child-Pictures" consists of the gatherings of child-characters out of the works of Mr. Dickens, and some of them are, undoubtedly, the most beautiful, natural, and pathetic of the creations of the author's imagination.

THE CLIFFORD HOUSEHOLD. By J. F. Moore. 16mo. Pp. 308. ELSIE DINSMORE. By Martha Farquharson, author of "Annandale," etc. 16mo. Pp. 288. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.

These are two excellent little books for the Sunday school and family. Mr. Dodd publishes no books that may not be at once accepted as good, interesting, and pure.

HEAVENWARD—EARTHWARD. By Harriet B. M'Kever. 16mo. Pp. 369. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigue & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

The author of this volume has written many beautiful, tender, and pure stories, and the present one will not detract from her fair fame. It is a beautiful picture of home-life. It is woman in her true place and mission, counteracting the "earthward" tendencies of husband and children, and by her wise, gentle, Christian ministrations lifting the whole family "heavenward." In the language of one of the characters looking into this home, we feel like saying, "It is good to be here; this is a household after my own heart, and this room just my model for a mother's fireside." As wife, widow, and mother, Mrs. Hoffman beautifully exemplifies the power and influence of the true woman, while beside her is seen Miss Hartley, who has experienced neither of these relations, yet filling up her life with noble deeds and exhibiting what symmetry of character and usefulness of life can be developed by woman even when alone. Though a Sunday school book, young ladies, and wives, and mothers may find much in it that will repay the reading.

THE GIFT OF THE FATHER; OR, THOUGHTS FOR THE WEARY. By Rev. Charles Battersby. 24mo. Pp. 122. New York: N. Tibbals, 37 Park Row.

The design of this little book is to minister instruction and comfort to those who suffer privation. Its lessons and illustrations are drawn from the dealings of God with his ancient people, and from the precious and full words of Christ.

A PARTING WORD. By Rev. Newman Hall, LL. B. 24mo. Pp. 88. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

But few visitors from abroad have so completely won the hearts of American Christians as did Newman Hall. In leaving he utters his "last word,"

which is "Now!" and earnestly entreats all to decide at once for Christ. It would be an admirable little book for distribution in revival services, or to send to a friend whom you wish to persuade to repentance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN PAPER.—*Oliver Twist*. By Charles Dickens. 12mo. Pp. 172. 25 cents. *American Notes*. By Charles Dickens. 12mo. Pp. 104. 15 cents. *Great Expectations*. By Charles Dickens. 12mo. Pp. 183. 25 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—Our American publishers are determined to give us the works of Dickens in every imaginable form and style and at all possible rates of costliness or cheapness. Here are three of his works, two of them among the best he has produced, and one of them of special interest to Americans, printed in clear type, bound in paper, and sold for a few cents. *Mabel's Progress*. By the author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." Paper, 50 cents. *Carlyon's Year*. By the author of "Lost Sir Mappingberd." Paper, 25 cents. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—These are Nos. 301 and 303 of the "Library of Select Novels." *The Prairie Farmer Annual*. Number I. Paper. Pp. 144. 25 cents. Chicago: Prairie Farmer Co.—A very valuable farmer's almanac.

MINUTES, ETC.—*Minutes of the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1867*. 8vo. Pp. 292. \$1.50. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Every Methodist preacher and many of our laymen ought to have a copy of this book. *Minutes of the California Annual Conference* and *Minutes of the Nevada Conference*.—It contains Bishop Thomson's admirable

address to the California Conference. *Twenty-Fourth Annual Report of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb*.

MAGAZINES.—We have before us the first and second numbers of "*Putnam's Monthly*," as it appears in its resuscitation after a lapse of several years. We welcome it as an old and familiar friend. The publishers have called around them a bright galaxy of talent, and it will not be long till "*Putnam's*" will be in the fore-front of American magazines. It is published by G. P. Putnam & Son, 661 Broadway, New York, at \$4 a year. *The Sabbath at Home*, an Illustrated Religious Magazine for the Family, is a neat little monthly issue, published by the American Tract Society, Boston. *The Home Monthly*, devoted to religion and literature, is edited by Prof. A. B. Stark, and issued from the Southern Methodist Publishing House at Nashville, Tenn. *The United States Musical Review*, published at \$2 per annum by J. L. Peters, New York, will be found valuable by lovers of the science of music. *The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.* issue their prospectus for the *British Periodicals* for 1868. These periodicals contain the fruits of the scholarship, wit, and genius of the literary men of Great Britain, and are alike of great value to the scholar, the professional man, or the intelligent reader. Their pages abound with elaborate criticisms, brilliant essays, profound speculations, and with whatever of interest may be found in science, literature, morality, and religion. *The Herald of Holiness* is a monthly issue of sixteen pages, devoted to this speciality, and well edited by Rev. A. T. Scott. It is published at Wilmington, Delaware, at \$1.50 a year. *Whitney's Musical Guest*, published monthly at Toledo, at \$1 per annum, is another valuable magazine in the department of music.

MONTHLY RECORD.

METHODIST FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.—In locating schools in the South, the Superintendent states that he has been governed by the following principles. Locating them at the centers of influence, where the freedmen would coöperate most cheerfully and furnish the most liberal contributions in their support, in towns containing the largest number of ignorant and degraded children, where the Bureau desired and would furnish the most liberal appropriations for their support, and especially in connection with our missions, where our teachers may supplement the work of the missionary.

It will be noticed that our work is chiefly educational, but it is one that aims at the education of the heart as well as the intellect. It seeks to lead a million of children to Christ as well as to the fountains of intelligence, and we are profoundly thankful to God for the success that has crowned our teachers' efforts, and made them scarcely less efficient in teach-

ing the doctrines of the Cross than the elements of science.

During the year ending October 31, 1867, the cash contributions amounted to \$31,915.81; goods, books, etc., to \$1,213.96; total, \$33,134.77. About seven thousand of the above amount was obtained from the Bureau, and was expended in repairing our churches and in the transportation of teachers.

Schools have been established in the following places in Tennessee: Nashville, one school, with seven teachers; Memphis, two schools, with five teachers; Lebanon, Spring Hill, and Murfreesboro, each with two teachers; Alexandria, Franklin, and National Cemetery, each with one teacher. In Georgia—Griffin and Lagrange, with two teachers each; Newman, Oxford, Jonesboro, Palmetto, Grantville, Hogansville, with one each. In Alabama—Huntsville, one, with two teachers; Bluffton, with one. In Virginia—Winchester, with two; Washington and

Lewisburg, with one each. In Mississippi—Vicksburg, one, with three teachers. In Louisiana—New Orleans Orphan Asylum, two; Baton Rouge, one, with two; Thibodeaux and Franklin, with one each. Kentucky—one school, with one teacher.

Summary—Tennessee, 21; Georgia, 11; Alabama, 3; Virginia, 4; Mississippi, 3; Louisiana, 7; Kentucky, 1: total, 51. Making in all twenty-nine schools, fifty-one teachers, and about five thousand pupils in day schools.

Our teachers all labor in Sunday schools, endeavoring to prepare nearly 3,000 children for the Church and heaven. They also teach night schools for those compelled to earn their bread by day. We have been fortunate in our teachers—good scholars and successful teachers—drawn to the work by love to Jesus and fallen humanity. The schools have made wonderful progress, and have demonstrated the fact that negroes have ability to learn, and that so far as an elementary education is concerned they are not inferior to the whites.

The work has been inaugurated upon the Atlantic slope, and will be enlarged as the funds will authorize. Twelve are already employed under the oversight of Rev. T. W. Lewis, of South Carolina. Scores of teachers are ready to start for the South so soon as collections will permit. The work increases, the funds expended have secured the richest harvests, and we appeal to the friends of humanity to aid us in elevating this long-oppressed race to a higher and a purer civilization.

PRESIDENTS OF THE BRITISH CONFERENCE.—We are indebted to Rev. Samuel Dunn for the following items concerning the British Conference: Since the death of Wesley, March 2, 1791, fifty-five preachers have filled the presidential chair. Of the first five decades all are dead but T. Jackson. Of the sixth decade only J. Dixon and J. Scott remain; and of the seventh only J. Lomas, J. Farrar, I. Keeling, F. A. West, S. D. Waddy, and W. Hamp, and of the eighth, J. Rattenbury, C. Prest, G. Osborn, W. Shaw, W. Arthur, and J. Bedford. These fifteen of the fifty-five survive; forty are dead. J. Bunting was the youngest President, having been but twenty-one years in the ministry when first elected. Henry Moore occupied the chair when he was seventy-four years of age, and died, aged ninety-three, the oldest preacher in the connection. R. Watson was the youngest President at his death, being but fifty-two. The Presidents have generally been men of long lives. The united ages of the forty who are dead being 2,800 years, which averages seventy years each. The united ages of the sixteen living Presidents amount to 1,035 years, which averages sixty-nine years each. J. Bunting and R. Newton were each President four times; A. Clarke thrice; fourteen others have been reelected after the lapse of eight or more years; the remainder have only served the office once. With nearly fifty of them I have been personally acquainted. The fathers, where are they?

METHODISTS IN SCOTLAND.—A writer in the North British Review, in an article on "Wesleyan Meth-

odism in Scotland," states that there are now 27 Wesleyan ministers in Scotland, and 3,422 Church members; and exactly fifty years ago there were 27 ministers and 3,347 members, which makes an increase of 75 members and 80 ministers in half a century.

METHODISM IN FRANCE.—Methodism in France and Switzerland is on the increase. The increase includes five local preachers, two hundred and eight members, eight Sunday schools, fifty-three teachers, four hundred and thirty-four scholars, and about six hundred hearers, the whole average of persons attending the ministry being 10,000. This encouraging progress is due to revivals which have broken out in most of the circuits. The sixteenth Conference of the Methodist Church in the two countries was recently held in Lausanne.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PROGRESS.—The Congregationalist says that during the past twenty years the Roman Catholic immigration has been only twenty per cent. in excess of the Protestant. Meantime the increase of the native Protestant population has been vastly in excess of the Catholic. And already the tide has been turned in favor of Protestantism. During the last year, up to August 21st, the whole number of immigrants received at the port of New York, was 163,059, of whom only 45,395 were from Ireland, against 77,042 from Germany. England and Scotland sent 25,455; Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, 4,918; Holland, 1,836; Switzerland, 2,959; so that the majority of the year's immigration is decidedly Protestant.

THE REIGN OF THE ROMAN PONTIFFS.—The Catholic world has recently celebrated the twentieth year of the present Pontiff's reign. Such a duration of power is, or rather has been, uncommon among the 258 Pontiffs who have occupied the chair of St. Peter in more or less uninterrupted succession for 1,823 years, the medium of their reigns being seven years, one month, and twenty-five days. There is a superstitious tradition among the Romans that whenever a Pope shall reign for twenty-five years the end of the world will ensue. There have not been many Supreme Pontiffs the duration of whose reigns has approached this period. In the first century Peter, reckoning him as the first Pope, according to the Catholic calendar, was bishop for twenty-four years and five months.

It was not till the fifth century that nearly a similar example of longevity was afforded in the person of St. Leo I, who died in 461, after a reign of twenty years. Three centuries more passed before any Pope reached the duration of a twenty years' reign. Pope Adrian I died in 795, after having occupied the throne for twenty-three years; and St. Leo III died in 816, after a reign of twenty years. The twelfth century records the twenty-one years of Pope Alexander III's reign. He died in 1181. Six centuries elapsed before any other Pope attained a similar duration in power; but Pius VI, elected in 1775, all but achieved the prophetic twenty-five years, and his successor, Pius VII, completed twenty-three years

of somewhat stormy occupation of the Pontifical throne. It remains to be seen whether Pio Nino, whose health appears to be excellent just now, will be able to wield the Papal scepter for a longer period than his predecessors, and thereby bring about "the consummation of the age."

CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—One of the curious facts noticed by naturalists is, that the animals and vegetables of the Old World supplant those of the New. According to Darwin's theory this is to be attributed to the longer period during which the denizens of the Old World have been engaged in the struggle for life, and the consequent vigor acquired by them. European weeds have established themselves abundantly in North America and Australia. The rapid propagation of European animals is no less remarkable. The pigs which Captain Cook left at New Zealand have increased so largely that they monopolize vast tracts of the country, and are killed at sixpence per tail. Not only are they obnoxious by occupying the ground which the sheep-farmer needs for his flock, but they assiduously follow the ewes when lambing and devour the poor lambs as soon as they make their appearance. Another interesting fact is, the appearance of the Norwegian rat. It has thoroughly extirpated the native rat, and is to be found every-where growing to a very large size. The European mouse follows closely, and what is more surprising, where it makes its appearance it drives to a great degree the Norwegian rat away. The European house-fly is another importation; repels the blue-bottle of New Zealand, which seems to shun its company.

ASTEROIDS.—The recent discovery by Prof. Watson, of the University of Michigan, of another small planet, lying between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, makes the total number of asteroids now known ninety-three. There is reason to believe that many hundreds of this interesting family of planets yet remain undiscovered. The labor of observing so many of these bodies with the accuracy necessary to compute their orbits has become so great that unless very energetic steps are taken by astronomers, many of the smaller ones will escape their notice and again be lost. At the present time two or three are missing, and, owing to the fact that their orbits had not been correctly determined, they will probably need to be rediscovered when wanted. The method of designating planets by names belonging to the ancient mythology will have to be given up should the discovery of new asteroids continue at the present rate. Already these small planets have been numbered, and are better known to astronomers by their numerical designation than by their classic appellations.

STATISTICS OF THE GLOBE.—The following curious facts are stated by the *Abeille Medicale*: The earth is inhabited by 1,288,000,000 of inhabitants; namely, 369,000,000 of the Caucasian race, 552,000,000 of the Mongolian race, 190,000,000 of the Ethiopian, 1,000,000 of the American Indian, and 200,-

000,000 of the Malay races. All these respectively speak 3,064 languages, and profess 1,000 different religions. The amount of deaths per annum is 333,333,333, or 91,954 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute, or 1 per second, so that at every pulsation of our heart a human being dies. This loss is compensated by an equal number of births. The average duration of life throughout the globe is 33 years. One-fourth of its population dies before the seventh year, and one-half before the seventeenth. Out of 10,000 persons only one reaches his hundredth year, only one in 500 his eightieth, and only one in 100 his sixty-fifth. Married people live longer than unmarried ones, and a tall man is likely to live longer than a short one. Till the fiftieth year women have a better chance of life than men, but beyond that period the chances are equal. Sixty-five persons out of 1,000 marry; the months of June and December are those in which marriages are most frequent. Children born in Spring are generally stronger than those born in other seasons. Births and deaths chiefly occur at night. The number of men able to bear arms is but one-eighth of the population. The nature of the professions exercise a great influence on longevity. Thus, out of 100 of each of the following professions, the number of those who attain their seventieth year is, among clergymen, 42; agriculturists, 40; traders and manufacturers, 33; soldiers, 32; clerks, 32; lawyers, 29; artists, 28; professors, 27; and physicians, 24; so that those who study the art of prolonging the lives of others are most likely to die early, probably on account of the effluvia to which they are constantly exposed. There are in the world 335,000,000 of Christians, 5,000,000 of Jews, 600,000,000 professing some of the Asiatic religions, 160,000,000 of Mohammedans, and 200,000,000 of Pagans. Of the Christians, 170,000,000 profess the Catholic, 76,000,000 the Greek, and 80,000,000 the Protestant creeds.

SHADE-TREES IN PARIS.—Paris has large groves of shade-trees. The total number of trees planted in Paris is about 148,000, occupying 7.48 per cent. of the entire area of the city. The elm is the principal tree in the promenades; next comes the pine, the horse-chestnut, the maple, the linden, the acacia, and the alanthus.

JERUSALEM.—Professor Potter, of Belfast, in supporting the claims of the Palestine Exploration Fund, gives a testimony which has peculiar weight from his own extensive knowledge of the Holy Land. Speaking of the wonderful discoveries of Mr. Farren, in and around Jerusalem, he says: "Their importance to the Biblical archæologist can scarcely be overestimated. He can not but feel that the great vexed questions of the topography of the Holy City and its sacred monuments are on the eve of solution. In common with many others I have been watching with the most intense eagerness every fresh stage in the excavations, as it corroborated some fact in history, or illustrated some statement in the Bible. The courses of the three ancient city walls, so minutely described by Josephus, are now being gradually

traced. The exact sites of the most hallowed spots on earth—the Holy Sepulcher and the Jewish Temple—are in a fair way of being determined. The colossal foundations of the Temple wall, in which are “stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits,” laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of ninety feet and more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the Palace on Zion and the Temple on Moriah is now proved to have been upward of 150 feet high. If this be, as it seems, the ‘ascent’ to the house of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we can not wonder that on seeing it ‘there was no more spirit in her.’ The ‘pinnacle of the Temple,’ on which the tempter placed the Savior, has just been uncovered to its base, and is found still to have an elevation of 133 feet. The statement of Josephus is therefore no exaggeration: ‘If any one looked from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth.’ Sections of the ancient wall of Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the south-east angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, and rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the Haram, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements, and the services of the

Temple. The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced.”

MODERN GEMS.—The progress of human skill in the imitation of precious stones, and the gradual giving out of the diamond mines of Golconda and India, have rendered spurious gems more abundant and more perfect in imitation than ever. Even expert connoisseurs are said to be sometimes deceived by certain classes of imitation gems; and so far as this is the case, the advantage of the genuine stones over the spurious, in a merely ornamental point of view, has certainly been reduced to a very fine shade. A recent work on the subject states that a very small proportion of the gems now sold and worn are genuine, and that large quantities are made in Birmingham and Paris, sent to India, and sold by the natives to strangers as “gems from the mine.” The steady progress of science in the recomposition of natural products leaves little room to doubt that man will eventually conquer this field also from nature and occupy it with more exquisite products of art.

SALT IN ARIZONA.—Arizona reveals, among other natural wonders and wealth, a salt hill of no small magnitude. It is said to be a ridge of several miles in length, one mile in breadth, and four hundred feet in average height. It is almost pure chloride of sodium.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE SIZE OF THE REPOSITORY.—We doubt if many of our readers appreciate the size of the magazine we are now furnishing to them every month. Such is the shape of the Repository, that our recent addition of sixteen pages to each number scarcely makes an appreciable difference in the thickness, while it is really an addition of 1,856 lines, or about 14,848 words. Then a comparison of the number of our pages with some other magazines is deceptive. We were ourselves surprised at this a few days since. We picked up the January number of the Atlantic, which, of course, is accepted as one of the standard magazines of America. We find it starts out with 128 pages, and its subscription price is \$4. It uses no illustrations. Of course, we mentally said to ourselves, it is a considerably larger magazine than the Repository, and furnishes a high order of literature. We happened to lay it down on our January number, and observed how the Repository extended beyond it in every direction—in length and in width. The question arose in our mind, how much larger, after all, is this magazine than ours, and we proceeded to measurement, and to our astonishment, found that it contains only about six thousand more words than the Repository; or, in other words, an addition of about six or seven more pages to the Repository would give it a quantity of reading matter equal to

that of the Atlantic. Of course we are intending now no other comparison between these magazines than the single one of quantity, in order to give the Church a better appreciation of the size of the magazine she is furnishing to her families.

We may as well say here how much the Publishers and editor have been gratified with the evidence the return of our subscription lists gives, of the deep and permanent hold the Repository has on the families of our Church. We all felt a little fearful of what might be the result when we found it impossible to reduce the price, but aimed to compensate our readers by an addition to our pages. We quite expected some falling off in the number of our subscribers, but we know it will be gratifying to all the friends of the Repository to learn that the prospects now are, that we will rather have an increase than a diminution of subscribers. We are thankful, too, for the cordial manner in which our improvements have been accepted and noticed by our brethren of the press.

The results of the experiment confirm us in an opinion we have entertained ever since we have been in the Repository office; that the true policy of our Church is not to multiply magazines, or even weekly journals, but to make what we have measure up to the full wants of the Church. The Repository,

though advancing toward the ideal of such a magazine as the Church ought to furnish to her families, we believe, is not yet the real magazine that we want. But it could be made exactly what we need as the magazine for our Christian households, and to do this we think would be a much better policy than to endeavor to create a new one. One magazine could be made to meet all the wants of our families. In our day it is becoming difficult to draw the line where the literary wants of ladies and the literary wants of gentlemen separate, and the difficulty is becoming greater every year. Let us advance still farther, and furnish a literary and religious magazine of the highest order to our families, and we believe husbands and wives, sons and daughters, would find nearly equal use and gratification in its pages.

NEW FORMS AND DRESSES.—The January number of the *Quarterly Review* is upon our table. It is the first number of the fiftieth volume, and verily she appears as if adorned for her golden wedding. "One need not be ugly though one is old," and so the Quarterly puts on not only new garments, but beautiful ones. In form, she has laid aside the prudishness of smoothly cut edges, and appears in what, in the monthly or Quarterly, has the appearance of a pleasant *négligé*—untrimmed borders. The cover is of a pleasing color, and is ornamented with a design in masonry, with an arch overhung with vines, supported by columns, and beneath which is an altar bearing the cross, and the consecrated pen. We like the cover even for a stately and dignified Quarterly. Our Review, we are told, is, with the exception of the "North American," the oldest Quarterly in our country, and has, without exception, the largest subscription list. In its contents and editorial management we are sure it has no peer this side of the Atlantic. It gives forth no uncertain sounds. We always know what the Quarterly means, and always find it true to Christ, the Gospel, Methodism, and humanity.

The present number opens grandly. Rev. Gilbert Haven continues his articles on the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. Dr. Nadal gives a well-merited notice of M'Clintock and Strong's *Cyclopedia*, and does not say too much when he says, "We have in this volume the beginning and the promise of the noblest work in its line ever attempted in our language." Dr. Warren finishes a highly appreciative article on Nast's English Commentary, of which he says justly, that, "taken as a whole, estimated with respect to breadth of learning, critical and exegetical skill, freshness of material, perspicuity of style, sweetness of temper, and beauty of typographical execution, no commentary has yet been produced on this continent which is its equal." We heartily join in Dr. Warren's prayer with regard to the author—"Serius in calum redeas." "Queen Elizabeth's Relations with the Protestants of the Continent" is an article of great interest from Dr. Baird. Rev. J. M. Thoburn furnishes an article on "The Missionary Policy of the Methodist Episcopal Church," which ought to be read by all, and which,

though containing some things that we would debate with him, contains much that should be "inwardly digested" by all who love our missionary work. Rev. D. A. Whedon notices Stevens's History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the great Whedon is fully up to himself in his short, free, fearless, discriminating, and sometimes incisive comments on books and things.

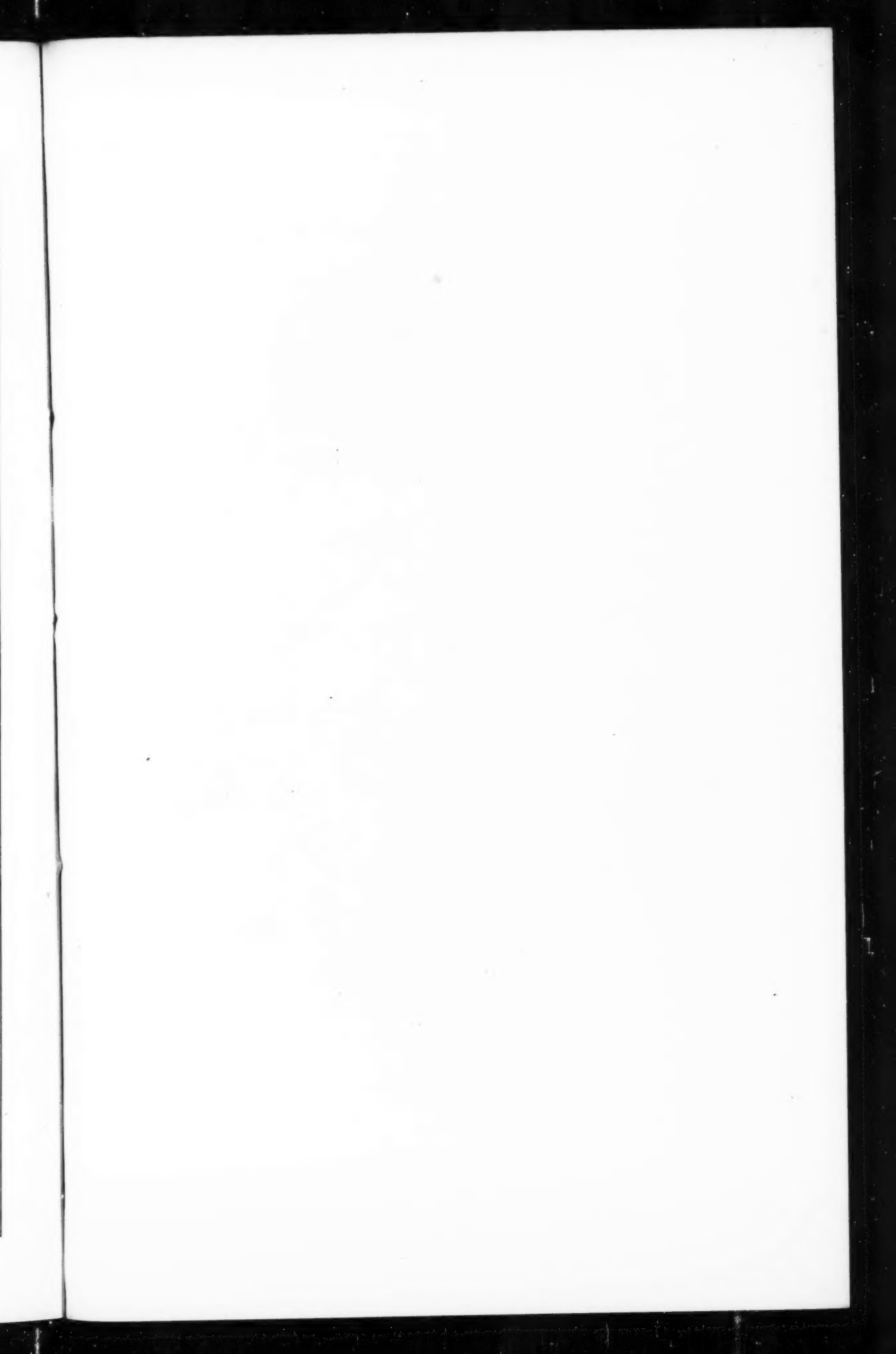
The Christian Advocate, too, though not ashamed to indicate in one corner that she is just passing into her forty-third year, dons a new coiffure gay enough for a damsel yet in her teens. The heading is not out of keeping with the contents, for they, too, are sprightly, earnest, timely, and show no symptoms of decrepitude or decay. We really rejoice to see our friend Dr. Lore furnished with a better opportunity to let out the big manhood that is in him. His paper, the *Northern Christian Advocate*, from a single sheet, assumes now the eight-paged form, and appears in new type. Dr. Crary, of St. Louis, has also been participating in the improvements, and the *Central* has a complete new dress, and makes a decidedly fine appearance. *Zion's Herald* is completely transformed, passing over at a bound from the old style of single fold to a quarto of twelve pages, with four additional pages serving as a cover and devoted to advertisements. The arrangement is admirable. We decidedly like the Herald. It is a live paper, and sometimes is fairly incandescent with the heat of its matter.

DEATH OF WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.—Many of our readers will be pained to learn of the death of this well-known composer and publisher of music. In our last number his portrait was grouped with others who have become well known in the same department of usefulness. We tried then to get some items of his history, and for this purpose communicated with Mr. Bradbury, but learned that his health was then in such a state as to forbid any writing. Soon after, on the 7th of January, at his home in Mount Clair, New Jersey, he died, aged fifty-two years. Mr. Bradbury's name has become familiar as a household word in all parts of the land, and he goes to rest after having done a great and good service for the Church of Christ.

CREDIT.—By some unaccountable oversight we failed to give the name of the author of the beautiful little article in our January number entitled "Nellie." It is from the pen of Miss Mary E. M. Adams, teacher of Latin and German in the Ohio Wesleyan Female College.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—Harem and Home Life in the East; Washington's Plan for the Conquest of Pittsburg; Birds; Be Earnest; Give us our Daily Bread; Michael Angelo; The Sabbath; Old Lora's Story.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Come to the Bridal, etc.; The Cottage by the Sea; Jesus in our Midst; Home; Light and Influence; Life and its Hopes; A Sermon in the Wood; The Snow-Bird; The Maniac's Child; Our Duty.





By J. P. Jones del.

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN